North Hastings Review.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["Party is the Madness of Many for the Gain of a Few."] TERMS: $1.00 if paid Strictly in Advance.

Vol. XII., No. 1. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, April 5, 1888. Postage Prepaid.

THE

TRADERS' BANK

OF CANADA.

(MADOC BRANCH.)

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

Done. Drafts on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain issued.

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of one Dollar and upwards received and Interest allowed on the ...e at the rate of

per cent. per Annum.

No notice of withdrawal of Deposits

H. McCLELLAN,
MANAGER.

...Block, Durham Street.

Madoc, May 23rd, 1887. 8 1ly

An April Shower.

When the cattle are put on the grass ... early both are injured.

The note that is not due till two ... will be harder on you than the ... due in a year.

Counting our chickens before they ... hatched would not be so bad did ... first candle the eggs.

...ul farmer is one that ...cent. on the money he ... mistakes.

...ith plenty of currycomb ... inside doesn't show his ... midsummer.

... your rule that won't work ...: nevertheless, both lending ... growing are unprofitable.

... but a good farmer can make ... per cent. on borrowed money; ... is the last farmer to do it.

... tempered cows, dull plows, and ... ought to be evils unendur... they are not immovable.

... man who allows the rivulets to ... is always sure that the ... is robbing the people.

... it profiit a man if he ... down on his farm and ... to grow on the highway?

... the house cleaning into the ... the work more thorough ... would be least seen.

... have your heart in your work ..., than a quarter-section ... with your occupation.

... are now a hundred rivulets on ..., yet it is cheaper to give the ... drink from a well protected ...urface water.

... a false notion that is responsible ...evous evil, that a cheap teacher ... enough for the summer term, ... all the pupils are small.

... better to make a little liver ... than to grumble and feel blue, ... man who has had fruits during ...ter will not need the medicine.

... highways are impossible as ... the highway tax is worked out ... Collect the tax in ... publicly to the

—American ...

COUNTY NEWS.

Belleville is agitating the introduction of an electric fire alarm system.

East Northumberland has had seventeen elections in the last twenty years.

The C. P. R. car shops at Perth have orders to build 700 combination cars.

The Orangemen of Kingston intend holding a grand demonstration on the 12th of July.

The hotel keepers of Lennox & Addington have paid about $3,000 in fines since last July.

Phosphate mining will be vigorously prosecuted this season in many portions of Frontenac.

A company in Stirling has gone into the manufacture of pure rennet for cheese factories.

The Cornwall *Freeholder* states that counterfeit 50 ct. pieces are manufactured in that town.

There were two hundred and fourteen persons committed to the Belleville gaol during last year.

Hay is now selling on the Belleville market at $10 and $12 per ton. There is a large quantity remaining to be sold.

The police of Belleville intend making an onslaught on drunken husbands who refuse to support their wives and families.

A two-year old daughter of Mr. J. Ryan, Westport, fell into a pan of boiling water and died the next day from its injuries.

Smith & Bryson, lately of Trenton, the notorious rogueswho swindled their creditors out of $60,000, have purchased an orange grove in California.

The counties of Huron, Renfrew, Dufferin, Simcoe, Norfolk, Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry, will vote on the repeal of the Scott Act on April 19th.

The Tweed *News* says that Mr. R. Richards is about to open up his gold mine on Third Otter Lake, Kaladar, and will erect a crusher in the spring.

There are nineteen men and seven women in the county gaol at present. One woman of Belleville has for the hundreth time been sent up to this institution.

Miss Lake, daughter of Mr. J. C. Lake of Belleville has resolved to devote herself to the care of the sick, and left last week for Detroit, where she will take two years' training in a public hospital.

The ice on the river at Belleville is breaking up satisfactorily. The stream is clear up to the first dam and the ice at the entrance to the harbor is giving way, thus affording room for the jams up stream.

The *Intelligencer* says:—Wm. O'Connor, of Wollaston, aged 90 years, who has lived in the county gaol for the past five years, having no home, died Saturday afternoon. An inquest was held by Coroner Dr. Burdett, A. W. Finkle, foreman and a verdict of died of old age, returned.

The huskless oats swindle has been extensively worked in this county during the past two years. Last year the sellers redeemed their promise to purchase the product of the oats sold at $10 per bushel year before, for $7.50 per bushel, but paid for them in the notes of those farmers who bought last year on the strength of the seeming good faith kept with the buyers of the previous year. There are no purchasers now, however, for last year's product and the dupes are seeking to have their notes voided. These, it may be added, have been sold to shavers in Belleville at a considerable discount and there is trouble all around. The amount involved is from $30,000 to $35,000.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Entertainment at Bancroft.

On March 23rd an entertainment was given at the town hall, Bancroft, in aid of the funds of the Methodist Church; the night was extremely cold but nevertheless the large hall was well filled.

Owing to sickness and other causes, the speakers who were expected did not put in an appearance, but the Rev. O. Mearing, of Bancroft, was equel to the occasion and proved to be a host in himself, for he acted as Chairman, gave no less then four readings, and filled up the intervals in the concert with interesting and humerous converses. The concert was a great success, Mrs. Fair sang "Within the Harbor Bar," "Must we leave the old home Mother," and some other selections. This lady has a rich and powerful voice, and her singing was highly appreciated, she is quite an acquisition to our musical circle. The two Miss Cleaks performed a selection of solos and duets on the organ, which as usual were admirably rendered, and all of the members of the choir deserve the highest praise, for the splendid manner in which they sang, accompained by the new and powerful organ, which has lately been added to the church.

In the course of the evening Mr. W. J. Sargent gave a reading "The Convict" which he recited admirably; Miss Ross, and Miss Carleton, also, gave humorous readings.

The entertainment was very successful, and thanks are due to the ladies who prepared the salmon sandwiches and other toothsome delicacies, which were handed round to the audience.

SYLVANUS.

Hastings Road, Mar. 30th, 1888.

Twelve hundred immigrants arrived in Winnipeg last week.

Twenty-four deaths were caused by the mine explosion at Rich Hill, Missouri.

California crops of grain and fruit promise to be larger this season than in any previous year.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

NOTICE OF SALE.

THE undersigned, after forty-five years farming has determined to retire, and will offer for sale by public auction at his own premises, on Thursday, April 12th, 1888, the following valuable property, consisting of twenty-one high-grade cows and a number of young heifers; also his superior Durham bull two years old; three yearling bulls, seven head of horses, eighteen ewes, six Berkshire pigs and all his farming implements. Sale to commence at 12 o'clock.

JOHN GRAHAM,
Lot No. 3, Con. 11, Hungerford.
Hungerford, March 27th, 1888. 51 2w

VALUABLE FARM.

A RARE opportunity of securing a valuable farm, suitable for dairy purposes or stock raising, is now offered—being lot No. 19, 8th concession of the Township of Dungannon, Hastings County, containing 99 acres; 30 acres cleared, the rest in valuable hardwood timber. Two miles from cheese factory, grist and saw mills; one mile from steam saw mill. Possession immediate. This farm is also 12 miles from a railway station, apply to

A. RUPNOW, Esq.
L'Amable. P. O
48—2m. Hastings Co., Ont.

CHEAP MONEY.

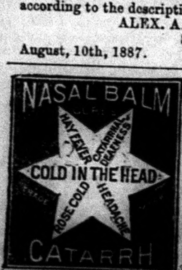
The Subscriber has Private and Company Funds for Investment on

FARM AND VILLAGE PROPERTY
—at the—
LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST.

5, 5½ and 6 Per Cent.,

according to the description of the loans.

ALEX. A. McDONALD,
Solicitor, Madoc.
August, 10th, 1887. 19-tf



A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in-Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your ... sent ... on receipt of ...

... Pitcher's Castoria.

MADOC MARKETS.

Fall Wheat	$0 75	to	$0 80
Spring Wheat	75	to	80
Barley	55	to	70
Rye	55	to	60
Oats	50	to	55
Peas	75	to	80
Buckwheat	45	to	50
Corn	75	to	75
Flour per 100 lbs.	2 10	to	2 25
Butter per pound	20	to	20
Eggs per dozen	15	to	15
Lard per pound	10	to	12
Potatoes per bag	80	to	80
Hay per ton	12 00	to	14 00

The Reason Why

Ayer's Pills are so popular is, that while always reliable as a cathartic medicine, they never leave any ill effects. This is because they are purely vegetable, and entirely free from calomel or any other dangerous drug. In all cases, therefore, whether the patient be old or young, they may be confidently administered.

In the Southern and Western States, where derangements of the liver are so general, Ayer's Pills have proved an inestimable blessing. D. W. Baine, New Berne, N. C., writes:

"I suffered a long time with stomach and liver troubles. I tried various remedies, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. These pills benefited me at once. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored."

Throughout New England, next to lung diseases, **Stomach and Bowel Complaints** are the most prevalent.

Dyspepsia

and Constipation are almost universal. Mr. Gallacher, a practical chemist, of Roxbury, Mass., who was long troubled with Dyspepsia, writes:

"A friend induced me to try Ayer's Pills, and, after taking one box without much benefit, I was disposed to quit them; but he urged perseverance, and, before I had finished the second box, I began to experience relief. I continued taking them, at intervals, until I had used eleven boxes. Suffice it to say, that I am now a well man, and grateful to your chemistry, which outstrips mine."

The head and stomach are always in sympathy; hence the cause of most of those distressing headaches, to which so many, especially women, are subject. Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes that for years she was a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief, until she began taking Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

FOR SALE.

IN the village of Madoc, a solid brick house, in good repair; eight rooms; good garden. For further particulars apply to

H. S. O'HARA.
Madoc, March 19th, 1888. 50 2m

JAS. WHYTOCK.

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER. ETC,

MADOC - ONT

PHOTOGRAPHS.

PORTRAITS IN ALL THE STYLES.

BABIES TAKEN INSTANTANEOUSLY,

thus insuring a good portrait in almost every case.

By the use of the dry plates, finer work can be made in dark days than was possible by the old process. But we do not want anyone to depend on that, and defer coming till near sunset. The nearer the sun is to the zenith the better the light, and good results more certain. A dark day at noon is better than a bright day at 5 p. m.

BOOTS of all kinds on hand, and made to order on the pre...

... ORRICE

MADOC LODGE
No. 179 I.O.O.F.

MEETS every Monday evening, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock sharp. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

J. MOUNCEY, Secretary. E. L. WEISS, Noble Grand.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

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SOLICITOR of the Supreme Court, Conveyancer and Notary Public. Agent for the "National Investment Loaning Society," of Toronto. Office in the Victoria Block, Madoc. Branch office in the village of Tweed. 427

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BRANCH OFFICE—Over O'Flynn's Bank, Madoc, Mr. John W. Blair, manager.

Office hours, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Mr. O'Flynn will be in his Madoc office at any time by appointment.

DOUGALL & STEWART,

BARRISTER, Solicitors, Notaries Public Conveyancers, &c. Money to loan on Farms.

O'FLYNN BLOCK, MADOC,
Ashley Block, Belleville.
A. R. DOUGALL, Q.C. | D. E. K. STEWART

Money to Loan.

COMPANY and private funds to loan at lowest rates. No commission.

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Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Office—Residence, Durham St., Madoc.

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OFFICE—Second door south of Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

J. R. IRISH, L. D. S.

The only Licensed Dentist that visits MADOC, arrives at the WINDSOR HOUSE every Tuesday at one o'clock and stops until the next morning. Can furnish better material and work and for a less fee than if remaining in the place the whole time. The vitalized air used for extracting teeth without pain, and the new local anaesthetics.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL.

THE BEST Hotel in the town. This Hotel has been lately refitted and repainted. We can give increased accommodation to the traveling public. First class sample rooms. Choice liquors and cigars. Excellent attention paid to guests. Good stabling and attentive hostlers. We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage, as you will find this second to no hotel in the county.

ROBT. SIMMONS, Prop.
Madoc, Aug. 14th, 1887. 19-ly

MAYNOOTH HOUSE,
(late P. Green's old stand, Maynooth.)

THIS HOUSE is situated in one of the best districts for hunting, fishing, &c., and has been all refitted. Furniture new. Bar always supplied with the best brand of wines, liquors, cigars, &c. Good stabling accommodation, and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. Parties travelling will consult their own interest by calling at the above hotel.

JAMES McCAW,
Manager.
Maynooth, June 1st, 1887. ...ly

C. Fraser Aylsworth, Jr.

Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor Civil Engineer, Draughtsman, &c.,

MADOC - P. O.

Orders by mail should state place ... *character* of Survey that the above Sur... may consult as to *original* ... *former Surveys*, his ... Sixty Years' Pra... son, and also th... worth ...

A GREAT SECRET.

OR, SHALL IT BE DONE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(CONTINUED.)

"I am afraid I am too tired to drive with you to-night, Gustave," said she to her husband, while the fierce excitement from which she was suffering began to tell at last in the restless glances of her eyes and in the nervous twitching of her hands. "Do you mind going without me for once?"

"Well, really, Madeline, I don't care to go without you. I can give up my drive for one night. You know I am not an invalid now," said her husband with a transparently jealous look at Gerald.

His meek self-abnegation was not well received. Madame de Lancry crossed the room rapidly to the door of her own apartment, resting her hand for a moment on Gerald's shoulder as she passed him.

"Very well; it is just as you please. You won't mind my going out for a quarter of an hour, just to help this poor boy to find a lodging for the night, will you?"

Without waiting for an answer she disappeared into her own room, from which she returned in a very few seconds, with her arms thrust hastily through the sleeves of a long ruby plush mantle trimmed with feathers, a small bonnet of the same colors on her head, and her gloves in her hands. She nodded farewell to her husband, who was still looking disconsolate, put her hand through Gerald's arm and left the room with him. As soon as they were sitting side by side in an open *fiacre* her composure gave way. After directing the driver to drive to the Champs Elysees, she turned to Gerald, whispering, in a voice hoarse from excitement:

"The stone! You have it with you; let me see it."

He opened his pocket-book and gave her the envelope in which the treasure was contained. She made him take out one of the carriage-lamps to see it by. He watched her face; but it did not light up as if she recognised either stone or crest.

"You have not seen it before?" he asked, curious and disappointed.

"No. The crest is quite unknown to me."

"Then you don't think it will be of any value?"

"Of the greatest possible value, when we find some one who can identify it."

"You know some one who can?"

"I think so. You will trust me with this?"

"Of course, madame."

"You did not see Lord Kingscliffe again after the interview you described in your letter?"

"No, madame. Did I tell you about Lord Kingscliffe's curious resemblance to Mr. Beresford?"

"What a strange fancy!" She said these few words after a short pause, in a constrained voice, without the spontaneity of carelessness or surprise, yet she was much interested.

"Is he an old man?"

"Very. And he is said to be very wicked. I suppose you don't think, madame, that this—this scapegrace relation he spoke about, who robbed him fourteen years ago, could be—could be—"

"Mr. Beresford? O, Gerald, isn't that something like heresy?"

The young fellow grew scarlet in the darkness.

"I have heard and seen such strange things lately, madame, that I begin to think there is only one good person in all the world."

"And that is, of course, myself?"

Gerald gave a perceptible start.

"Ah, then it is not I."

"You are out of the range of my judgment, madame; but I am sure you are everything that is noble and true," said he, evasively. "And now I have a question to ask that has been burning my tongue ever since I saw you, and I beg that you will be kind enough to answer me. Is the man on whose track we both are, the murderer of my father, of Mr. Shaw, the man you hate and are hunting down—M. de Breteuil?"

He could learn nothing from her look, words, or manner. She repeated the name, and asked:

"What suggested Mr. Beresford's great client to you?"

"I was at his house to-day, on my way here—"

Madame de Lancry was moved at last; her head turned slightly toward him.

"And I learnt several curious things about this rich man. The daughter of Mr. Beresford's game-keeper is installed there like a princess; she herself speaks of him as being a mystery to her, and says that he has grown nervous and irritable during the last few days, that she hates him, and will steal his papers and use them against him if he does not treat her better."

"She said all this to you to-day—this evening?" said Madame de Lancry, much excited.

"Yes. And she speaks of him as if he was hard and cruel. I myself, as soon as I heard his voice—"

"You heard his voice!" echoed the lady, sharply. "You did not see him?"

"No, madame," answered Gerald, in a very quiet voice, drawing his own conclusions from her excitement, "I did not see him. He left the house while I was there to dine at the British Embassy."

She asked no more questions, and for some time they drove on in silence. At last she took out her watch, saw that it was half-past ten, and told the driver to go to the Rue du Faubourg Saint Honore.

She stopped him at the British Embassy, and sent Gerald to ask the *concierge* whether Mr. Paget Lennox was there this evening, and if so whether he would kindly come out and speak to her.

In a few minutes a tall young *attache*, with a long, aquiline nose, a retreating chin, a drooping, fair moustache, and vacant, light eyes, came out and leant over the side of the *fiacre*, with every appearance of being delighted by this unexpected call. He was [illegible] evening dress, over which he wore a light [illegible]oat.

"[illegible] have been dining here this evening [illegible]ly. "I guessed that you [illegible] have nothing [illegible] everybody [illegible], to amuse

first, you had the interesting millionaire, M. de Breteuil, at dinner I know. What did he talk about?"

"Madame de Lancry, you are a fairy; I always thought you were, but now I am sure. The most interesting thing that was said at dinner this evening comes from the lips of the very person you mention first."

"Well, well, and what was it?"

"He electrified us all by declaring that he is tired of the Parisian's life, and that he intends to return before long, without any warning, in his best 'Arabian Nights' manner, to—Canada, I think he said. That is his native place, isn't it?"

"I'm sure I don't know; but that is very interesting. He said he should go without warning?"

"Yes, madame."

"Ah!" She paused, and then said carelessly, "Now for the others. What new story did you hear? What dresses did you see?"

But from this point Gerald knew that her interest in the occurences of the evening was assumed, and when Mr. Lennox had been set down, at his request, just above the "rond point," the young Englishman had no further questions to ask as to the reason of her interest in M. de Breteuil.

"What made you go to M. de Breteuil's this evening?" she asked suddenly as, by her directions, they drove toward the street where, six years ago, Gerald had found a modest lodging while he was in Paris, hunting for the murderer of his father.

"Mr. Smith ask me to go there as soon as I arrived in Paris, about an order which M. de Breteuil had given."

"Mr. Smith sent you?"

"Yes, he gave me a letter of introduction."

"Which you presented?"

"I had no opportunity. The girl—the girl I told you about, madame, snatched it out of my hands and tore it before my eyes. See, I could not offer it again like that."

He took from his pocket the note which Babette's ruthless fingers had torn and crumpled.

"Give it to me," said Madame de Lancry.

He knew she was going to take unlawful advantage of this opportunity of reading a letter to some one else, but he had not the strength of mind to refuse. He gave it to her, and she read it twice, first to herself and then aloud.

It was this:

"Gerald Staunton, who brings this letter to you, has the signet-stone in his possession. I have tried to get it, and have failed. If you try, you won't fail. Don't hurt the boy if you can help it. He's a good little chap."

Madame de Lancry shuddered as she folded the letter carefully and retained it in her own hands.

"My boy, my boy," she said, turning to Gerald with real kindness and feeling in her beautiful eyes. "Can't you see what weak weapons your own honor and honesty are against such cold-blooded and cunning wretches as these? It wants something stronger than righteousness to fight them. You must not take one step without consulting me. Trust me, I will give you work enough before long."

Gerald bowed his head in silence, shocked and miserable. The image of his darling, his newly married wife, was forced from his mind once more by that of the treacherous Smith and of his more mysterious accomplice. But when Madame de Lancry left him at the door of his lodging, and he lay down to rest in his little room, the horrors of the evening seemed to fade away like a past nightmare and his last thought about Peggy was one, of perfect happiness and peace.

"She is safe, far away from all this," he said to himself sleepily. "Her father is her father after all, and she is too sweet and pure for even a devil like Smith to wish to do her harm."

And so he fell asleep quite happily.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Gerald Staunton's first thought, as he sprang the next morning into the sudden and complete wakefulness which follows a night of long and sound sleep, was that he must go back at once to "Les Bouleaux" and Peggy. His experiences of the day before had influenced his dreams, and they in turn influenced him now, with the vague but violent force of prophecy.

His night fancies, strong upon him still, were of danger to his darling; and all the time that he dressed hurriedly breakfasted at a *cafe*, add walked toward the Hotel du Louvre to say good-bye to Madame de Lancry, he wondered how he could for one moment have dared to leave his poor little bride in the neighborhood of her selfish father and his unprincipled clerk.

"If Mr. Beresford is still bent on her marrying Victor, they will worry her life out," he thought. "She will never dare to own that she is my wife, and if she did they would never rest till they had found some cruel means of punishing her."

He reached the hotel and waited some minutes alone in the sitting-room where he had dined the evening before; he was frantic with impatience by the time that Madame de Lancry at last appeared, in a morning-gown of peach-tinted lace that would have taken his breath away if he had been less anxious, restless, and blind to everything but the mental image of Peggy.

"I have come to say good-bye, madame," said he, rushing toward her as if his train were already in sight.

"Good-bye! O, no," said she quite calmly detaining his hand in a strong grip, which made Gerald involuntarily thankful that the girl he had married was not of the Amazonian build of the two ladies between whom he had been recently shuttlecocked.

"Did I not tell you last night that I should have some work for you to do?"

Gerald knew that this majestic lady took a real interest in him, knew that her counsel and support were likely to lead to results quite as valuable for himself as for her. Yet he could not help a feeling of irritation at her imperial manner of taking for granted that what she had for him to do must necessarily be of more importance than what he had to do for himself.

"I will come back, madame, and do whatever you wish. But I am still in Mr. Beresford's emp[illegible]ent, [illegible] I am still bound to attend [illegible]" he said [illegible] looking

kindness gave her. She was not in the least disconcerted by his cold silence, however; throwing herself on to a sofa, she glanced at a chair that stood near, as an invitation for him to sit beside her. Very reluctantly he did so.

"Miss Beresford has returned to 'Les Bouleaux' then, I suppose. I heard that she left it suddenly, after your departure for England."

"I believe she has returned, madame."

"I see. You met her in England?"

"Why not, madame? A man may love whom he pleases; and if he is thrown into the society of a sweet and charming girl by parents who look upon her only as merchandise, it is the parents' fault and not either his or hers, if he learns to love her with all his soul, and tells her so and—and sticks to it."

The last words were not poetical, and Gerald felt this. But in a difficulty a lame end to a sentence is better than none, and it sufficiently intimated that he did not intend to be majestically badgered out of his attachment.

"And you mean to marry her?"

"Yes."

"Well, you must not. You think this is a caprice of mine, but it is not; and when I dare to tell you my reason for speaking so strongly, you will agree with me."

She sprang up from the sofa, to Gerald's bewilderment, and began pacing about the room.

"Well, madame, tell me your reason at once; that is only fair to me," said the young man passionately. "You told me, before I left Calais on your errand, that in less than a fortnight (I think those were your words) I should be free to marry Peggy."

"If you chose. I added that, did I not?"

"Yes. The fortnight is over and I have chosen."

"I thought when I said those words—I admit that I did say them—that events would allow each other a little more quickly than they have done. I thought that within two weeks from then you would have learnt certain facts of which you are still in ignorance, which would make you prefer to make the poorest creature that earns her living in the streets your wife rather than that girl."

If her voice, her face had not betrayed an unaccountable hatred of Peggy which repelled his confidence, Gerald would have confessed that his employer's daughter was already his wife. As it was, the very violence of Madame de Lancry's prejudice reassured him as to the idleness of her vague accusations, even while it excited his curiosity as to her reason for making them. That Peggy's ill-protected wandering life had been as innocent as that of the cloistered nun of a fanatic's imagination, he would have staked his very life: then what wild fancy made this lady hate her, a girl whom she had scarcely seen?

"Indeed, Madame de Lancry, the facts that would destroy my love for—for Peggy Beresfordd woul have to be very appalling, indeed."

"That I can believe. But as your love, however deep it may be, must be destroyed, the sooner you learn those facts the better."

"Certainly, madame; I am ready to hear them now."

"Very well. Wait for me one moment."

"Can you not tell me now, madame? I want to get to the station."

She almost stamped her foot.

"No, you must wait for me," she said imperiously.

But she did not put his patience to any severe test; within five minutes she had left him and returned dressed in black and wearing a short black veil. This attires he had put on in accordance with the feminine superstition that to dress from head to foot in black is a method of escaping observation, and Gerald followed the tall column down stairs wondering where she was going to take him. They got into a *coupe*, and, crossing the Seine, drove through an old and dirty quarter of Paris, quite unfamiliar to Gerald, and stopped at the door of a dingy fourth-rate hotel. Here they got out, and Madame de Lancry looked, with much evident interest, up at the windows as they passed into the courtyard.

"Your father was in this hotel, Gerald, the night before his death," she said to the young man, leaning heavily upon his arm, much moved by the recollection of the events which the dreary old house recalled to her mind.

Gerald echoed her last words in an awe-struck whisper as they passed through the doorway, and madame asked the stout lady in a shepherd's-plaid dress, with a broad, turned-down white collar and large cerise bow, who sat in the bureau and smiled at the strangers, whether she knew the present address of a woman called Rosalie, who had been head chambermaid at the hotel eleven years ago.

"Ah, in my father-in-law's time! I remember, madame. Yes, she has retired now, and lives at Passy. I can give madame her address."

She wrote it down, smiled as benignly at the well-dressed strangers as if they had been valuable customers, and sent the seedy waiter to see them to their carriage. They drove almost in silence through the dull suburbs until they came to the cottage—it was scarcely more—where the ex-chambermaid had retired on her savings.

She must have been a thrifty woman, that was clear; for the little house and garden looked trim, prosperous, and not without pretensions to more than the bare necessaries of life in its jardinieres, striped blinds, and particularly elaborate scraper. A white-capped, neat maid opened the door and showed the strangers into a small *salon*, which proved the limitations of the ex-chambermaid's experience, as it was furnished with the second-hand smartness of a room in a cheap hotel, while the mantelpiece was piled high with plaster images of saints, and with ugly-painted china vases full of tawdry artificial flowers.

Madame Rosalie did not keep them long waiting. She was not much changed, Madeline thought, as the spare, bright-eyed woman came in, wearing a cap and dark stuff gown, as of old, but with the dignity of leisure in her manner. She shut the door and came slowly forward toward her visitors, peering at them in the old keen manner until, as the tall lady in black held out her hand, she fell back a step with a cry:

"Mon Dieu! C'est Madame de Breteuil!"

[illegible]ld grew white and cold. Madame [illegible] hastily at him, and gave

"Ah!" said the woman shortly, glancing in her turn at Gerald. "And this is the new husband?"

"No, no, this is an unlucky young fellow whom I want you to help, in the goodness of your heart, as you once helped me."

She spoke rapidly, being really disconcerted by the abrupt discovery that Rosalie knew even more than she expected.

"Ah!" said the woman again, dubiously. "Monsieur does not want his clothes sold, I suppose?"

"No. He wants to learn all he can about the past life of M. de Breteuil. It is a matter of life and death to him."

"I should have thought madame would have been able to assist him better than I."

"Back to a certain point I can. Further back than that you can, I think. Eleven years ago you said you held a remarkable secret concerning M. de Breteuil. Bring it to market now, and you will find you did not deceive yourself about its value."

Apparently Rosalie's philanthropy had grown rusty with years, for it was not until fly a slight but intentional movement of her left hand that Madame de Lancry allowed her purse to peep out from the lace that fell round the sleeve of her mantle that the woman's eyes began to brighten and her face to show strong interest.

"Ah, yes, yes, so I did," said she thoughtfully. "You have grown rich again then, madame, since I knew you at the hotel and since that day when I met you—"

"Yes," interrupted the lady coldly, "I am rich now, and I can pay for your secret well."

"Ah! you want to have your revenge now. You have waited a long time, but it comes at last," said Rosalie, whose tongue had grown talkative now that her limbs could take more rest. "You have let M. de Breteuil—M. Louis grow rich again, build houses that are palaces, buy horses, have servants, slaves like an Eastern prince, and then you want to come and with your little secret—".

"Well, Madame Rosalie, we are waiting for that."

"Be patient. It is a long time ago. I must think, and I must find my proofs of the truth of what I tell you. Every sorceress has her enchantments, you know, and I have mine."

She left the room; interest in the old story she was about to rake up was now rising to aid the effect of cupidity, and she was growing almost as eager to tell as her visitors were to hear. For a few moments after she had gone, neither the lady nor her companion spoke to each other. Then Gerald made a step forward from the fearful splodge of vermilion and indigo hanging on the wall, and supposed to represent the sun setting behind mountains, upon which he had been gazing as intently as if it had been a Turner.

"Shall I wait for you in the *coupe*, madame; you will be some time with this lady?" he asked, looking at his feet and blushing scarlet.

A little, shivering sigh from the lady caused him involunterily to look up, and he saw that her gray eyes were swimming in a mist of tears, which made her more modest, more womanly, more worshipful in his eyes than she had ever been before. In one electric glance he saw into the woman's passionate heart, knew what sort of terrible history she had passed through; while she read stingless sympathy of a chivalrous nature in the lad's eyes.

"No," she said, very gently. "Stay here. She can tell nothing you may not know, nothing but what you had better know."

And he stepped back quietly to his old position, under the gem of art already described, as Rosalie re-entered. She had in her hand a small box ornamented with shells, in the centre of the lid of which was a pin-cushion of blue silk of a violet shade. She held the box in both hands while she talked.

"The story is not very long, madame, and it is for you to judge whether it is of any value. Seventeen years ago a handsome young Englishman came to Paris with his wife and a little child. They stayed at a fashionable hotel and led a gay life abroad, though, from what the servants of the place could gather, they were not always too happy at home. There were quarrels sometimes between them, that was well known; and one day, when monsieur had to go to the opera by himself, madame stayed at home with what she called a headache; but the servants, who were less refined, called it a black eye. Every one took the part of madame; she was so beautiful, had such sweet manners, and was so good to the child, who was a little witch whom everybody worshipped. My brother was a waiter there at the time, which will explain a great deal of what I know. But all this time the bill was never paid, and if it had not been for the smiles of the lady and her little one, who were two English angels, they would all have had notice to quit before long, for monsieur's temper was detestable, and his family, of which he used to speak as if he had been a prince, never sent to send him any money. At last this fine young gentleman began to feel the pinch of poverty more keenly, and the sharp eyes which watched them detected that the lady no longer wore any jewelery when she went out. Shortly after this was noticed there was a great disturbance in the hotel because one of the gentlemen staying in it missed some gold and notes from his portmanteau; a waiter was suspected, but proved to be innocent, and nothing was ever seen of the money. This commotion was scarcely forgotten when a lady in the hotel had a pair of diamond ear-rings and some bracelets stolen from her dressing-case. The Honorable Mrs. Corrie—that was the young English lady's name—was ill in her room at the time. When one of the chambermaids took up to her a cup of coffee and a biscuit for the child, she saw lying on the sofa, one of the bracelets which had just been missed. The girl was intelligent, and guessing the truth, said, "Ah, madame, you have dropped one of your bracelets." "No," said the lady, "it is one my husband has just given me."

"The chambermaid hurried off with the tray, informs the proprietor. A strict lookout is kept for the return of the Honorable Mr. Corrie. But he knows better; he does not return. Little by little the truth leaks out to the poor lady; her husband has robbed these strangers and deserted her. Poor thing! she was heart-broken, they say; she wrote to her friends in England, and an old gentleman, her step-father, I believe, came to fetch her and her child back [illegible] of the hotel-bill was [illegible]

when, six years [illegible] fashionable M. [illegible] driving [illegible] Champs Elysees, [illegible] beautiful moustache [illegible] when he appeared [illegible] I first had the hon[illegible] dame," with a re[illegible] Madeline, "I knew him at once and I took good care, though our visitors' luggage was seldom worth ransacking [illegible] up the rooms."

"And you never told [illegible]" burst out Madeline.

The old Frenchwoman shrugged her shoulders. "What good would it have done, madame? You learnt your lesson soon enough, and I kept a valuable secret [illegible] all."

"And this?" asked Madame de Lancry, touching the shell-box.

"Ah, this contains some fragments of letters from the Honorable Mr. Corrie to his wife; they were found in the grate of the room she used, and it was I myself who pasted them together."

And, very proud of her ingenuity, Rosalie flourished an old letter, the two pieces of which were neatly joined together by thin strips of gummy paper cut off the edges of a sheet of postage-stamps.

Madeline, with trembling hands, took one of the letters and began to read it. She had only seen the first line; "My darling wife," when she was startled by a hoarse gasp from Gerald, who had drawn near to listen to Rosalie's story. She looked up, and saw that his eyes were fixed on something which had for a moment escaped her notice in the agitation the sight of the handwriting caused her. It was the crest at the head of the lettor: two herons, the one standing with wings outstretched over the prostrate body of the other; and the motto: "Vaincqueur et roy."

"What does that mean?" asked Gerald hoarsely.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Modern Tight Rope Performance.

A mouse on a telegraph wire, high above the street, was the novel sight witnessed in San Francisco recently. When he got a few feet away from the telegraph pole the mouse grew very timid and scarcely advanced at all. At length he grew bolder, and finally made the perilous distance of over 300 feet to the next pole. A child explained the mystery of the mouse's queer journey by narrating how a black-and-tan dog had pursued it, making it take to the pole. When the mouse had completed his [illegible] air trip, he climbed down the pole and stepped on the hand of a looker-on, who carried him away in triumph. The mouse did not object to the proceeding at all. His spirit seemed to be entirely broken by the terrors of his jaunt.

"The Cup That Cheers."

While tea-drinking is being strongly condemned in England and [illegible] this country, it is becoming [illegible] vegetal beverage in France, and [illegible] in the wine-growing districts. [illegible] it has been estimated that during [illegible] 30 years the consumption of tea in France has increased from 166,000 to 200,000 kilogrammes. Prof. Germain See recommends tea as not only being the best digestive, but as being the surest means of sustaining intellectual energy.—*Ex.*

"Purgatory Bullets."

An excited Irishman lately rushed into a Boston drug store, having a "broken-up" appearance generally. "Be jabbers!" he yelled, "I'm all wrong entoirely. I want some sthuff to straighten me out. Some of thim 'Purgatory Bullets' will fix me, I'm thinkin'. What d'ye tax for thim?" "What do you mean?" asked the clerk. "'Purgatory Bullets,' or, or somethin' loike that, they call thim," replied the man. "Shure, I'm in Purgatory already, with headache, and liver complaint, and bad stomach, and the devil knows what all." The clerk passed out a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, and Pat went off satisfied. These little Pellets cure all disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels. [illegible] little larger than mustard seeds, easy to take. Druggists.

Brown is a fashionable color [illegible] as well as day wear.

Does the Earth Really Move?

[illegible] says that it does, but we can't help wondering sometimes if there [illegible] some mistake about it, when we see so many stubbornly certain old fogies clinging to musty and antiquated ideas. It was believed once that consumption was incurable, and although it has been clearly demonstrated that it is not, thousands of old-time physicians close their eyes and put their hands to their ears and refuse to abandon the theory. But for all that the world moves on, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery [illegible] to rescue sufferers from consumptive graves. It is a sure cure for this dreaded disease, if taken in time. All scrofulous diseases—and consumption is included in the list—yield to it.

Mrs. Cleveland takes her pleasant weather strolls in Washington accompanied by a [illegible] St. Bernard.

Shall Women Be Allowed to Vote?

The question of female suffrage has agitated the tongues and pens of reformers for many years, and good arguments have been adduced for and against it. Many of the softer sex could vote intelligently, and many would vote as their husbands did, and give no thought to the merits of a political issue. They would all vote for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for they know it is a boon to their sex. It is unequalled for the cure of leucorrhea, abnormal discharges, morning sickness, and the countless ills to which women are subject. It is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on wrapper around bottle.

The inkstand on the table of the [illegible] man Emperor was a [illegible], the pape[illegible] were the hoofs of fav[illegible] splinters from Uhla[illegible] each recording the [illegible] wood was employe[illegible]

Whenever your [illegible]

FARM.

...manence of Manures.

... B. Lawes tells us, in your col... while the fertility abstracted by ... be restored to the soil, plants ...ished by fertilizers. To such of ...ducated to believe that, to good ... at l..., the manures became integral ... with them, and that the ... permanent, this was a ... reserved for the author of "... for Profit" and "How the Farm Pays" ... a real shock. I quote ... of the first-named book:

"We believe the common practice of top-dressing asparagus beds in fall to be a very wasteful one, in districts where it is not necessary to provide against severe freezing, for as the plant is then dormant, the juices of the manure are either evaporated or else washed down below the roots of the plant. * * * All our practice, corroborated by direct experiment, has convinced me beyond all doubt that manures, either liquid or solid, organic or inorganic, are unprofitably employed when applied to plants in the dormant state."

In "How the Farm Pays" we are told, p. ...: "... delusive belief that manuring ... matter how good, will ever ... soil, into permanent fer... application of manure is ...; for no ordinary amount ... cultivation will maintain the ... over two years, as it will ... been taken up by the crops ... or else have been washed ... depth at which the roots ...

... plant food hauled on to the ...ute for fertility abstracted ... there "two years!" It mere... through it, by gravity! Now, ... away the inevitable force ... to such of us as are tilling ... fertility has, to say the ... been maintained!"—X. Y. Z.

... conclusions are often drawn from ..., and rules intended for ...cation based on peculiar and ...ied trials. From the many ...ich we have made in many ... sandy, gravelly, and some ... be termed hungry soils, on ... heavy, strong and clayey ... other, we have found a great difference in the length of time that soils will hold the fertilizing parts of manures. Certain rules cannot be established from trials on either kind of soils. On sandy and gravelly soils, the value had disappeared ... before the exact "two years" had ..., and on strong, clayey loams they ... more than twice that length of time. ... last-named soils, careful experiment ... a much heavier return for manure ... in autumn or early winter, while ... were dormant, than in the succeeding ..., for instead of being washed away, ...sorbent character of the soil held it, ... time was allowed for it to become ...used among the particles. Different results and different conclusions may ... drawn from unlike soils, and where, in... the moderate application of manure for ... crops, it is applied annually at the rate of a hundred tons or more. The "inevitable force" of the statements given in the preceding quotations is therefore entirely dissipated by a wider series of experiments.—Ed.

Plant a Few Shrubs.

Planting-time will soon be here, and besides the trees of which we spoke last week, shrubs should not be forgotten. A garden or yard without its shrubs is like a ...d without its underbrush.

Here is a list which are hardy, easily ob... and flower at different seasons of the ...: Flowering Almond, leaves similar ... peach, flowers in masses before the ... early Spring, 4 to 6 feet high. Ber... several kinds, including the purple-... which is an ornament in itself; the ... native makes a very pretty shrub. ... or White Alder, handsome white ... from August to October. Dogwoods, ... very fine shrubs, all worth growing. ..., the double white and double pink ... *D. crenata*, *D. scabra* and *D. gracilis*, ... handsome. The upright Honey... really charming, early Summer ... The Forsythia, a golden stream ... before the leaves put out at all. ...*drangea paniculata*, a gorgeous mass ... in the late Summer months. The ...—who does not like their de... fragrance? The Golden-flowered ... is another of those hardy, sweet-... shrubs, different from almost ...: the Red-flowering is not quite ... is the charming Japan Quince, ... brilliant scarlet flowers. Several of ... Sumach family are pretty. The ... Fringe tree is an old favorite. ... Sharon or Althea will not stand ... north climate, but in a tem... fully at home. The ... of the North, except ... This is really ... plants. Their ... of woods, and if ... their chances are

... Gardens.

... of manufacturing char... were abund... ground wherever ... made. These ... luxuriant crops ... for many years after... practice of par... successful in ... been adopted ... especially on heavy or clay... have found in past years ... its use to garden crops; ... a season of drouth, mixed ... other rubbish, answering ... slow combustion. We ob... of Dr. Voelcker, who ... that the amount of sol... soil was increased from 3 ... the burning, with an in... potash and phosphoric ... favorable changes were

... Cows' Milk.

... by James Hoyt, ... the milk of far... fresh cows. Mr. ... gentleman from ... cream from the ... not come to ... of the new milch

Mrs. Reynolds, I find that she learned some years ago that the cream of farrow cows will not come to butter as soon as that of new milch cows, and that it passes off in the buttermilk. As we have always had but little farrow cows' milk, or those that have given milk for six months or more, she has always mixed the two and let the cream go with the buttermilk, then let it rise as all cream will, and skim it off and use it for cooking. It is much less work than to keep the cream and milk separate. In this way there is but little waste. In a dairy of a large number of old milkers, it would pay to keep the milk separated. E. Reynolds, *Fond du Lac County, Wis.*

Notes.

The origin of coloring butter is found in the golden hue of butter made from the fresh pasture grasses of June. As to the origin of the practice of coloring cheese, we suspect "no feller" can find it out. It certainly is not suggested by nature, which only imparts a creamy tint. Possibly somebody thought it made the cheese look more buttery; but how any body can see a suggestion of butter in the bricky-red color too often given to cheese, is beyond our comprehension. We much prefer the natural color, and the tendency toward paler cheese looks as if it would "come to this complexion at last."

An additional cause for high coloring lies in the fact that Jersey butter, as a rule, has both a high color and a high flavor. The flavor of Jersey butter was at first objected to by some as too high and too rank; and probably many still object to it on these grounds. But nevertheless, the Jersey has set the standard for color, and seldom is the color of the products of other herds, save those from the Channel Islands high enough without a resort to artificial means to highten it. At fairs, the judges have given preference to the Jersey hue, and the butter of other breeds has suffered because of assumed defective color, though it might not in the least lack in point of flavor. A good deal of injustice has probably resulted from this. Consequently the expert butter-maker has added to his other accomplishments that of expert coloring in imitation of the natural Jersey tint—all because high colour is called for, not only at fairs, but by consumers generally. The colour is always considered by the buyer. But he is not deceived. He knows when butter is colored and when it is not; but if the hue is right, he cares not whether it is natural or artificial.

"Remedy for Hard Times."

This is the heading of an article by C. A Russell in the *Farmer* of Dec. 10th. While it is a good sensible article and shows thought, I do not think the writer gives a good "remedy for hard times." The Mr. T. mentioned in the article says "cultivate brains." As the children say when playing hide and seek, Mr. T. is the warmest, (meaning he is closer to the hidden article) but neither has given the "remedy for hard times." Nail makers, barbed wire makers, and manufacturers of all the machinery that the farmer uses combine. Every farmer who makes any pretense to reading knows how things are arranged by every calling, trade and profession, except the farmers. They co-operate and agree to produce only enough to insure only a good profit on their investment and labor. The various trades formed "syndicates" and cornered things. The new name is now a trust; everything from a paper of pins to a self-binder, that is used by the farmer, also, coal oil, tea, coffee, sugar, yarn, clothing, etc., will soon be controlled by "trusts." The farmers of the United States can send every trust company or syndicate where the "woodbine twineth," by forming the "boss trust," and resolving to produce only so much wheat, corn, oats, hay, hogs, cattle, horses, mules, potatoes, etc., as will pay a good profit on the capital and labor. This and this *only* is the "remedy for hard times." One year's experiment will prove that I am correct.

Not until the farmers will combine to limit production can a better state of things be hoped for, or better prices obtained for the produce of the farm. Let the farmers form a "trust" and resolve to plant half a crop for 1888, work half as many hours, raise half as many hogs, cattle, horses, etc., and I have no fear for the result. The cry of hard times, and poor prices, will no more be heard in the land, so long as the farmer will abide by the "trust." The farmer will wear good clothes, his wife and family will vie with city people in wearing fine clothes, the boys and girls be better educated, and will not be so anxious to leave the farm, and all classes will be bettered, for as the farmer prospers so prospers the world. Farmers, let us form one grand boss trust and resolve to limit production in such a way as will cause coal oil and railroad tyrants, and all other trusts, to wish they were never born to worry and plunder the farmer, who is the tax payer of the nation, and burden-bearer of all other callings, trades and professions, and the over-worked slave of all creation. Limiting production is the key to Golconda's mines, beautiful country homes, and happy, prosperous families on every farm. It is also the door to the settlement of the vexed "labor question." Let the farmers become prosperous as they should, ought, and can, if they will use brains, and labor riots, nihilism, communism, and all such products of an impoverished farming people will vanish like mist before a north wind.

Concealing the Facts in Dakota.

(From the Chicago Herald's Special Blizzard Reports.)

Business has once more become paramount, and the boom which Dakota, right or wrong, has managed to keep up for a number of years past has set in again. Everybody in Dakota (with few exceptions) is now industriously engaged in singing the old, old tune of Dakota's prosperity, of Dakota's lovely climate. The reason for this is, of course, self-evident. All the business men in Dakota, the representatives of the local press, and the officials of all grades are members of the conspiracy. For a conspiracy it is. The aim is to cloak over ghastly facts; to smooth things up so as to rob criticism of its sting; to ... and not injure Dakota in the eyes of the unwary and to allure as many immigrants to its precincts as of yore. For all that, the bitter, deadly facts cannot be quite concealed. The bodies of some unlucky ones who had wandered away in the blinding, ...ealing ice storm, far, far from home, are still found, even to-day. And it is ... telling outsiders that this

It Pays to Raise Trotters.

We quite agree with an American contemporary that there is as much profit in raising the trotter as in any other farm product, provided he is bred right. The highest prices cannot be realized for horses out of common mares, but a standard-bred animal is always in demand and pays a large profit. There is in nearly every county of the Dominion, where agriculture is carried on, one or two standard-bred stallions doing stud duty at fees within the means of the average farmer. If it is within the means of farmers to keep one or two standard-bred mares that can earn their keep, it will pay well to raise colts from them. The first cost of such mares is the most important item to the farmer of limited means, but as it costs no more to keep a well-bred mare than one of common stock, and as their produce by standard stallions bring higher prices, the difference is largely in favor of the better bred horse. It is not incumbent upon the farmer to develop his stock for speed purposes. He can leave that part of the horse's education to those who make a business of it, and who will pay him a good price on the strength of pedigree alone. Aside from the utility of the trotter as a speed horse, he is the best for light general work that the farmer can make use of. His endurance, nerve and sprightly movements make him of value if he never goes off the farm. Weight for weight he is the superior of any type for general purposes. A Nova Scotia farmer, who thinks for himself, gave his experience as a breeder of trotting horses on a small scale. He bought several mares at a cost of $1,200, and bred them to standard stallions, standing at moderate fees. The first colt sold was 23 months old and brought $500. The next was a filly sold when under 3 years for $400, and the next a yearling, sold at $300. None of these colts were handled for speed. The mares were used for ordinary farm work and more than paid for themselves in labor. Their produce unsold would bring $2,000 under the hammer. Now, if it will pay the farmer of Nova Scotia, where the climate advantages are against him, to raise trotters, it will pay the farmer in any other section. The man who feels dissatisfied with results has himself to blame. No man who breeds right, no matter whether his operations embrace one or a hundred mares, can fail to make a profit

Germany's Future.

Perhaps it would hardly be venturing into the domain of prophesy to predict for the Germany of the coming generation a yet grander destiny than that which has been achieved by those who are now passing off the stage. To all human seeming the nation has been in training for a nobler career than the race of glory which she has so triumphantly run. The stern military training which has made Germany a nation of soldiers; the conflicts, the hardships, the dangers, and the victories of the past have developed conscious power and strong self reliance. Her excellent if not unique system of schools and colleges have made her people also a race of scholars. The great wonder has been in the past how such a people could bow their necks so long to the yoke of a military despotism or suffer so large a share of the fruits of science and industry to be offered in the temple of Mars. But a nation does not come to maturity in a day. Much has been yielded to stern necessity in the past. Security against foes on either hand had to be provided, and the love of freedom has hitherto yielded to the love of country. Present indications point to another great struggle, more terrible perhaps than any that has preceeded, in the near future. When Germany has emerged triumphant from this, as it can scarcely be doubted she will if it is forced upon her, her people may hope for a period of rest. The intense longing for relief from the present intolerable burdens, and for an ample measure of genuine freedom and self-rule will then have opportunity to make itself felt. The arts of peace will, it may be hoped, take precedence of the arts of war, constitutional freedom replace a semi-military absolutism, and the united people enter upon a career worthy of one of the greatest nations in Europe in the dawn of the twentieth century of the Christian era.

Nero's Eye-Glass.

Pliny relates that a tomb at Cyprus bore a lion carved with eyes of emeralds so bright they frightened away the fish in the sea. Nero wore an eyeglass of emerald which was supposed good for the sight, and it is said that lapidaries who cut emeralds have good eye-sight because the hue of the stone refreshes the eye. The Orientals believe that wearing an emerald imparts courage and averts disaster. It was ground and taken as a medicine in doses of six grains as a cure for various disorders. At the conquest of Peru the Spaniards captured hundred-weights of emeralds; and one dedicated to the goddess Esmeralda was the size of an ostrich egg. Cortez gave his bride a large emerald carved like a rose, which roused the queen's envy and lost him the court favor.

But, Is Webster Right?

In Helen Gray Cone's story of "Hercules: a Hero," in the *Century* for March, one of the leading characters, who is by no means a hero, goes shooting with a breech-loading gun; and his unlettered host is made to speak of it as a "britch-loader." This mode of indicating the pronunciation implies that the author of the story thinks that breech is not correctly pronounced with the short sound of i—britch; but Webster says that it is.

Although Lord Charles Beresford's motion declaring that an entire reform was needed in the management of the British Naval service was defeated in the House of Commons, he proved his point by relating his experience as junior Lord of the Admiralty, and the reform will surely come. According to Sir Charles, a clerk brought him the Naval estimates to sign, and seemed very much surprised when he refused to append his signature at once. To the objection of the responsible officer that he knew nothing about the estimates, the clerk replied, "What of that? They require your signature?" A great deal of Government business is done in the perfunctory way assumed by the clerk to be all right, but reform is needed wherever such notions prevail—the Imperial House of Commons to the contrary notwithstanding.

Don't try, if you are an ordinary man, to occupy two ...

PROMOTI...

Mr. George Laidlaw Interv... the Improvement of Ontario ...

A reporter called upon Mr. George Laidlaw recently, to ask his opinion as to the best methods to be adopted to improve agriculture and enhance the value of the Canadian farmer's produces. Mr. Laidlaw has mixed with our Ontario farmers during the greater part of his life, and is regarded by them as having their interests at heart. Hence the interview.

"You ask me," said Mr. Laidlaw, "what is the best thing to be done to promote the farming interests of Ontario. I suppose you mean in a public way—that is, what can legislation or the Government do? Before we discuss that let me point out what the Government and Parliament are asked to do in various other directions at the present moment. It seems to me that extraordinary pressure is being brought to bear on the Government to expend public money in every direction—except for the advantage of the farmers. Let us look at some of these proposed expenditures. Montreal wants a ship channel debt of two millions assumed by the Government, so that the interest the Harbor Commissioners are paying on it may go to local harbor improvements. I am free to say that Montreal, as the great port of shipment for Canadian produce to Europe and the entrepot of Canadian imports for these upper provinces, should be made as cheap a port as possible; and in this connection I would also express my conviction that Quebec should be made the point of departure for the shortest passages across the Atlantic from America to England for Canadian travel. Then there is a pressure for the enlargement of existing canals, the shipping interest claiming that they should be widened and deepened at the expense of the country (the farmers paying the greater part of the Dominion revenue) to the tune of many millions more. This, I consider unnecessary at present; our farm products have little use for the canals, the railways being the principal means of transportation. At all events the St. Lawrence canal should not be enlarged at present unless the traffic is made to bear the cost. There are other reformers—I don't speak of politicians—who want all the tolls removed from the canals and all the shipping dues of every kind removed from the St. Lawrence, from the head of the lakes to the sea, and more expense thrown upon the country, including the farmers generally—and this is done to cheapen the cost of United States Northwest products on their way to England to compete with Canadian products. Then we have the great scheme of the Trent Valley canal, that is wholly uncalled for, and would cost ten million dollars before it could be completed, and when completed there will be nothing for it to do. These are only a few of the schemes involving many millions that are being pressed on the Government—saying nothing of the movement to secure a few millions more of public expenditure in Manitoba. There are in these heavy burdens for the farmers, however much the shipping interest, which is small compared to the farming interest, may be benefited by some of them."

"Well, Mr. Laidlaw, what do you propose? Would you discontinue or arrest expenditures?"

"I think the country should have a breathing time after the great expenditure on railways, canals, public buildings and other things. We ought to call a halt in this direction at least."

"But what about the farmers' interest?"

"Well, when you arrest for a time this great expenditure you do well for the farmers who bear the brunt of taxation, no matter in what form it reaches them. Now if I had the ear of the Government I would urge them to do something for the farmers of a practical kind. We have a Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, but most of the time the title has been a misnomer. I am glad to see that John Carling is bringing the department nearer to the farmer than ever before. What the Government wants all round is to get near the farmer, to make our agricultural population see that the Dominion Government is really interested in the progress of agriculture. A bold policy in this direction is absolutely needed and would be popular. The Dominion Government is now interesting itself in experimental farms, testing seed grain and so forth. Of course, the Government looks well after the non-introduction of cattle disease into Canada and sees that our cattle interests in England are not sacrificed. That is right. But I wish it would get still nearer to the farmers by manifesting a lively interest in their home work. There are the dairy interests. See how high our Canadian cheese stands in England and the enormous development of sales over there. Two men of enterprise, Messrs. McPherson and Ballantyne, have done more for the cheese interest than all other agencies combined. Why have our exports of butter to England fallen off so miserably? Because we are neglecting the art of butter making and losing millions every year by this neglect. An enormous quantity of *bad* butter is made, and this has almost destroyed the demand abroad. Now this must be changed, and the Government can do much to put our butter interest on a first-class basis. After the Danish war with Germany, when Denmark was almost ruined financially, and the people had to cast around for a way to increase their resources, active measures were taken to increase the value of their butter product; new methods of butter making were urged upon the people; new inventions were tried; the practical people over there took hold of the subject with intelligence, and to-day Danish butter is almost universally good and the best in the world. In England they have their model farms and splendid dairies among the nobility, but Danish butter is now in consumption in palaces, castles and other aristocratic residences there, bringing great prices. I maintain our Canadian Government should take hold of this butter question with a will; establish first-class model creameries, schools of instruction for the fathers, wives and daughters, if necessary, and give many who do not see the newspapers ocular demonstration of the right way to make butter. Or, let them spend some money to help the agricultural societies throughout the Dominion to establis those model creameries. They can also help by circulating tracts on the subject, written in a popular style, and by sending out lecturers on this subject and on stock-breeding. I think, too, that the Government should aid agricultural societies to purchase thorough-bred stock, giving assistance, under certain conditions of co-...

... the Gov... the English m... purchasing agents lo... centres in Canada. In a h... Government can assist the farmer ... think it is now the farmer's turn. For it is always well to keep in mind that here in Canada the social and aristocratic forces which have kept agriculture to the front in England, are wanting, and it is but right for the Government to take their place and supply the stimulus that is needed to deepen the interest in agricultural pursuits and secure the needed improvements. The shipping interest, the manufacturing interest, the fishing interest, the railway interest, the workingmen's interest, the commercial interest generally, have all been pretty well looked after, and they can afford to stand aside for a time while the greatest interest of all, the farming interest, which is the basis of the country's prosperity, receives some consideration. Don't you think so?"

"Would it cost much, Mr. Laidlaw?"

"I think that if the Government would spend a half a million or a million in this way they would find it the best investment the country ever made. The interest on a million would be only $40,000 a year. And you know a half million or a million goes a short way in railway subsidizing or canal construction."

"What do you estimate would be the result of your recommendations, if carri... out, in regard to the butter product?"

"I believe it would result in a sa... Ontario alone of at least four millio... lars a year, besides the incident... ment of agriculture which would ... follow. Is this not a matte... consideration of the membe... ment, representing agricu... cies, as well as the Gove..."

An Epitaph on an Ea...

Tread softly, stranger! revere... ...aw near
The vanguard of a nation slumb... here.

Perchance he wandered once by Yarrow's side,
Or dream'd where Severn rolls his volumed tide.

Mayhap his infant gaze first saw the light,
Nigh lordly Snowdon's heaven ambition'd height.

Or thrill'd his boyish heart, in bygone days,
'Neath the sad tones of Erin's mournful lays.

Amidst the crowded marts of Old World strife,
He yearned to live a nobler, purer life.

Brave heart, beyond Atlantic's sullen roar,
He sought a home on this wild western shore.

In peril's midst he built his log hut rude,
And lived, his one companion—solitude.

Yet not his only one, where'er he trod,
In childlike faith he walk'd with God.

His stalwart might, and keen, unerring aim,
Taught lurking savages to dread his name.

With quenchless courage and unflinching toil,
Redeem'd he, day by day, the unwilling soil.

Primeval gloom, beneath his sturdy blows,
Beam'd forth in glebes that blossom'd as the rose.

And years roll'd by. Europe her exiles sent—
Around him grew a thriving settlement.

But 'tis not good for man to live alone,
He woo'd and won a maiden for his own.

The flowers of June smiled on his marriage kiss,
And thrice ten years he tasted wedded bliss.

His children, born 'neath Freedom's own roof tree,
Were cradled in the land of Liberty.

They lived to bless the author of their birth,
And, by their deeds, renew'd his honest worth.

His neighbors loved the kindly, honest way,
Of one whose yea was Yea, whose nay was Nay.

And did dispute arise, his word alone
Was jury, judge, and verdict blent in one.

Dark day that saw, and gloomier hearts which said,
The father of the settlement is dead.

Yes! full of years, beloved on every hand,
His spirit left them for the Better Land.

Tread softly, stranger! reverently draw near,
The vanguard of a nation slumbers here.

Herewand K. Cockin.

The Violets.

Snow in the air, and snow on the fields, and snow, cold snow, on the hill.
Calmly the lillies are sleeping yet, and violets sleeping still.
Time ye were waked, 'tis time ye were stirred; we wait your promise of May,
And the modest sheen of your purple and green thrusting the snow away.

Yet shall the violets wake, I know, and earth shall be glad once more;
But, oh! for a spring to revisit the souls whose springtime once is o'er.
Never a flower or a bud for them, but only a wintry glow;
But only to sit with hopeless eyes and gaze in vain at the snow.

Violets nursed by Spring's soft hand, then fall'n by a despot's sway!
Not of themselves did the violets die; souls of themselves decay.
Sweetly the violets lived their lives, contented in sun and in rain.
Who helpless were made to blossom and fade sweetly shall blossom again.

Since not your winter yourselves ye brought, violets! rightly ye wake.
Right, too, alas! that souls should sleep—souls which their winter make.
So violets gay may laugh at decay, with many a spring time in store.
So keep your spring while ye may, ye souls; once passed it shall come no more.

Whoever ... window the ...

...C. APRIL 5, 1888.

Subscribers to the Review *who fail in getting their papers, will confer a favor on the proprietor by communicating the same to this office.*

THE REVIEW.

As circumstances has rendered it necessary that the proprietor of The Review again assumes its management and control, we take this opportunity of inviting the continued support and encouragement of all our old patrons as well as the new ones added to the list while in Mr. Weaver's hands. During the next few weeks, as soon as our arrangements are completed, we contemplate some extensive improvements such as new and fast presses, motive power, type, and other material that will make our office equal to that of any country newspaper in the province. These improvements will, ...,speak for themselves when com... We also desire to add, at this ...cement of our new term, ... business will be con... principles, which will ... to give our customers a great benefit,and avoid all the vexatious troubles and some little unpleasantness, of which we have had our share in the past. The subscription price of The Review is $1.00, payable in advance, and by this *we mean in advance*, and we want every subscriber to have it at this rate. After three months we will in every case charge it in our books at $1.25 and after six months, at $1.50. There will be no deviation from this scale, and we would ask every reader of The Review to note it carefully, as in future there will be no "dunning" our subscribers through these columns. Yearly advertising accounts will be rendered quarterly; transient advertising and all job-work is cash when the work is completed. Our past ten years' experience is that running a paper on any other terms is running it at a loss, and that our experience was dearly bought the hundreds of dollars of uncollected accounts piled up in our old books is ample proof. We purpose issuing a paper that will do credit to the village and our business community, and while we do so we respectfully and confidently ask for a generous support.

A THIRD PARTY.

Upwards of fifteen years ago a scheme for the organization of a new political party was brought to light in the city of Toronto, and, with much ceremony and pomp, was duly and publicly christened the "National Party." But the precocious youngster was short lived, notwithstanding that it was fondled and cared for by some of the great heads of that time. It died a natural death. A few weeks ago a resurrection of the dry bones was attempted, and at a public meeting in Toronto, last week, the following platform was subscribed to as the foundation of a new or "Third" party :—

1. Righteousness and Truth in public affairs as well as in private business and no compromise with wrong.
2. Equal Rights for all Creeds, Classes and Nationalities, but exclusive privileges to none.
3. A National Sentiment, a National Literature, and in all matters of public policy —Our Country First.
4. The prompt and absolute Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic, as the objective point of Temperance Legislation; in the meantime the honest and vigorous enforcement of the Scott Act, and of all other laws for the repression of Vice and Intemperance.
5. Retrenchment and Economy in Public Expenditure, with the view of reducing our enormous National Debt.
6. Manhood Suffrage, with an educational qualification; that is,a vote to every freeman of legal age who can read and write.
7. The Extension of the Franchise to Women.
8. An elective Senate.
9. Civil Service Reform.

The planks are all good. Could a political party be built up that would conscientiously, fearlessly, and honestly carry out such a platform it would be a great and much needed boon to Canada, our present political parties ... about as bitter and uncompromis... ...sible for two factions to ...

...party is, however, we are ...pinion, still for the future. If the leaders have the stamina to hold on for a few years, gain the assistance of press and pulpit and enlist the sympathies of the better and more liberal minded men who are unprejudiced enough to open their eyes to the selfishness and insincerity of their respective parties, thus gradually educating the masses to see the necessity of a radical change, —then, perhaps, a "third party" may take root in our Dominion. Many an issue will, however, be fought out on the old lines of Grit and Tory before the new party becomes a factor of much influence.

MADOC MARBLE.

Yesterday a deputation from the City Council of Toronto made a visit of inspection to the Marble quarry in this village, with the object, if the quality was satisfactory, of entering into a contract for a large supply to be used in the erection of the new Court House and City Hall now building in that city. The deputation was composed of the architect, Mr. E. J. Lennox, Aldermen Jones, Pells, and Hill, and Messrs. P. J. Close and Isaacs. Mr. R. B. Moodie, one of the owners of the quarry, accompanied them. Although the result of the visit is not yet known, we understand they were much pleased with the quality and fitness of the marble for the purpose required. If the proposed contract is made we understand it will take several years work to fill it.

The Smithville Coal Vein.

St. Catharines, March 31.—Experts from the Pennsylvania coal region visited Smithville to-day and examined the alleged coal find there. They pronounce the deposit an excellent quality of anthracite but it is only eight inches in thickness. They doubt whether it would pay to work it and probably the idea of mining operations, so far as coal is concerned, will be abandoned.

Township Council.

Council met on March 26th. All the members present.

Petition from D. Deline and others to have a new road beat formed was received and laid over to next meeting.

On motion of Messrs. Bacon and West, George White was released from paying the interest on back taxes charged against N. E. ¼ of lot 24, 5th con., by his paying the sum of $13.61.

Wm. Nickle was paid $5.00 for covering a bridge near the Golden Cheese factory.

S. F. Weaver's account for printing to date, $32.75 was ordered to be paid, also $15 to D.Ross,half the contract price on a bridge.

On motion of Messrs. Rollins and Bacon, a by-law was passed to open a road allowance between lots 28 in the 5th and 28 in the 6th concessions, commencing at the Allen Settlement road and running south to the southern limit of said lots 28.

On motion Wm. Fox was refunded $14.26 for over paid taxes in 1887,and Chas English was paid 78 cents for postage.

Wm. West was refunded $8.36 for overpaid taxes in 1887.

The Collectors Roll was made returnable at next meeting of Council.

On motion of Messrs. Blair and West, it was ordered that no money be expended on roads this year except for bridges and culverts, and new roads.

Council adjourned to May 28. Court of Revision to be held on May 29th.

Winnipeg Icelanders are moving to have Leif Eriksson publicly recognised as the discoverer of America.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER

TO ALL WANTING EMPLOYMENT.

We want live, energetic agents in every county in the United States and Canada to sell a patent article of great merit *on its merits*. An article having a large sale paying over 100 per cent. profit, having no competition, and on which the agent is protected in the exclusive sale by a deed given on each and every county he may secure from us. With all these advantages to our agents, and the fact that it is an article that can be sold to every houseowner, it may not be necessary to make *"an extraordinary offer"* to secure good agents at once, but we have concluded to make it to show, not only our confidence in the merits of our invention, but in its salability by any agent that will handle it with energy. Our agents now at work are making from $150 to $300 a month clear, and this fact makes it safe for us to make our offer to all who are out of employment. Any agent that will give our business a thirty day's trial and fail to clear at least $100 in this time, *above all expenses*, can return all goods unsold to us and we will refund the money paid for them. No such employer of agents ever dared to make such offers, nor would we if we did not know that we have agents now making more then double this amount. Our large decriptive circulars explain our offer fully, and these we wish to send to everyone out of employm nt who will send us three one cent stamps for postage. Send at once and secure the agency in time for the boom, and go to work on the terms named in our extraordinary offer. Address, at once,

NATIONAL NOVELTY CO.
49—3m 514 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa

Child... for Pitcher's Castoria.

1888.▷ OO ◁1888.

SPRING

It is our pleasure to meet you all through the medium of this paper and extend an urgent invitation to call and examine the ample provision we have made to meet the necessities of this season with bright, new, and stylish goods from our well selected stock. So successful and satisfactory have been our efforts as buyers that we cannot refrain from stating a few facts regarding the character and description of this beautiful array of satisfying bargains. Starting with a thorough knowledge of the wants of our customers, and imbued with a determination to please, we sought only such markets as afforded the best productions of goods in our line. We selected carefully and conscientiously from these unrivalled sources such seasonable styles as we knew to be honest, reliable and exceptional values for the prices asked. We now add to these bargains a fair living profit and place our stock before the public, confident in the belief that we can neither be undersold or outdone in variety, quality, or style. You can make no mistake in purchasing from us without further delay, but we court comparison and invite the strictest examination of quality and value if the slightest misgiving lingers in your mind that you may do better elsewhere. Having every confidence in our stock and prices we are not afraid of any unprejudiced comparison where we know the best shall win without fear or favor.

J. Dale & Son.

NEW ADVERTIS...

HOUSE TO ...

ON Elgin Street, in the ... near the Model Sch... Review office. 1 3w.

Important Notice.

ALL parties ... undersigned, for subsc... advertising or job-work, to whom ... or notices have been sent, must settle ... same by the 12th inst. This notice shou... considered sufficient.
1-tf S. F. WEAVER.

EXAMINATIONS.

High School & Teachers'

These will be held ... follows:—

Admission to the High Schools:—On July 4th, 5th and ... beginning at 1:30 p.m., at the High School, Stirling, at Madoc, and at Bancroft.

No applications for ... examination will be received after May 1... Notice of candidature should be ... to the proper Inspector. Paper, ink, pens, ... must be provided by the candidates.

Second Class ... the High School, Stirling, and at Madoc, beginning on July 3rd, at 8:40 a. m.

Third Class, (District and Provincial):—At the same places an dates.

Intending candidates mus notify the Inspector of their intention be-re May 24th. Blank forms of application wi be provided to those who apply for them. With his (or her) notice of candidature, a fe of five dollars must be sent by every can'idate.

W. MACINTOSH,
Ipector, P. S.

April 4th, 1888.

GARDEN,
FIELD
AND
FLO...
Seeds
—AT—
DEANS' DRUG STOR...

Mortgage Sa...

UNDER and by virtue of the ... sale contained in a ... which will be produced at the ... there will be offered for sale ... Auction, subject to a reserve bid...

MOON'S HO...
— IN THE —
VILLAGE OF MA...

in the County of Hastings, at th... o'clock in the afternoon, on

Thursday the 3rd day ...

1888, the following valuable ... to wit:—The East Half of ... Twenty-four (24) in the Tenth ... cession of the Township of ... County of Hastings and Provi... containing by admeasurement ... and twenty-five acres of land, more or less.

The purchaser shall at the ... pay a deposit of ten per cent ... money to the Vendor or his ... the balance thereof within o... after.

D. E. K...

Dated at Madoc, this the ... 1888.

Adam...
CARRIAGE ...

BOY W...

A boy wanted to ... trade One who is ... will bind himself ... No smoker need app...

P. S.—Wagons ... &c., alw...

MILK WAGO...

Don'...
MULLETT'...

THE PHELPS GAME LAW.

For the information of all concerned, we give the full text of Mr. Phelps' bill amending the Act for the protection of Game and Fur-bearing Animals, passed at the recent session of the Ontario Legislature:

1. Section 1 of the Act for the Protection of Game and Fur-bearing Animals is hereby amended by omitting therefrom the words "deer, elk, moose, reindeer or caribou, between the fifteenth day of December and the fifteenth day of October," and inserting instead thereof the words following:—"Deer, elk, moose, reindeer or caribou between the twentieth day of November and the fifteenth day of October; but the period heretofore limited shall not, as to moose, elk, reindeer or caribou, apply before the fifteenth day of October, 1895, and no moose, elk, reindeer or caribou shall be hunted, taken or killed between the first day of April, 1888, and the fifteenth day of October, 1895."

2. Section 7 of the said Act is hereby amended by adding after the word "Act," where it lastly occurs in said section, the words "and where no other penalty therefor is by this Act provided."

3. The said Act is hereby further amended by adding thereto the following sections 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 and 21 of the said Act:

No person shall at anytime prior to the year 1895 hunt, take or kill any deer, unless such person has been actually resident and domiciled within the Province of Ontario or within the Province of Quebec for a period of at least three months next before said time, and any person offending against this section shall be liable to a fine not exceeding $20, nor less than $10, with costs of prosecution, for each animal so hunted, taken or killed, and in default of immediate payment of said fine and costs shall be liable to imprisonment in the common jail of the county or district wherein the offence was committed for a period not exceeding three months: Provided always that this section shall not apply to any person who, being a shareholder of or in an incorporate company, hunts, kills or takes on the lands of such company, any of the animals mentioned in this section: Provided, moreover that this section shall not apply to any person in any year for which he has obtained from the Commissioner of Crown Lands a permit to hunt, kill or take any of the animals in this section mentioned, and the Commissioner of Crown Lands is hereby authorized to grant and issue such a permit upon payment therefor of a fee of $10 for each year during which the same is to be in force, and upon being satisfied that the person applying for the permit may be relied upon to observe and comply with the other provisions of this Act.

No person shall, during any one year prior to 1895, kill or take alive more than five deer, and no two persons hunting together or from one camp or place of rendezvous, or forming or being what is commonly known as a hunting party shall, in any one year prior to 1895, kill or take alive more than eight deer; and no three or more persons hunting together or from one camp or place of rendezvous, or forming or being what is commonly known as a hunting party shall, in any one year prior to 1895, kill or take alive more than twelve deer, and any person offending against this section shall be liable to a fine not exceeding $20, nor less than $5, with costs of prosecution for each deer beyond or exceeding the number so permitted to be killed or taken as aforesaid, and in default of immediate payment of such fine and costs shall be liable to be imprisoned in the common jail of the county or district within which the offence was committed for a period not exceeding three months.

Where, under this Act, any person has been convicted of an offence against any of the provisions of this Act, such person, in default of the immediate payment of any fine or costs imposed upon him or for which he had been adjudged to be liable in respect or because of such offence, shall be liable and may be adjudged to be imprisoned in the common jail of the county or district in which the offence was committed for a period not exceeding three months.

On the trial of any complaint, proceeding, matter or question under this Act, the person opposing or defending, or who is charged with an offence or under any of the provisions of this Act, shall be competent and compellable to give evidence in or with respect to such complaint, proceeding, matter or question.

A conviction or order made in any matter arising under this Act, either originally or on appeal, shall not be quashed for want of form.

All prosecutions under this Act may be brought and heard before any of Her Majesty's justices of the peace in and for the county or district where the penalty was incurred, or the offense was committed, or wrong done, and in cities, towns and incorporated villages in which a police magistrate, before such police magistrate; and save where otherwise provided by this section the procedure shall be governed by "The Act respecting Summary Convictions before Justices of the Peace and Appeals to General Sessions."

Energy will do almost anything, but it cannot exist if the blood is impure and moves sluggishly in the veins. There is nothing so good for cleansing the blood and imparting energy to the system as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Price $1. Six bottles, $5. Sold by druggists.

Dangerous Counterfeits.

Counterfeits are always dangerous, more so that they always closely imitate the original in appearance and name. The remarkable success achieved by Nasal Balm as a positive cure for Catarrh and Cold in the Head has induced unprincipled parties to imitate it. The public are cautioned not to be deceived by nostrums imitating Nasal Balm in name and appearance, bearing such names as Nasal Cream, Nasal Balsam, etc. Ask for Nasal Balm and do not take imitation dealers may urge upon you. For sale by all druggists or sent post-paid on receipt of price (50c and $1) by addressing Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co. 1[illegible] W[illegible] St. N.Y.

1873. -ESTABLISHED IN- 1887.

E. L. WEISS,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER

JEWELRY. - WATCHES, CLOCKS, SPECTACLES, BRONZES, VIOLINS, JEWEL CASES, ETC.

Take a look through his establishment.

Weiss Block, Madoc, Ont.

MILLINERY.

Spring and Summer

STOCK

NOW ARRIVING.

CALL AND SEE.

My display of Millinery and Fancy Goods discounts anything ever seen in Madoc.

New Goods, Latest Styles, Prices Right. Don't fail to see them before ordering.

We actually keep the largest stock of

Trimmed Hats & Bonnets

in Town.

A splendid variety of Holiday Notions now on hand.

MISS L. ELLIOTT.

Wilson Block, Madoc.

New Goods at THE 4 BIG

Mrs. Wright's Block. Durham Street.

MADOC, - ONT.

The following goods taken into Stock last week, and will be sold at Mill Prices for this month.

20 Pieces Grey Cotton at	4c	worth	5c.
20 do do	5c	"	6c.
20 do do	7c	"	8c.
20 do do	8c	"	9c.
20 do do	9c	"	10c.
20 Pieces Shirting—fast colors—at	12½	"	15.
10 do Cottonade at	20	"	25.
20 do Lilac Prints—fast—at	10	"	12½
20 Dozen Linen Towels at	10	"	12½

All the above Goods were bought away down in Price as Cottons are advancing, so you are getting a rare chance if you buy your Spring Cottons now at

Big Bargains in Dress Goods.

THE 4 BIG Madoc.

Martyrs to Headache

Seek relief in vain, until they begin to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then they regret the years of suffering they might have escaped had they tried this remedy earlier. The trouble was constitutional not local; and, until **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** did its effective work as an Alterative and Blood Purifier, they were compelled to suffer.

The wife of Samuel Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass., was, for a long time, subject to severe headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. A perfect cure has been effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frank Roberts, 727 Washington st., Boston, says that he formerly had terrible headaches, and until he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, never found any medicine that would give

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes Lizzie W. DeVeau, 262 Fifteenth st., Brooklyn, N. Y., "I have had intolerable headaches. I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and have not had a headache since that time."

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lykins, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully, every Spring, from headache, caused by impurity of the blood and biliousness. It seemed for days and weeks that my head would split open. Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured me completely."

When Mrs. Genevra Belanger, of 24 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered for some years from a serious affection of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she was afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. A friend persuaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which benefited her wonderfully. Her health is now perfect. Martyrs to headache should try

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

MEDICATED

CONFECTIONERY

Some choice lines at

WILSON'S DRUG STORE,

Durham St., Madoc.

INVISIBLE WORK.

INVISIBLE patching on all kinds of Rubber Boots and Shoes and all other rubber goods; also on fine Kid and Leather Boots and Shoes, done neatly and cheaply and on shortest notice. All work warranted to give satisfaction. Defy competition.

WILLIAM MOORE.

Madoc, Feb. 9th, 1888. 44-3 m

STAR GROCERY.

Wright's Block, Madoc, Ont.

We beg to remind our numerous customers and the public generally that we are now receiving

NEW GOODS DAILY

for the Spring Trade, which will be found to to be right, both in

QUALITY AND PRICE

Groceries of all kinds.
Teas a specialty.
Canned Goods, etc.
Flour, Pork, Rolled Bacon,
Hams, and Lard.
Wines, Liquors, Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail.

CHURCH & TODD.

CONFECTIONERY.

Ask for

ROYAL

COUGH DROPS,

manufactured at

KING'S CONFECT'N'RY WORKS

MADOC, ONT.

CONFECTIONERY

Great Reduction in Price of Tweeds.

We have this week to offer a

LARGE LINE OF TWEEDS,

which were bought cheap.

We can sell them at a reduction of

ABOUT TWENTY {20} PER CENT.

from regular price.

Call and see for yourselves.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are pricele

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. Is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff join it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY's Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may b of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the addr 33 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADIAN.

Two h[illegible]ed and fifty immigrants arrived in W[illegible]g last week.

A con[illegible] for a large shipment of cotton to China [illegible] been made by the Kingston Cotton C[illegible].

A man n[illegible] Levitt beat his wife in broad dayligh[illegible] other day on Peterboro' market square in t[illegible] presence of scores of people.

Mr. William Shannon, deputy post-master at Kingston, was suspended on Saturday on the charge of stealing money from unregistered letters.

Nine thousand acres of land near Newdale, Manitoba, have been bought by two Englishmen, who intend going into farming operations on an extensive scale.

Mr. Jennings, for the Canadian Pacific, and Mr. Wragge, for the Grand Trunk, yesterday said there would be a conference on the subject of a central station for Toronto, and it was highly probable an agreement would be arrived at.

On representations being made yesterday to Sir Adolphe Caron as to the danger attending rifle practice at the Toronto Garrison butts, he said that it was the duty of the Militia Department to take steps to ensure the safety of the public.

Vice-Consul Schwob's action in flying the French flag at half-mast over the consulate in Montreal, in respect to the memory of the late Kaiser, has been cordially approved by his official superior, M. Duball, French Consul-General, who has just returned to Montreal from France.

A tea-meeting in New Brunswick had some unusual features. In one corner of the church an enclosure was prepared, within which two young ladies were sawing wood into stove lengths. In another corner were two men making a patchwork quilt. All for a single admission. Tickets ten cents.

A Kingston young man, who had gone off his sleep, asked his druggist for a dose of laudanum. The wily man mixed him a dose of sugar and water, duly labelling the bottle "laudanum." The youth took half the bottleful, and so powerful were the effects of imagination that he passed into a deep sleep, from which he was rudely awakened by a doctor with a stomach pump, who had been summoned by excited friends to rescue the rash man from the results of his folly.

UNITED STATES.

The storm in New York has delayed the interment of some 800 bodies.

A South Carolina widow has been lending money at forty-seven per cent. interest.

Mr. Cleveland was, four years ago, in the hands of his friends. He was elected. Now he finds himself like many other American citizens in the hands of his wife.

One good effect of the blizzard in New York was that the English sparrows were killed in great numbers. Unhappily in Boston they came out of the storm as lively as ever.

The public library of San Francisco has among its books one containing the Lord's prayer in 814 different dialects. It was compiled by A. Amer, and published in Vienna in 1844.

The mushrooms of California grow worthy of that remarkable State. One was recently cooked at Santa Barbara that measured eight inches in diameter. It was said to be delicious.

New York overdid the building of great and costly flats, therefore the Osborne, Seventh avenue and Fifty-seventh street, sold Tuesday for $200,000 less than it cost, the selling price being $1,009,252.

At Birmingham, Ala., an Italian fruit-dealer placed $400 in bills in a cigar box and put the box in a stove while he waited on some customer. Forgetting the money he ordered an assistant to build a fire in the stove, which was done, and the money was burned to ashes.

A pleasant-looking and smooth-tongued stranger came to East Baltimore, looked at the saw mill that was unused and in litigation, had the machinery removed to a junk shop and sold for $700, invited the draymen to dine with him, and left without paying for the dinner or dray.

How many more presidents of companies and bank cashiers have been speculating with other people's money, and how many more bank directors are in imbecile silence letting the perfidy go on, the great and patient God only knows! My opinion is that we have got near the bottom. The wind has been pricked from the great bubble of American speculation.—*Talmage.*

What looked like the largest, straightest, soundest and longest walnut log ever floated down the Cumberland reached Nashville the other day. It belonged to a green looking countryman who gave good reasons why he must sell it immediately. It was such a fine log that, despite the owners anxiety to sell, it fetched almost its apparent value. In due course of time it was taken out of the water and proved to be a sycamore log, with walnut bark tacked all over it in the most artistic manner. The green countryman has not been seen since.

The profit-sharing system appears to be growing in favour in the United States. A leading firm of New York clothiers gave a dinner to their 250 employees the other day, and wound up the proceedings by declaring a dividend of 3½ per cent. of the firm's profits for distribution among the employes according to the wages earned by each. Other prominent establishments in the country are working on the same plan, among them large houses in Philadelphia, Providence, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Pittsburg and about a dozen other places. No case has yet been reported of a firm becoming dissatisfied with the system and abandoning it.

FOREIGN.

News has been received indicating that Stanley's expedition is safe.

The Vatican is said to have abandoned the idea of appointing a Papal Nuncio to the United States.

And now what a relic that old iron army [illegible]stead, on which William slept in life and [illegible]sed in death, will be to the German peo[illegible]

It is reported that Tippoo Tip has sent a number of men to Stanley's camp at Aruwimi to take reserve stores and munitions to Wadelai.

The Cork Grand Jury yesterday adopted a resolution calling the [illegible] of the Government to the [illegible] lords, owing to the excessive reduction of rents.

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt are said to have been frightened out of their Bavarian castle by ghosts. They had leased the royal house for several months, but only remained in it two nights. Their rest was disturbed by peculiar noises that could not be accounted for, the lease was given up, and the disturbed couple returned to Paris.

The Rev. J. G. Owens, pastor of a church at Cornwall, Wales, was given by his congregation a three months' notice to quit. The time expired on Saturday evening, but the pastor barricaded himself in his pulpit and held the fort all that night and most of the following day. For two hours on Sunday he preached to his congregation while they drowned his words by hymns sung at the top of their voices. At last the preacher marched out of the church with the honours of war, under the protection of the police.

It is interesting to learn by a parliamentary paper just issued that the number of persons specially protected by the Royal Irish Constabulary on the 31st January this year was 910. In Ulster, it appears, only 16 persons receive protection from patrols, while 11 receive special and constant protection. In Leinster 155 are protected by patrols, and 21 are specially protected. In Connaught 129 receive patrol protection, and 49 are specially guarded. Munster has the heaviest record, no fewer than 371 persons receive patrol protection, and 159 special and constant protection. On the 31st July last the total number of protected persons was 1,001.

A large and well-known firm of coal merchants in London were fined the other week by one of the Metropolitan police magistrates on a series of convictions in various amounts that totalled up to just two hundred and fifty dollars. The name of the firm is Messrs. D. Radford & Co., and the offences consisted of sending out their coal wagons without properly adjusted machines for weighing coal on delivery—as the English law requires—and also for having sent the coal out in sacks containing less than the requisite proportion of 224 pounds each, or the tenth part of a ton. Would it not be a step in the right direction if some such law was enacted and enforced over here?

The Crofters.

The position of the Crofters of the Island of Lewis, or "The Lews," as it is commonly called, is most critical. The report of Sheriff Fraser and Mr. Malcolm MacNeill, the Commissioners appointed to visit the Island and inquire into the real state of affairs, has been published in a Parliamentary paper. The report shows that while some destitution and suffering at present exist, it is the hopelessness of the outlook, the certainty of coming famine, that makes the case of the wretched Crofters specially deplorable. The resources of the poor-law are already strained, and were it not that the meagre doles of the relieving officer are eked out by private alms many would be already famishing. But all available resources are rapidly becoming exhausted. The potato crop is nearly consumed. The cattle and sheep will soon have to be killed for food. Unless relief on a large scale, by means of emigration or some other wholesale scheme, is soon forthcoming, famine and starvation are inevitable. The present population of The Lews is estimated at 28,000. The present crisis seems to be in no way the fault of the Crofters, unless the increase of population beyond the possibilities of support be attributed to them as a fault. The people are able and willing to work, but since the successive failures of the kelp industry and the herring fishery, and the decay of the potato, there seems to be absolutely nothing for them to do. Hence dejection and apathy have taken hold upon them. "Strong men are to be seen at home idly watching the privations endured by their wives and children." "Grown-up children, who should long since have opened a career for themselves, are still inmates of parents' houses." Notwithstanding their wretchedness, the people are averse to emigration, alleging that there is land enough to afford them support if they were but allowed to occupy and cultivate it, and that their misery is largely the result of the population having been crowded into little sections while immense areas have been converted into deer parks and sheep walks. No doubt the British Parliament will see the necessity of grappling with the difficulty in some effective way. The case presents another phase of the ever-recurring agrarian question.

Corruption in High Places.

The facts brought to light during the recent trial of M. Wilson, in France, show but too clearly that corruption in high places is not confined to monarchies. The plague spots of the Napoleonic court have reappeared to some extent in the Presidential household. The history of M. Wilson, as brought to light, is a most disgraceful one. His earlier life had been stained with the grossest vice and immorality, to which his career as the son-in-law of President Grevy and a resident in the Presidential mansion was but so fitting a sequel. His position gave him an opportuniny of learning many State secrets, a knowledge he had the ineffable meanness to turn to his own advantage. The influence accruing from his position and relationship was prostituted to his money-making passion through the sale of decorations, and he abused the franking privilege to an enormous extent. But the inflexible sternness with which his prosecution was followed up none the less augurs well for the future of the French Republic. The lesson taught through the medium of his severe sentence can scarcely fail to be most salutary. He was adjudged guilty of fraud, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, a heavy fine, and deprivation of civil rights for five years. The history of the transaction is on the whole indicative of the growth of the political morality in France. It is a hopeful sign that the people are no longer indifferent or callous, as formerly, to intrigues and scandals in Government and Court circles.

With Satisfaction.

Polson's NERVILINE, the new and certain pain cure, is used with satisfaction in every instance. There is abundant reason for this, for it performs all that is claimed for it. Nerviline is a never-failing cure for cramps, pains in the side or back, lumbago, sore throat, chilblains, toothache. Nerviline is, in fact, a sure remedy for all pains, both internal and external. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bottles only 25 cents, by all druggists and country dealers.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

The opium habit, dypsomania, the morphine habit, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobacco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over-exertion of the brain, and loss of natural strength, from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause not mentioned above, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of *Diseases of Man.* Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M. V LUBON 47 Wellington street East, Toronto Ont.

Full sleeves from shoulder to elbow, of tulle, lace, crepe or gauze, with ribbon bows, are in vogue for evening bodices.

Coff No More.

Watson's cough drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. See that the letters R. & T.W. are stamped on each drop.

The first woman doctor in Mexico has lately been honored with a complimentary bull fight for her entertainment.

Ocean Steamship Passengers

Via New York should take the Erie railway, as it is not only the shortest and best line, but lands people close to the piers of the leading steamship companies. In buying tickets, ask for the Erie.

Black is often the chosen color for tea gowns, especially in fancy striped silks, with entire fronts of jetted lace.

People who are subject to bad breath, foul coated tongue, or any disorder of the Stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist.

Mosaic jewelry in silver settings is in high favor.

CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER restores grey and faded hair to its natural color and prevents falling out.

It is said that blacksmiths select a stormy day in which to perform work that requires extra heat.

"If you live among men," says the cynic Chamfort, "your heart must either break or turn to brass."

HUB! COUGH CURE cures in one minute.

Morality is the harmony between act and circumstance. It is the melody of conduct.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

A. P. 391.

KNITTING Creelman Bros., Georgetown, Ont. **MACHINES**

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GOOD AGENTS WANTED over the entire Dominion. Address, GEO. D. FERRIS, 87 Church Street, Toronto.

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Fruit Specialty—PLUMS in larg supply. Dealers billed out on liberal terms at the HALTON NURSERIES, Burlington, Ont., H. H. HURD & SON, Proprietors. **TREES.** Also can offer a few cars Red and Yellow Globe Onions

CANADA SHIPPING CO.—Beaver Line of Steamships, sailing weekly between Montreal and Liverpool. Saloon tickets, Montreal to Liverpool, $40, $50, and $60. Return tickets, $80, $90, and $110, according to steamer and accommodation. Intermediate, $30; Round trip tickets, $60, Steerage, $20, Round trip tickets, $40. For further particulars and to secure births, apply to H. E. MURRAY, General Manager, I Custom House Square, Montreal, or to the Local Agents in the different Twons and Cities.

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That's taking the lead, new or second hand, apply to ALEX. DOIG, 61 Nealon St., Toronto.

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AND TRADERS GENERALLY.

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CALFSKINS

for us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty. Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U.S.

Catarrh,

Cold in the Head, Hay Fever, etc., can **positively be cured. A new method.** A medicine **guaranteed to cure.** No cure no pay. If you have tried other remedies that failed to cure, you will not be disappointed in this. For full particulars address, **M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto, Canada.** Send 10c. in stamps for book, "Treatise on Disease of Man."

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Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland; also from Baltimore, via Halifax and St. John's, N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow lines sail during winter to and from Halifax, Portland, Boston and Philadelphia; and during summer between Glasgow and Montreal weekly; Glasgow and Boston weekly, and Glasgow and Philadelphia fortnightly.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's, N. F.; Wm. Thompson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York, H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; Wm. Brookie, Philadelphia; H. A. Allen, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

Nervous Debility.

DR. GRAY'S Specific has been used for the past fifteen years, with great success, in the treatment of Nervous Debility, and all diseases arising from excesses, over-worked brain, loss of vitality, ringing in the ears, palpitation, etc. For sale by all druggists. Price $1 per box, or 6 boxes for $5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Pamphlet on application.

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Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous
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CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, and all affections of the Kidneys.

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GEORGE W. BOUTON, STAMFORD, CONN., says:

"For two years I was a sufferer from nervous debility, and I thank God and the discoverer of the valuable remedy that PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND cured me. *It is* a valuable remedy. Long may it live. Let any one write to me for advice."

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"I believe PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND saved my life. My trouble seemed to be an internal humor. Before I used it I was covered with an eruption from "head to heel." The eruption is rapidly healing, and I am five hundred per cent. better every way."

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A. C. BEAN, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT., says:

For two years past I have been a great sufferer from kidney and liver troubles, attended with dyspepsia and constipation. Before I began to take CELERY COMPOUND it seemed as though *everything* ailed me. Now I can say *nothing* ails me.

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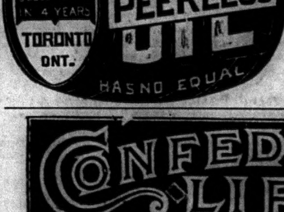

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THE greatest discovery of the present age for Regulating the bowels, and Curing all Blood Liver and Kidney Complaints. A perfect Blood Purifier. A few in Hamilton who have been benifited by its use; Mrs. M. Keenan, 192 Robert St. cured of Erysipelas of 2 yrs. standing; Robt. Connell, 24 south street, daughter cured of Epileptic fits after years suffering; Jennie Birrel, 55 Walnut Street, cured of Weakness and Lung Trouble; John Wood, 26 Cathcart St., cured of Liver Complaint and Billiousness, used only 3 fifty-cent bottles; Mrs. J. Beal, 6 Augusta St., troubled for years with Nervous Prostration, two small bottles gave her great relief. Sold at 50c. & $1.

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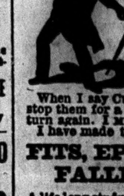

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ST. P[illegible] PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Preachi[illegible] at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; S[illegible] at 9.30 a.m.; Prayer Meeting [illegible] evening at 8. [illegible] WALLACE, Pastor.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST (Church of England) Matins and [illegible] Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p.m.; Evensong [illegible] Wednesdays, at 7.30 p.m., with an address. T. AUSTIN SMITH, Pastor.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.—Mass, each Sunday at 9.30 a.m., except every third Sunday, when Mass is at 11 o'clock; Vespers and Benediction, each 4th Sunday at 5 o'clock. THOMAS DAVIS, Pastor.

New Ads. This Week.

Spring—J. Dale & Son.
House to let—This office.
Seeds—Dean's Drug Store.
The Right House—James Dale.
Examinations—W. Mackintosh.
Important Notice—S. F. Weaver.
Mortgage Sale—D. E. K. Stewart.

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Field Seeds of all kinds by the lb., at D. W. Wright's.

A Set of Tea Dishes for $1.90 at W. W. Hudgins.

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Highest Cash price paid for Eggs, at W. W. Hudgins.

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Boots & Shoes at D. W. Wright's.

Goods Delivered to any part of the village at D. W. Wright's.

Latest Local News.

Sugar socials will soon be in order.

—[illegible] meeting of the Fire Company will be held on Friday evening, at 7.30 o'clock.

—Mr. E. D. O'Flynn occupied the Methodist pulpit in this village last Sunday morning.

—Our village Churches will soon be filled each Sunday with pretty new spring hats and bonnets.

—Read Dale & Son's spring announcement in this issue, also the new advt. of "The Right House."

—The first thunder storm of the season visited this district last week. The lightning was very vivid.

—How true it is that we never know what the future and the merchant who never advertises have in store.

—Rev. O. R. Lambly occupied his usual place in the Methodist pulpit last Sunday evening, the first time since his recent illness.

—The site for the new High School has not yet been selected. An examination of the different properties offered will be made as soon as the snow is off.

—Easter bonnets are to match the gowns that go with them. If they only matched the pocket-books that get them the men wouldn't grumble.

—A new and much more powerful steam pump has been put in at the Marble Quarry during the past week. This makes the third pump since the works opened. The supply of water is still inexhaustable.

—We invite our business men and the public generally in want of printing of any description to bring their orders to THE REVIEW office. We will guarantee as good work at as low prices as can be obtained by sending out of town, and is not the local office entitled to the preference.

—An exchange says:—"When visiting a printing office keep these rules in mind: Subscribe for the paper and pay in advance; keep six feet away from Archy the devil; hands off the manuscript; don't talk to compositors; don't carry off the exchanges and don't read the type on the galleys."

—The Napanee *Beaver* tells of a Church of England Rector who endeavoured to break the habit of members reaching church after services had started. One Sunday he was in the midst of a psalm when the laggards came. He stopped, remarking that it was too bad they should lose part of the services, and commenced at the beginning. There is no trouble now.

Sale Register.

On Wednesday, April 11th, the farm stock, implements, &c., belonging to the estate of [illegible]te Duncan Macbeath, in the village of [illegible] Seven months credit on sums of [illegible] at 6 per cent. interest, or 4 per [illegible] cash. Sale at 1 o'clock p.m., [illegible] Donald McKenzie and Duncan [illegible]th, Executors.

Spreading Out

A new Branch of the Traders' Bank was opened in Brantford last week, taking up the business of the closed Federal.

Freak of Nature.

On Tuesday of last week a cow belonging to Mr. William Rylott, near Madoc, gave birth to two calves. This is not a very usual occurrance.

Teachers Examinations

Attention is directed to the advt. in another column of the examinations for teachers and admission to High Schools in the County. Intending Candidates should read it over carefully.

Village Council.

A meeting of the Village Council was held on Monday evening last. Business was dull. A few small accounts were ordered to be paid, and after a social chat the members adjourned.

New Show Cases.

This week Mr. W. W. Hudgins, the young mercantile prince of Madoc, added two handsome new show cases to his already well filled store. We are glad to note this evidence of prosperity, which is invariably the fate of all who liberably advertise.

Madoc and Belleville Stage.

Mr. W. Wooley again assumed control of the above stage line on Monday. He commences with a new outfit of horses and rigs, and the public will get good satisfaction. Messrs. Gray & McGregor's is headquarters in Madoc.

Moved to Belleville.

Mr. Samuel Curry, of Frankford, a few years ago lessee of the Madoc House in this village, has purchased the old O'Brien Hotel in Belleville, and will refit it. He will no doubt make it a popular stopping place for his old Madoc friends as well as the public generally.

Burglars at Work.

On Friday night last burglars attempted to enter Col. Elijah Ketcheson's house in Sidney and were fired at through a window by his grandson, James Ketcheson. The bullet took effect in one of the men, who as he ran down the road, left traces of blood in the snow. There is no clue.

Results of Special Services.

At the close of the service the other Sabbath evening, the pastor, O. R. Lambly, M.A., read the names of fifty persons who during the Special Evangelistic Services, recently held, decided to become Christians, nearly all of whom expressed a desire to become members of the Methodist Church on probation. The majority of these new converts are members of the Sunday School classes.

The Evangelists in Belleville.

During the month that Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, the evangelists, have been in Belleville, nearly 550 persons have professed a change of heart. The spacious Bridge Street Methodist Church has been crowded nightly, many being turned away unable to obtain even standing room inside. They are the most effective revival services ever held in that city. The evangelists will remain another week.

A Chance for Investment.

A large number of accounts due the proprietor of THE REVIEW up to the time he retired from the office a year ago, and which yet remain unpaid, will be offered for sale through these columns as soon as the list can be prepared. The accounts include advertising and job-work, but are principally for subscriptions. The total amount embraces between $600 and $700; the parties are nearly all good, and the claims will be sold to the highest bidder, as we must have the cash, and cannot let these old accounts become mixed up with our new business. Names and amounts will be given as soon as possible.

Personal.

Mr. Wm. F. Wood, son of A. F. Wood, M. P. P., is home for Easter holidays.

Mr. James O'Donnell, late of Minden, is home for a week's holidays. Next week he goes to Parry Harbor.

Mr. Thomas Reynolds, of Foxboro, was in the village this week. He contemplates going to the States.

Miss Jennie Sinclair, of Kingston, made a visit to her home in this village last week. Miss Sinclair is studying for the Medical profession at the Kingston College.

Miss M. Ferguson, daughter of John Ferguson, M. P., Renfrew, and Miss J. Plaunt, daughter of Joseph Plaunt, Renfrew, of Oshawa College, are spending their Easter holidays with relatives in Madoc.

The proprietor of THE REVIEW acknowledges the friendly calls during the week of many of the old friends and constant supporters of this journal, with encouraging words and kind wishes for its success. We invite everyone to give us a call. In a few weeks we hope to show our friends new presses and office improvements that ten years ago was not dreamed of for Madoc.

Oddfellows Anniversary.

The 26th of April, the 69th anniversary of Oddfellowship in America, will witness a large demonstration by the members of this fraternity in the village of Madoc. Madoc Lodge No. 179 is now arranging for the district celebration to be held here, and already the two lodges and encampments of Belleville, and lodges of Deseronto, Trenton, Stirling and Campbellford have announced their intention of being present. A special train has been chartered from Belleville, and the lodges from that city will be accompanied by their magnificent cornet band, of about 30 pieces. The programme will consist of processions through the principal streets, sermon by Rev. O. R. Lambly, M. A., in the Methodist Church, and a first class concert and musical entertainment in the Masonic Hall in the evening. The full programme will be published later as soon as all arrangements are completed.

Obituary.

James Devolin was born in the year 1792 at Maralin, County town of Down, Ireland, and died March 21st, 1888, having reached the ripe old age of 96 years. Mr. Devolin and family came to this country in the year 1847, landing at Kingston where a sad experience awaited him in the loss of his wife and eldest son. Madoc was their destination, where the family have resided ever since. The parent is survived by three sons and one daughter, and many grand-children, who cherish his memory as a peace-loving and harmless citizen. He was reared to the Church of England. His death came very sudden after but a few days illness, caused by a fall. The funeral took place at the home of his daughter, Widow Hamilton, and the aged frame was laid to rest in a family plot on the farm. The services were conducted by Rev. R. H. Leitch, who improved the occasion from the text "It is appointed unto man once to die after that the judgement." Heb. 9. 27. Com.

Encourage the Editor.

As a rule, an editor gets about 1,000 kicks to one caress. Once in a while he gets a kind word, and it warms and cheers his weather beaten, storm racked heart to the innermost core. Most people are afraid to tell an editor when he writes an article that particularly pleases them, for fear of making him proud, we suppose, but if they find anything that does not accord precisely with their views, they will neglect their business to hunt him up and tell him of it. Pshaw! dear friends, don't think you will spoil the editor by giving him an occasional word of cheer, any more than you spoil your child by complimenting it upon a piece of patchwork it has finished. Of course you could beat the job yourself, but that doesn't deter you from heaping words of encouragement on the child. It has done its best. So you could doubtless beat the average editor at running a paper. Of course, you can. The man does not live who can't beat an editor at running a paper. The editor is willing to acknowledge that you can. He only runs it because you have not time to; but this fact need not deter you from giving him a word of encouragement occasionally.

Born.

RYLOTT.—In Madoc township, on March 5th, the wife of William Rylott, of a daughter.

HUFF.—In Madoc village, on March 29th, the wife of John Huff, Chief of Police, of a son.

Married.

WATSON—MCQUIGGE.—By Rev. W.C. Beer, Feb. 29th, at the Methodist Parsonage, Marmora, Mr. Samuel Watson, of Seymour, to Miss Eliza McQuigge, of the township of Belmont.

WALMSLEY—BAILEY.—By Rev. W.C. Beer, March 24th, at the residence of Mr. Joseph Warren, brother-in-law of the bride, Mr. Thomas Walmsley to Miss Minnie Bailey, all of the township of Marmora.

Died.

HOSTLER.—In Hermon, March 28th, Dayid Hostler, aged 57 years, 6 months and 6 days.

RUTLEDGE.—In Madoc Township, Mar. 29th, Hellen Elizabeth, wife of D. T. Rutledge, aged 46 years, 3 months, 24 day.

A slight cold often proves the forerunner of a complaint which may be fatal. Avoid this result by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the best remedy for colds, coughs, and all throat and lung diseases.

Holloway's Ointment.—The great climatic variations which soldiers and sailors experience render them liable to a variety of diseases, the development which is favored by exposure and hardships—often, it is to be feared, by their own carelessness as well. Holloway's remedies afford a safe and easy means of cure for those constitutional and local maladies which are so frequently engendered by residence in unhealty climates and by incautious living. The Ointment is a wonderfully healing application, as it cleanses the surface of foul sores and ulcers, soothes the throbbing and pain in cases of inflamation, and checks the progress of skin diseases. The Pills purify the blood, cleanse the liver, and remove all noxious matter from the system.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

Right House

VISITORS SURPRISED! BUYERS DELIGHTED!

Fine Goods at Cost Prices do the Work.

We are reaching out for more trade with

IRRESISTABLE INDUCEMENTS

beyond the whisper of competition or comparison. Come and see for yourself, at the RIGHT HOUSE.

J. C. DALE.

N. B.—Terms at this store, Strictly Cash.

DON'T FORGET

The table. Of course we know you will not, but we thought we would remind you that we have

A DAINTY STOCK

of choice Groceries, which should claim your attention at this time. We have many

New Delicacies

which will satisfy the taste of the most critical epicure. And we have a

NICE FRESH STOCK

of Staple Goods which we are selling at prices that leave only a very small margin of profit.

Choice Teas, Aromatic Coffee.

All kinds of this season's

CANNED GOODS

and a fine stock of all the requisites for a Christmas Pudding. If low prices for standard goods will please you, send your orders.

GRAY & McGREGOR, MADOC.

CANADA PERMANENT Loan and Savings Com'y

Established 1855.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Stock Capital, $3,000,000.
Total Assets, $3,700,000.

The Company Lends Money on Real Estate at lowest current rates of interest and on favorable terms of re-payment.

Mortgages and Debentures Purchased. No Commission. No Delay. Expenses Moderate.

Apply to J. HERBERT MASON, Managing Director, Toronto.

Or to E. D. O'FLYNN, Appraiser at Madoc.

CHEESE FACTORY

WORK, such as

Steam Fitting, Boilers, Vats, Presses, Hoops, Whey Cans, etc.

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so be sure and see them before placing your orders for the coming spring.

They also carry **Factory Supplies,** such as

RENNET EXTRACT, COLORING, CHEESE CLOTH, SCALEBOARDS

etc. We make a specialty in first class

MILK—CANS

so parties wishing them will find it to their advantage to call on

W. W. CONNOR & Co.

Madoc, March, 1888.

VICK'S Floral Guide

Is a work of nearly 200 pages, colored plates, 1,000 Illustrations, with descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, prices of Seeds and Plants, and how to get and grow them. Printed in English and German. Price only 10 cents, which may be deducted from the first order.

BUY ONLY VICK'S SEEDS, AT HEADQUARTERS.

JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N. Y.

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

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LIVING MONARCHS.

A List of the Crowned Heads now Ruling in Europe.

Queen Victoria now holds a place among the oldest sovereigns of Europe. In May of this year she will be 70 years of age. She has been on the throne for half a century. She enjoys good health, and bids fair to live and reign for many years yet. If she attains the age of her grandfather, George III., she will wield the sceptre (barring accidents) up to the year 1901. If at that time her son, the Prince of Wales, becomes King, he will have reached the ripe age of 60 years.

The new German Emperor Frederick is 57 years of age, and his Empress, the daughter of Queen Victoria, is 49. Judging from photographs, he does not closely resemble his departed father in the face, but she looks very much like her mother. If Frederick should live to be as old as his father, and perhaps he may, he will wear his crown (barring accidents) up to the year 1922. His ailments dim his prospects but the Scotch Dr. Mackenzie may banish his ailments.

The King of the Belgians, Leopold II., is 53 years old, and if he should reign till he reaches the age at which his father died he will be king up to the year 1910. He has been on the throne nearly twenty-three years.

The Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph, is 58 years old, and he has worn the imperial crown for forty years. His predecessor was his uncle, who abdicated the throne in his favor when but 55 years of age, because he was tired of the turmoil and trouble. Francis Joseph is a polished scholar, a linguist, an equestrian, an admirer of military pomp, and a charmer. He is healthy, and bids fair to reign for a long time yet (barring accidents).

The King of Italy, Humberto I., is 44 years old, and has worn the crown since the death of his father, ten years ago. He is but the second of the Kings of United Italy and throne is in the eternal city of Rome.

The Emperor of Russia, Alexander III., is 43 years old, and mounted the throne after the murder of his father, seven years ago.

The King of Denmark, Chrstian IX., is 70 years of age, or a year older than Queen Victoria, and is the second oldest monarch in Europe. He has wielded the sceptre for a quarter of a century, or just half as long as the British Queen. One of his daughters is the wife of the Russian Czar; another of them is wife of the heir apparent to the British crown, and his second son is King of Greece.

The King of Sweden and Norway, Oscar II., is in his sixtieth year, and has reigned for sixteen years. He has favered some reforms.

The King of Portugal, Louis I., is 50 years old, and is a man of enterprise and progress. He has been for twenty-seven years a King.

The power and authority of the King of Spain, Alfonso XIII., who is not yet two years old, is limited by the regency of his mamma. He never saw his royal sire.

The King of Greece, or King of the Hellenes, Georgios I., is 43 years of age, and has been King for a quarter of a century, or since he was 18, at which age he was elected to the Hellenic throne. He finds it a hard job to rule the modern Greeks or keep their favor.

The sovereign or Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid II., is 46 years old, and succeeded to the throne twelve years ago, when the majesty who preceded him was deposed. He is the twenty-eighth Sultan since the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks.

The King of the Netherlands, William III., is the oldest monarch in Europe, being now of the age of 71, and entered upon the fortieth year of his reign on St. Patrick's Day, though he is a scion of the royal house of Orange. Even in Holland the old monarch is merry at times.

The King of Roumania, Carol I., is 49 years of age, and was proclaimed King only seven years ago, but before that time he had been for fourteen years the Domnul of his subjects.

The King of Servia, Milan I., is 34, and was crowned only six years ago, but before that he had held the throne for fourteen years by election as Prince Milan Obrenovic IV. He is the fourth of his dynasty since Servia threw off the Turkish yoke in 1829. His predecessor was assassinated.

The reigning Prince of Montenegro is Nicholas I., who is 47 years old, and has reigned for twenty-eight years.

In Germany there are three Kings and a Grand Duke besides the Emperor of Germany and the King of Bavaria, the king of Wurtemburg, the King of Saxony, and the reigning Grand Duke of Baden.

There are in Europe two kingless countries—France and Switzerland. Both of these republics seem to be able to get along and keep the peace without the guidance of Kings or Emperors.

The President of the French republic, Mr. Carnot, is 51 years of age, and was elected to office in December last. He is a graduate of the Polytechnic School in Paris, and held various offices before his election as President. There are over 38,000,000 people in the French republic.

In the republic of Switzerland, the highest official of the Government is the President of the Federal Council, who is elected by the Federal Assembly, holds office for the term of one year, and enjoys a salary of $3,000 per annum. The President for the present year is Mr. W. F. Hertenstein. A President is not eligible to re-election until a year after the end of his term of office.

Before the wedding day he vows and protests that his dearest care will be her happiness, and that there is no sacrifice too great for him to make to secure her comfort. Three months after they are married she has to tack the blankets to the side of the bed to keep him from rolling himself up in all the clothes.

An extremely interesting experiment has been made by Mr. J. Wagner, of Boston, Mass. He sent nine carrier-pigeons to London by mail-steamer on October 9, 1886. Shortly after their arrival they commenced their long flight home across the Atlantic Ocean. Up to January 10, 1887, three of these birds had returned; one arrived in Boston direct from London, the second was recovered near New York City, and the third was found in the Alleghany Mountains in Pennsylvania. The owner's address was painted on the birds' wings, and, when they were found, the birds were returned to the owner. The other six birds were not recovered.

Dreams and Forebodings.

A little child related one morning at breakfast a curious dream.

"Mamma, I thought some men came to the house and they had such a funny little box and they said they were going to put me in it."

"Did you dream what shape the box was, my love?" asked the child's mother, anxiously.

"Oh, yes, mamma, and I never saw anything like it. It was like this."

The child took some bread crumbs from his plate and began to trace out with great distinctness the shape which he saw in his dreams.

He had never yet looked on death or seen any of its paraphernalia, yet as his mother watched him with sinking heart there grew under his little fingers the exact outlines of a coffin.

"It was only a dream," the mother said, and forbore telling the happy child what ill-omen his dream had wrought.

But in a few days the child sickened and died and the broken-hearted mother was fain to confess that there was smoe dread and potent necromancy in dreams.

A circumstance within the knowledge of the writer seemed almost to partake of the spirit of divination. A little girl of 4 years old, while yet well and with not the slightest intimation of coming illness, said to her mother:

"Next Sunday I am going to die and Mr. Lever (the Episcopal clergyman) will bury me, mamma."

The child's mother reproved her gently for talking so foolishly but the child insisted and added this statement:

"The Sunday after Mr. Lever (the clergyman) will die, and there won't be any one to bury him."

The uncommon remark and the solemnity of the child's manner created a passing impression, which was forgotten by her sudden illness. She was taken ill with congestion of the brain and was buried, as she had predicted, on the following Sunday by the clergyman, who had also baptized her. Now comes the incredible part of the story. The clergyman, until then in perfect health, sickened and died; but it was not on the successive Sunday he was buried, as little Mary had predicted, but on the second following, and the funeral service was conducted by a lay brother, there being no clergyman near to officiate.

It may be possible that the coming of death oppressed the child, and she apprehended her own sudden demise. But why should she anticipate the death of her friend, and whence came that occult knowledge which breathed forth in the spirit of prophecy from little Mary's infant lips?

A few years ago a lady living in Chicago received a letter from a friend residing in Hannibal, Mo. Before the letter reached its destination a terrible disaster had occurred and an awful bereavement had fallen on the friend to whom it was written. Yet three days before the accident happened, at a distance of many hundreds of miles, this is what the friend in Missouri wrote:

"Where are you? What has happened to you? Are you in the flesh or out of it? Wherever I go your anxious, troubled face comes before me. I can do nothing until I hear that you are well and happy and gay as ever."

It was two days later that her friend was plunged into the deepest sorrow, and her letter had been mailed forty-eight hours when the telegraph flashed through the country the tidings that carried sorrow into half a hundred happy families.

How do you account for it? The perception that is not a dream nor the mottled conclusion of a cloudy brain, nor the chimera of a too vivid imagination, but which is thrust upon us when we least expect or desire it?

Mrs. Magoogin Attends the French Ball.

"Toozy, me daughter," said the Widow Magoogin, lifting her distended head from her damask couch.

"Well, mimmaw."

"Is there air a dhrap av wather in the house, Toozy?"

"Yes, mimmaw."

"An' anny floppooed oice, Toozy?"

"Frapped, mimmaw."

"Frappe l ur frappooed, me darlint, aff id's an the primises gimme a bowl av id, fur me head is bushtin'."

"I told you so, mimmaw," said Arethusa.

"Ye towld me fwhat, Toozy?"

"That you'd be sorry when you were sober, mimmaw."

"Throth'n ye towld me the throoth, me daughther," said the widow, with a groan; "Ora wera my, but twhy didn't Mare Clarke pit a shtop to that Frinch ball an' pervint it' fram evintuatin' at all, at all, as Mrs. Goalets wud say. How did Oi get home, Toozy? Who brung me to the dure an' foired me in! Was id in me own coop, me daughther, or was id in a han'cart Oi kem to me dommysoil this mawrnin' b'ilin, an wid me byootiful pheasant dhress fluttherin in the blizzard?"

"You came home in your own coupe' mimmaw," answered the daughter.

"Oh, Oi did, did Oi," said the widow with a new-fashioned moan; "Well, Oi'm glad av that, Toozy, fur it'll save iz a grait dail av shcandaloizin' intoirely. Oh, but Oi'm glad Oi'm aloive this blessid mawrnin' afther the shlathers of shampagny mesel' an' Hair Wienbowwowahky desthr'yed at the ball lash' noight. Who was that was in the box wid iz, Toozy? Hang a wan av me knows anny wan av thim savin his fwhishkers Hair Wienybowwowahky. Ow, wow, but fwhat a toime we had—me head's the soize av a wather bucket this mawrnin'—an' me throat—oh, me throat's that hot an' burnin' that id makes me feel as aff Oi'n nuver seen a dhrap av wather in me loife. Oh, aff Oi only had me mout' undher the hoydrint, Oi'm thinkin' Oi'd dhrink uv'ry dhrop in th' aqueduck afore Oi'd laive off. Shampagny's a turrible head bushter, so id is, Toozy! An' id's a pockit bushter, too, me daughther! Begorry, d'ye know that Hair Wienybowwowahky forgot to pay fur the woine, an' bang his Roosian buttons but Oi' had to fork over the money meself. But Hair Wieny towld me Oi lukt so noice in me coshtoom. Oi shuppose Oi did, Toozy. Oi wish the McGiaggertys kud have seen me! Ow, but Oi musht have med the b'ys' h'arts lep fwhin they clapt their eyes an me! But oh, my—me head's bushtin' wud the hait an' me throat's crackin' wud the drooth. Hurry, Toozy, wud the flappooed oice wather! Give me enoof av id to dhrown mesel' in id. Urra wurra! wurra! wurra! but id's a long toime agin fore Oi'll be found at a Frinch ball dhrinkin' shampagny wud a hairy Roosian, an' layin' up a shtore av sarry fur mesel' loike that Oi'm nursin' this blessid mawrnin'."

WIT AND WISDOM.

A man has turned up in Illinois whose name is Ananias Stewart. His father, in giving him such a name, must have been somewhat mixed in his Scripture collections. Or, possibly, he intended him for a real estate agent.—*Lincoln Journal.*

It is not true that the people of this nation or of any other nation work too much. They may fret too much, or they may confine themselves too much to one eternal grind of the same kind of work, but work well and intelligently done kills noboby.

This is about the time of year that a man decides on becoming an amateur gardener. He should apply to the man that became an amateur gardener this time last year, if he would like to get ten or fifteen dollars' worth of implements for about a dollar and a half.

The Genoa, Nev., *Courier* tells of a tough young squaw who walked through the village barefooted the other day when the thermometer was 8° below zero. She turned up her toes a little to keep them out of the snow, but otherwise paid no attention to the cold.

Lady—"I like your picture so much, and I would dearly love to be an artist. Won't you tell me the secret how to do it?" Artist—"Most willingly, madam. You have only to select the right colors and put them on the right place." "Oh, thanks, awfully. I shall go home now and commence right away."

Johnson—Your brother is spending his winter in Florida, I believe. Health bad? Jackson—He's there for economy, not health. Johnson—Economy? Jackson—Yes. He calculated that the saving in coal and Christmas presents would pay railroad fares both ways and put money in his pocket.

Papa (severely—Did you ask mamma if you could have that apple? Three-year-old—Yes, sir. Papa—Be careful, now. I'll ask mamma, and if she says you didn't ask her I'll whip you for telling a story. Did you ask mamma? Three-year-old—Truly, papa, I asked her. (A pause.) She said I couldn't have it.

Mormon elder (to shoe dealer): I want to get a pair of shoes for my wife. Shoe dealer—Yes, sir. What number, please? Mormon elder—Seventeen. Shoe dealer—Seventeen? Great Brigham, sir, we haven't shoes that large! Mormon elder (sternly)—I'm not speaking of the number of the shoes, sir, but of the number of the wife."

Land Agent—You can't do better than to come out to our town to locate. "How about the climate?" "Simply wonderful. Italian skies and balmy winds and all that sort of thing. Never have such storms as you are accustomed to." "Where is Brigsby who went out there six months ago?" "He was frozen in the last blizzard."

A good joke is told in connection with President Cleveland's passage through Palatka. A man who had come miles from the country to see and "shake hands" with the chief went away exultant, claiming that with others the President merely shook hands, but him he addressed personally. When asked how that was, he replied, "The President told me to pass on."

"I feel so tired every night, John," said a farmer's wife, as she took up her darning after the day's work was done. "My bones ache, and I have fits of dizziness and no appetite; and I'm worried, too, about the heifer, John. When I was feeding the stock to-night she acted very strangely, and refused to eat. I'm afraid she's going to die." "Yes," said John, with an anxious look upon his face, I'm worried about that heifer myself."

June color in butter is a fact. It is unfortunate that artificial coloring in imitation of Nature's hue in June does not impart her June flavor. Here is where the only chance for deception comes in. The color suggests the flavor, and the popular notion that high flavor goes with high color has some foundation in Nature. Herein probably lies the secret of the popular preference for high color. The palate is in a measure cheated through the eye. So, by common consent, if not from popular demand, artificial coloring is practiced. But it need not deceive, and we presume no one is deceived.

Yes, times have changed, remarks The Boston Congregationalist. There was Cotton Mather, who, according to the essayist at the Boston ministers' meeting recently, preached at his own installation a sermon lasting an hour and a half, having prefaced it with a prayer whose duration was an hour and a quarter. There is a contrast, as the eulogist remarked, between such a record and the "25 or 30 spurts of petition" which are sometimes offered at a prayer meeting nowadays.

She Got Him, For it Was Leap Year.

A wild symphonic yell burst from the windows, chimneys and doors of a Jarvis St. residence last evening about ten o'clock. A man who was cautiously letting himself slide down town to get a shave at the barber's was so startled that he fell into a puddle of water. But his fright was nothing to that of Claude Jones, for it was he that uttered that shriek of anguish. As has been his wont during the last five years, he called last evening on Pauline. She welcomed him and bade him to draw up to the natural gas and warm his feet. They talked on in their usual easy manner for an hour, when Pauline drew her chair up beside Claude's and dropped her head on his shoulder. The frightened young man could only gasp and spring away; but she followed him. "Pauline," he exclaimed, "are you mad? What do you mean?" She fell on her knees at his feet, on a rug which represented a woolly dog playing with a sky-blue cat. "What do I mean?" she exclaimed hoarsely, "I mean that I love you. I have waited long for your declaration. You have not made it. The time has come. Love me you must and shall. So saying the heroic girl clasped her lover in her arms. He wrenched himself away and rushed to the door. It was shut and locked. "You cannot escape me," cried his inexorable pursuer, "You are mine." Then it was that Claude Jones' lips parted in one long wail of agony and he dropped supine on the floor while the girl gazed pitilessly into his eyes. They will be married in June.

The old story boiled down:—She (early in the evening)—Good evening, Mr. Sampson. Same She, (late in the evening)—Good night, George.

Landlady (to boarder)—How is the butter, Mr. Dumley? Dumley (a produce broker)—Quiet but strong, unchanged, and in little demand.

France and the New Emperor.

It is well that at the obsequies of her whilom conqueror France should be represented. By a magnanimous valediction to the dead she confirms the goodwill of the living sovereign and touches the heart of Germany. When we bear in mind that one of the first messages of friendship sent from San Remo after Kaiser William's death was addressed to President Carnot, we cannot but think the French republic more deeply interested than any other State in the prolongation of the life of the new Emperor.

It is true that the Emperor Frederick, large minded, generous, and peaceful as he is believed to be, is, above all, a patriot, and that he never will voluntarily relinquish the two provinces which in 1871 were incorporated in the German fatherland. But must France condemn her thrifty and hard working children to bear for generations the load of a colossal military establishment, and stand prepared to jeopard her national existence for the dim prospect of regaining Alsace and a section of Lorraine? Is the recovery of the lost territory really essential to her dignity and prosperity, to her self-respect and her retention of a place of honor among the great powers of Europe?

Let us see what light is thrown by history upon such questions. The France of Francis I. included neither Alsace nor Lorraine, nor Franche Comte, nor Nice and Savoy, nor the Rousaillon, nor Avignon and Orange, nor the Three Bishoprics, nor much of what is now French Flanders and Artois; no, nor even Calais town. Nevertheless, she held her own against the vast dominions of Charles V., which, relatively, constituted a far mightier empire than that reared by Bismarck. So, too, under Louis XIV. France possessed the hegemony of Europe, although the whole of Alsace was not acquired until nearly forty years after he had personally taken up the reins of government and although the duchy of Lorraine was not gained till near the close of the reign of his great-grandson, or only a little more than a century ago.

There may be other and more congenial fields for French expansion than in Alsace, whose inhabitants never learned to use the French tongue with correctness or with fluency. There, for instance, are the French-speaking cantons of Switzerland and the French-speaking provinces of Belgium, which indeed were parts of France under Napoleon I. Who can say that France has not more to win by the friendship and fellowship of Germany than by persisting in her recent implacable attitude? And who, recalling the amazing historical transformations in French policy—as, for instance, the abrupt alliance with Austria in 1756 after more than two centuries of warfare—can regard as impossible another sudden revolution in her foreign relations?

A combination of this sort is believed to have been projected by M. Jules Ferry, and the scheme has since shared the discredit of its advocate. But it might be looked upon more favorably were Frenchmen once convinced that the ruler of Germany was their sincere well-wisher, and would gladly help them to compensation in some other quarter for the irrevocable surrender of Metz and Strasburg. Unquestionably it would be a blessing to the Continent could France and Germany be linked by the bonds of common interest and mutual good will. Nor would such a change be more welcome to any of the inhabitants of Europe than to the millions of frugal, toiling peasants who form the bone and sinew of the French nation.

But, however acceptable to Frenchmen may be the kindly overture of the new Emperor, it is their misfortune that they cannot build upon it hopes of stable reconciliation and of joint advancement. The concord of France and Germany remains a dream, for the high-minded sovereign, who might have effected it, is doomed. What casts a deeper shadow on the outlook is the fact that the successor of an Emperor already moribund is deemed of all men least likely to be swayed by humanitarian and chivalrous motives.

Reading and Thinking.

Reading should teach a man to think; it is too often relied on to save him the trouble of thinking. "Reading maketh a full man," says Lord Bacon, but where there is no outflow fulness breeds stagnation. Many students are like a reservoir into which a little stream of water runs no faster than it evaporates. They are forever pumping in but never drawing out. The mind of a mature man should be a spring, not a pond.

It is true, as has been said, that "too much reading leaves a man no time for thought." The artist does not study colors and drawing all his life and never paint. He is taught how to start and learns to paint by painting. The artisan does not spend a a lifetime in training his eye and hand and accumulating muscle; he gets his tools and goes to work. That part of the intellectual workman's education which comes from reading is to teach him how to use his tools—that is, his mental faculties. Reading wings his imagination; it tames his fancy; it instructs his judgment; it arms his reason; it enriches his memory. And when his mind is thus developed and equipped it is as ready for its work as the blacksmith's arm is for its task when he gets strength and skill to wield the hammer. Too many students make of the world a gymnasium instead of a workshop; they are forever getting strength, but never using it to any purpose except to try and get more.

As a result the professions are full of crammed men but scant of thinkers. The true method is to make of reading a means, not an end.

Dental Note.

Smith—Teeth remind me of women.

Jones—In what respect?

Smith—Well, you see, in the first place we suffer like the mischief getting them, and we feel bad when we lose them.

Matthew Arnold says that the American "funny men" are a national calamity.

The appointment of a commission by the Ontario Government to investigate the whole subject of the mineral wealth of the Provinces and of the best means for its being utilized, is a step in the right direction. Perhaps this ought to have been done long ago. But better late than never. Hitherto the hindrances in the way have been many. One after another of these has disappeared, and now no time ought to be lost. The thing needs to be pushed, and we hope that Mr. Mowat will "push" it.

HOW TO APPLY INSECTICIDES.

PARIS GREEN.—This popular insecticide was introduced to destroy the Colorado potato beetle, and was gradually used for other leaf-eating insects. Chemically it is a compound of arsenic and copper known as arseniate of copper, and contains, when pure, 58 per cent of arsenious acid or white arsenic. Of course it is important that it be pure, otherwise the proportions given for mixing with diluents will be uncertain. The adulterated article is generally of a lighter color than the pure, and should never be purchased. [A great deal of much adulterated Paris Green is sold, and in buying, one unskilled in testing it must depend upon the integrity and carefulness in purchasing on the part of those he buys of.—ED.]

Application.—Like most other insecticides, Paris Green may be applied either dry or wet, *i. e.* diluted with some powder as flour or plaster, or mechanically mixed with water. In general, liquid application is preferable; but circumstances must largely govern the case. As a dry diluent, flour is excellent, as its adhesiveness when damp aids in attaching the poison to the plant leaves. The proportions of the mixture should vary somewhat according to the relative tenderness of the foliage to which it is to be applied, but in general it is safe to use one part by weight of Paris Green to twenty parts of flour. Air-slaked lime is also an excellent diluent, one part poison to fifty of lime will do for most insects. For liquid application mix one ounce with 3 gallons water or one pound to 50 or 60 gallons of water.

LONDON PURPLE.—This insectitude is of recent introduction, and on many accounts is preferable to Paris green. Being a waste product in the manufacture of aniline dyes, it is comparatively cheap, costing only 15 cents a pound at retail. It is less poisonous than Paris green, is more finely pulverized, and hence more adhesive to vegetation, and more permanent in its affects. In water it remains in sus pension much longer than Paris green. It colors the vegetation to which it is applied more conspicuously, and consequently there is less danger of using for food vegetables to which it has been applied.—It may be applied either dry or wet. If dry, mix one part by weight of the poison to forty parts flour or lime, and sift or dust on in the usual manner. In water, it is safe to use one ounce of poison to five gallons, or the same proportion, one pound to eighty gallons. Either of these substances may be used to destroy such leaf-eating insects as do not affect fruits or vegetables that are to be used soon after the application. Potato beetles of various species, cucumber beetles, canker worms, and the various leaf-eating larvæ which attack the foliage of fruit or shade trees may all be destroyed by these insecticides.

PRECAUTIONS IN USING POISONS.—Dr. J. A. Lintner gives the following precautions to be observed in handling and applying these insecticide poisons:

The poison should be kept in a safe place and labeled "*Poison.*" Do not distribute the powder with the hand, as is sometimes done. An abrasion of the skin might result in serious harm. Apply the powder with the wind, if any, so as not to breathe it. Do not use it upon leaves, or fruits which are soon to be eaten, or where it will not be washed away by repeated rains (as on cabbage, cauliflower, etc). Prevent animals feeding on poisoned insects. Test the strength of the poison on a few plants first, least it may be too strong for the leaves. Use it of no greater strength than is necessary to kill the insects. [To which we add: In using with flour or lime mix very *thoroughly.* If in water, stir well first, and stir very frequently, as the poisons do not dissolve and are constantly settling to or towards the bottom of the containing vessels.—ED. *F. & F.*]

PYRETHRUM, OR INSECT POWDER, is of recent introduction and is very useful for destroying insects which cannot be reached by the other poisons. It kills by simple contact with the insect, and hence does not need to be eaten. It is practically harmless to man and the higher animals, and may be handled with impunity. It may be applied either dry or in solution—a tablespoonful to a gallon of water. *Pyrethrum* consists of the dry powdered flowers of plants of the genus *Pyrethrum*, which are related to the common Mayweed of our roadsides. It loses its insecticidal properties by prolonged exposure to air, and hence it is highly important that the fresh article be obtained. Pyrethrum is excellent for killing cabbage worms, currant worms, cherry and rose slugs and similar pests.

HELLEBORE consists of the powdered roots of White Hellebore (*Veratrum album*); kills both by contact with the skin of the insect, and by being eaten. It is especially valuable for destroying currant worms and similar insects. It may be applied as a simple powder, or mixed with water, one ounce to two gallons, and sprayed on.

KEROSENE MIXTURES.—Much prominence has been given of late years to kerosene and soap emulsion as an insecticide. Many preparations of it have been recommended, and used more or less successfully. The simplest formula that I have seen is given by Prof. A. J. Cook, who says he has found the following method excellent: One quart of soft soap and two gallons of water are heated to the boiling point, when one pint of kerosene oil is immediately stirred in and all *well* mixed. Of course the soap and water must be removed from the fire before the kerosene is put into the mixture.

TOBACCO is another excellent insecticide and ought to be more used. In many places the stems can be obtained free at the cigar manufactories, and they make an excellent insect-repelling mulch for various plants, as well as being of value as a fertilizer. A strong decoction of tobacco made by soaking the stems in water, or boiling them, is effective in killing plant-lice, red spiders and many other similar pests.

A Reasonable Request.

"Papa," said a beautiful girl, brightly, "do you know that this is my eighteenth birthday?"

"Why, bless me, so it is!" responded the old man. "It doesn't seem po[illegible] that my little girl has grown to be a [illegible] lady."

"Well, she has, papa, and I wa[illegible] do me a very great favor," and the [illegible]ful girl hid her blushing face upon [illegible] man's shoulder.

"What is it, dear?" he asked fondly.

"[illegible]"

North Hastings Review.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.00 if paid Strictly in Advance.

VOL. XII., No. 2. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, April 12, 1888. POSTAGE PREPAID.

THE

TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA.

(MADOC BRANCH.)

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

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4 per cent. per Annum.

No notice of withdrawal of Deposits required.

J. H. McCLELLAN, MANAGER.

Victoria Block, Durham Street.

Madoc, May 23rd, 1887. 8 1ly

Methodist Church

Rev. Mr. Lambly's themes for next Sabbath will be as follows:—10:30 a.m., "The General's Charge." At 7 p.m., "Sword and Trowel," a Temperance discourse. S.S. and Pastor's Bible Class at 2:30 p.m. All who are not members of other S. Schools are cordially invited.

A Pretended Priest.

A despatch to the Toronto papers dated Kingston, April 3rd, says:—Father Thomas Davis has written a letter to the press regarding Lasalle, the ex-priest who is now a member of the Salvation Army and lecturing in different cities. He says Lasalle never was a priest, that he is an adventurer and imposter and that he never was ordained by a Catholic bishop. The Salvationists are therefore in a great state of excitement.

Personal.

Mr. Chas. Butler, auctioneer, of Stirling, gave us a call yesterday. He has a series of sales in this neighborhood this week. Mr. Butler has had over 60 sales since last fall.

Mr. J. D. Breeze, who has been laid up with sickness at his residence, Bridgewater, for some time, was able to make a visit to this village this week.

Mr. Chas. F. Nicholson, reporter of the Belleville *Intelligencer*, made a visit to the Richardson gold mine last week, and gave us a call on the way.

Mr. J. D. Whitney, Supt. Hungerford Marble Co., left last week for a short visit to his home in Governeur, N. Y.

Mr. Alex. Robertson, who is attending college at Kingston, spent a few days at his home in Madoc last week.

Mr. J. H. Smellie, for some years past in Wilson's Medical Hall, has been obliged to throw up his position on account of his health, and, we regret to say, left Madoc this week.

Wm. F. Wood, son of A.F.Wood, M.P.P., has passed his first year at McGill College, Montreal, with much credit to himself, standing high up in his class. He had been a year at Upper Canada College where he was also a success. He leaves in few days for Berlin, Germany, to complete his medical studies there, and afterwards in London, England. He expects to be away three years at least. We understand his intention is to attend the best schools in Berlin, where there are several thousand students and from all parts of the world. Madoc has certainly contributed its share of young men for higher education.

Our Marble Quarries.

As we mentioned last week, the Toronto city officials who visited the marble quarries in this village and neighborhood, for the purpose of selecting a suitable stone for the new Court House in that city, were very much impressed with the deposits in this County. To Mr. Whitney, the superintendent of the works here, they expressed themselves as well pleased with the black marble shown at the quarry in this village, but it was found to be too expensive for the appropriation voted for the purpose, requiring as they would such a vast quantity. The white marble at Bridgewater apparently "took their eye," judging from the reports in the Toronto papers, which we give below. From what we can learn, the Bridgewater marble will be selected, and to fill the contract a large expenditure in these parts will be the result. The following are extracts from the Toronto papers on the subject:—

The *World* has the following on the matter:—"Since the committee left Toronto last Tuesday evening, they have visited the quarries 30 miles back of Peterboro, where they found plenty of stone but of an unadaptable nature. Seven miles north of Belleville they found a stone well suited for foundations, which could be delivered in Toronto at a cheaper rate than that now being used in the Parliament buildings. At Madoc they found a good stone but too expensive. "At Bridgewater, in the County of Hastings," said architect Lennox to the *World*, "we found the ideal stone. The only question is one of cost. It is a pure white marble studded with crystals. There are also blue and pink marbles at Bridgewater, but the white met the endorsation of of the entire committee."

The committee will make a report to the Council on their visit. It is understood the Bridgewater white marble will be recommended, and contracts called for building of this stone."

The *Mail* says:—"The committee of experts engaged in selecting a suitable stone for the construction of the new court house in Toronto have visited the quarries at Bridgewater, in North Hastings, and are enraptured with the white crystalline marble found there. The supply is abundant and it is believed the building could be constructed of this stone for the money at the command of the Court House Committee."

A correspondent of the same paper, after interviewing the members of the deputation on their return to Toronto, writes as follows: "How would the people of Toronto like a palace of snow-white marble towering aloft at the head of Bay street? That is what they are likely to get, judging by a conversation I had to-day with the committee of experts who have been ransacking the quarries of Ontario for suitable stone with which to erect the long-delayed court house. The committee has explored half the stone deposits of the Province, have travelled for miles over the most execrable roads to see out of the way rocks and boulders, but is only necessary to record their visit to a place called Bridgewater, in North Hastings, where they discovered a quarry of white crystalline marble whose varied excellences fairly turned Architect Lennox into poetry. It is white stone sprinkled with crystals, and apparently contains no iron or other metal whose corrosion would stain the stone when exposed to the elements. The committee saw a church built of this stone 25 years ago which shows little or no sign of age. Indeed, the color is quite as pure as when first erected. There is abundance of stone, and this is important. Mr. Lennox think that a building of this stone would present an appearance ten times better than its actual value. Aldermen Jones, Pells and Hill were equally favorably impressed. Samples of stone will be taken to Toronto and exhibited for public information. It is believed that if the contractors and quarry-men are brought together a building could be erected of this stone for the money that the court house committee has at its command.

If you a cold, cough, bronchitis, or any form of throat or lung disease, do not neglect it. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, if promptly taken, will speedily relive and cure all ailments of this character.

HOW THE GIRLS KISS.

The New York girl bows her stately head,
And she fixes her stylish lips
In a firm, hard way, and lets them go
In spasmodic little snips.

The Boston girl removeth her specs,
And freezeth her face with a smile;
Then she sticks out her lips, like an open book,
And cheweth a bean meanwhile.

The Toronto girl says never a word,
And you'd think she was rather tame,
With her practical views of the matter in hand,
But she gets there all the same.

The Brockville girl, the pride of the east,
In her clinging and soulful way,
Absorbs it all with a yearnful yearn
As big as a bale of hay.

The Kingston girl gets a grip on herself,
As she carefully takes off her hat;
Then she grabs up the prize in a frenzied way,
Like a terrier shaking a rat.

The Madoc girl so gentle and sweet,
Lets her lips meet the coming kiss,
With rapturous warmth, and the youthful souls
Float away on a sea of bliss.

Practical Religion.

One secret of the great success of the revivalists, Crossley and Hunter, is the pointed and pithy way in which they strike at their subject. At one of the Belleville meetings last week Mr. Hunter made use of the following sayings:—

Some of you Christians are like a sponge, —never giving out anything unless it is squeezed.

Some are like a watch that wo'n't go without shaking.

Some people are afraid to come in here; it seems as if they thought the devil was here.

Some of you are so hospitable that when a preacher comes to see you, you send him to the parsonage, or the manse. The minister generally has enough to do to feed his own family, which is generally large.

Some of you I am afraid, will have a little hut up yonder, when you might have a big mansion.

Speaking of a lady the mother of several girls who entertained him well, but who turned a poor tramp away, he said, "I did not get my wife there. I would not trust girls with such a mother."

I don't know what the Lord will do with some of you rich folks when he gets you to Heaven.

Money is like manure—no good unless it is spread out.

Some of you have secret sins and you will have to give them up, or you are as sure of hell as if you were there.

I like men with the courage of their convictions.

I have known preachers afraid to speak out because somebody in the congregation was rich.

Born.

SEYMOUR.—At Hawthorneden, April 12th, the wife of Mr. Fred. E. Seymour of a son.

Married.

WILSON—FRANKLIN.—On the 28th of Mar., by the Rev. R. H. Leitch, at the Parsonage, Eldorado, Mr. William Wilson, of Queensboro, to Miss Mary Franklin, of Madoc.

Died.

BOND.—On Saturday, March 31st, at the residence of her son, Mary Bond, relict of the late Sylvenus Bond, in the 68th year of her age.

VANORNAM.—In Belleville, on Tuesday, April 10th, 1888, Mary Ann Francis, wife of J. C. Vanornam, aged 28 years, 1 month and 21 days.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

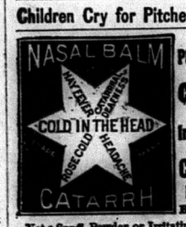
Estate late Colin Russel

BUILDING LOTS for sale, in the northern part of the Village of Madoc, at reasonable prices and favorable terms. Garden plots to rent.

For particulars apply to Messrs. DOUGALL & STEWART, Solicitors, &c., O'Flynn Block, Madoc, or to

COLIN RUSSEL,
Agent for Mrs. Sarah Russel,
535 Rideau St., Ottawa.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH. GIVES Immediate Relief FOR Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. EASY TO USE.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Irritating Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

MADOC MARKETS.

Fall Wheat	$0 75	to	$0 80
Spring Wheat	75	to	80
Barley	55	to	70
Rye	55	to	60
Oats	50	to	55
Peas	75	to	80
Buckwheat	45	to	50
Corn	75	to	75
Flour per 100 lbs	2 10	to	2 25
Butter per pound	17	to	20
Eggs per dozen	12	to	12
Lard per pound	10	to	12
Potatoes per bag	75	to	80
Hay per ton	12 00	to	14 00

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

EXAMINATIONS.

—o—

High School & Teachers'

These will be held as follows:—

ADMISSION TO THE HIGH SCHOOLS:—On July 4th, 5th and 6th, beginning at 1:30 p.m., at the High School, Stirling, at Madoc, and at Bancroft.

No applications for this examination will be received after May 1st. Notice of candidature should be sent to the proper Inspector. Paper, ink, pens, &c., must be provided by the candidates.

SECOND CLASS:—At the High School, Stirling, and at Madoc, beginning on July 3rd, at 8:40 a.m.

THIRD CLASS, (DISTRICT AND PROVINCIAL):—At the same places and dates.

Intending candidates must notify the Inspector of their intention before May 24th. Blank forms of application will be provided to those who apply for them. With his (or her) notice of candidature, a fee of five dollars must be sent by every candidate.

W. MACKINTOSH,
Inspector, P. S.

April 4th, 1888.

FOR SALE.

IN the village of Madoc, a solid brick house, in good repair; eight rooms; good garden. For further particulars apply to

H. S. O'HARA.

Madoc, March 19th, 1888. 50 2m

JAS. WHYTOCK.

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC - ONT

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PORTRAITS IN ALL THE STYLES.

BABIES TAKEN INSTANTANEOUSLY,

thus insuring a good portrait in almost every case.

By the use of the dry plates, finer work can be made in dark days than was possible by the old process. But we do not want anyone to depend on that, and defer coming till near sunset. The nearer the sun is to the zenith the better the light, and good results more certain. A dark day at noon is better than a bright day at 5 p. m.

BOOTS of all kinds on hand, and made to order on the premises.

D. MORRICE.

Madoc, April 21, 1887. 3ly

CHEAP MONEY.

The Subscriber has Private and Company Funds for Investment on

FARM AND VILLAGE PROPERTY

—at the—

LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST.

5, 5½ and 6 Per Cent.,

according to the description of the loans.

ALEX. A. McDONALD,
Solicitor, Madoc.

August, 10th, 1887. 19-tf

MADOC LODGE No. 179 I.O.O.F.

MEETS every Monday evening, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock sharp. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

J. MOUNCEY, Secretary. E. L. WEISS, Noble Grand.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

Private money to loan at lowest rates.

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CHAS. J. LEONARD. | S. O'BRIEN.

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BARRISTER, Solicitor, Notary Public, &c. HEAD OFFICE—Over Dominion Bank, Front St., Belleville.

BRANCH OFFICE—Over O'Flynn's Bank, Madoc, Mr. John W. Blair, manager.

Office hours, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Mr. O'Flynn will be in his Madoc office at any time by appointment.

DOUGALL & STEWART,

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O'FLYNN BLOCK, MADOC,

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The only Licensed Dentist that visits MADOC, arrives at the WINDSOR HOUSE every Tuesday at one o'clock and stops until the next morning.

Can furnish better material and work and for a less fee than if remaining in the place the whole time. The vitalized air used for extracting teeth without pain, and the new local anaesthetics.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL.

THE BEST Hotel in the town. This Hotel has been lately refitted and repainted. We can give increased accommodation to the traveling public. First class sample rooms. Choice liquors and cigars. Excellent attention paid to guests. Good stabling and attentive hostlers. We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage, as you will find this second to no hotel in the county.

ROBT. SIMMONS, Prop.

Madoc, Aug. 14th, 1887. 19-ly

MAYNOOTH HOUSE,

(late P. Green's old stand, Maynooth.)

THIS HOUSE is situated in one of the best districts for hunting, fishing, &c., and has been all refitted. Furniture new. Bar always supplied with the best brand of wines, liquors, cigars, &c. Good stabling accommodation, and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. Parties travelling will consult their own interest by calling at the above hotel.

JAMES McCAW, Manager.

Maynooth, June 1st, 1887. 9 1y

C. Fraser Aylsworth, Jr.

Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor Civil Engineer, Draughtsman, &c.,

MADOC - P. O.

Orders by mail should state *place* and *character* of Survey that the above Surveyor may consult as to *original monuments* and *former Surveys*, his extensive field notes of Sixty Years' Practice, of the late John Emerson, and also the field notes of C. F. Aylsworth, Sr., thereby saving *time* and *expense* and securing *correctness* of Surveys:

Residence at

454 C. F. AYLSWORTH

A GREAT SECRET

OR,

SHALL IT BE DONE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The old patched letter fell from Madame de Lancry's fingers and fluttered to the ground as Gerald Staunton's abrupt question showed that he recognised the crest on the paper, and attached a terrible importance to the discovery. Rosalie snapped up the fallen paper and examined it with new interest as she saw the effect the sight of it had upon the young Englishman. Madame de Lancry laid her hand upon his arm, and looked with profound sympathy into his white and quivering face.

"Poor boy!" she said in a low voice.

He said nothing; he did not seem to hear her. He was looking with dull eyes at the bird-cage which was hanging in the window, and appeared quite absorbed in watching the canary inside as it hopped from perch to perch. But his forehead was wet, and the muscles of his mouth were twitching, and his hand, as she took it gently in hers, was nerveless and unresponsive as that of a dead man.

"Come, Gerald, don't give way like this, frightened like a girl by something you don't understand," continued Madame de Lancry in a louder, more stirring voice.

He shuddered from head to foot, as one might imagine a statue would do if brought suddenly to painful life; and moistening his mouth by an effort as he turned toward her and looked into her face with haggard eyes, he said huskily:

"I *do* understand."

Then he broke away from her kind detaining clasp, and picked up his hat, which he had allowed to fall, and took from the brim a scrap of white cotton which it had gathered from the carpet, and withdrew to the window with only one distinct feeling; that of thankfulness that he had just missed making a fearful "scene." For his blood was leaping and boiling in his veins, he felt conscious of the surging of a torrent, the tumult of a storm, whether in him or around him he scarcely realised. He felt no distinct sensation of pain, or horror, or surprise, no fact remained clear in his mind. His whole being was as if uprooted, and the wrench left him for the time incapable of anything but mechanical movement as an automaton.

Madame de Lancry had suffered too much from violent shocks of the same kind to be surprised at any effect of a blow like this; and she did not, as Rosalie did, mistake his dead calmness for *sang-froid* and marvel at the stolidity of Englishmen, which enable them to recover from a deadly blow to their emotions more quickly than a Frenchmam from a twinge of tooth-ache.

"And yet it must have been something that would have hit another man hard, to make him go white like that!" Rosalie reflected as she watched the young fellow assist Madame de Lancry into the *coupe*, and weighed in her hand affectionately the money she had received from the lady for her long kept secret, and for the letters which confirmed part of it.

Gerald was hard hit. He sat beside Madame de Lancry during the drive back into Paris, very silently and almost without a movement. A dull pain at his heart, one awful thought in his head, had succeeded to the lethargy into which horror had cast him. His companion looked at him from time to time; but knowing that the hour for advice or consolation was not yet come, she remained so sympathetically quiet and still that the young man felt that he was alone, yet that in his grief, deep as it was, he was not lonely. As they drew near to the boulevards again she touched his shoulder gently.

"Tell the *cocher* to drive to St. Germains," she said simply.

Gerald obeyed; but as he drew in his head after giving the order, he asked vacantly:

"You will put me down, madam, won't you? I have to catch the train—at least—"

He stopped, and the cold white beads stood again on his forehead. Madame de Lancry looked at him inquiringly.

"Where do you want to go to?"

"God knows!"

The tears were gathering in his eyes as this answer burst from him; but he forced them back, and, not daring to trust himself to speak again for the present, allowed himself to be driven along the Champs Elysees, the Avenue Ulrich, and into the Bois without protest, and apparently without noticing where he was doing. And still madame left him alone, leaning back with closed eyes and with an expression of face so fixed and immovable that it might have been mistaken for a look of perfect serenity.

By the time they had left the Bois, Gerald had recovered sufficiently from the first stunned sensation which followed the shock, to turn to his companion and ask her where she was taking him.

"Taking you? you think I have some special object in keeping you with me?"

"I am sure of it; you do nothing by chance in this affair."

"I am going with you, taking you, to St. Germains."

"What for, madame?"

"To tell you an old story."

"A story! Another story! I think I have heard enough for one day."

"I want to know the meaning you gave to Rosalie's long-winded revelations. Are you ready to tell me now?"

"I will tell you whatever you please; though, since it was your constant hints and warnings that gave me the key to Rosalie's story, I think there is much that I have to explain to you."

Madame de Lancry admired the self-control which enabled the young man to speak with his usual brusque straightforwardness; for she could see that he was still suffering deeply, and was rather puzzled by the long duration of the effect of the shock.

"What did the sight of the crest on the paper tell you?"

Gerald shuddered. He answered huskily, after a short pause:

"I recognised it as the same crest I had seen on the signet-stone. I already knew that the signet-stone belonged, not as I once thought, to Mr. Beresford, but to the thief, whom I now know to be M. de Breteuil. The sight of the letter with the crest suddenly reminded me that I had seen a sheet of the same paper before; it was an old letter from her mother which Peggy once showed me. I did not notice the crest at the time; I never should have remembered it but for seeing that old letter on the same sort of paper to-day. It showed me in a moment what it all meant—your hints, the story of the deserted mother and the little girl, Mr. Beresford's want of affection for Peggy. It was all detached before, and disjointed and confusing; but then I knew—"

"Well, you knew—what?" asked Madame de Lancry eagerly.

He gave her an uneasy look of reproach for her persistency.

"I knew that Peggy was not Mr. Beresford's daughter at all; and that this scoundrel De Breteuil, the man who murdered my father, whom I have been hunting down in the dark for you like a bloodhound, by scent and not by sight, is the father of my own wife."

Madame de Lancry started violently, and looked at him for a few moments as if resolved not to believe that she had heard him rightly; but the steadfast gaze he gave her in return, full of unutterable agony but with a man's determination even in the wild stare of his eyes, made it impossible to doubt this.

"You have married that girl!" said she in a broken whisper,

"Yes, I married her yesterday morning."

"Yesterday morning! In France! Without her father's consent!" cried Madame de Lancry, eagerly. "Then it is invalid, and the marriage—"

"Is perfectly binding, madame," broke in Gerald, gravely. "It took place in England, after due publication of the banns, between two people both of age. Peggy is my wife, for which I still say, 'Thank God'!"

"O, well, if you are satisfied with the connection I have no more to say, except that it is astonishing that the news of her father's little irregularities affected you so much. No doubt his speculations on the purses of his neighbors will enable him to endow his daughter with a nice little fortune. I congratulate you."

Gerald said nothing to this; he was far too seriously troubled to be moved by any such little carping outburst. The lady seemed rather irritated by his silence.

"Well!" said she sharply.

"It is not worthy of you, madame, to talk like that," he answered at last. "What has that poor child ever done that she should be deserted by her husband at the very time when she finds out that her father is a villain? I did wrong in marrying her without the consent of the man whom I supposed to be her father—and I am punished. But she is blameless as a child—she has had a hard life already. At least she sha'n't suffer any more through me." He spoke very slowly, very gravely, but with none of the tenderness which had thrilled his voice, and softened his face at the mention of Peggy.

"You love her still, then!" said Madame de Lancry in a low, astonished voice.

"God help me! No," burst out the young husband in passionate misery. "The very thought of seeing again her poor little pale face makes me shiver, for I know that when I next meet her I shall see in her features what I saw in them once before—the likeness to the face I saw in the darkness on the night Mr. Shaw was murdered."

"You saw it once before, you say?"

"Yes, I thought it was a horrible fancy. Now I shall never be able to look at her without remembering that it is a ghastly reality."

"What will you do?"

"I must take her away—back to England, I think. I know I can get employment there by applying to my father's friends. I am so afraid she may hear something unless I take her away at once. This selfish old Beresford must be in league with De Breteuil, since he passed the scoundrel's daughter off as his own. It will be easy, I expect, to frighten him into allowing me to take the girl away by letting him see how much I know."

"Then you would give up all thoughts of hunting down De Breteuil?"

"Madame, what can I do?"

She shrugged her shoulders and said no more; but she looked more determined than ever. Neither spoke again until they were driving slowly up the steep hill into Saint Germains, underneath the iron bars from which the little oil lamps swung in the days of the Terror.

"Tell him to drive to the Pavillon Henri Quatre," said she.

It was not yet four o'clock, and although it was only April, the sun was strong, and the white hotel looked as glaringly clean and bright as on the afternoon when Madeline had paid her last memorable visit there. She left Gerald to follow her as she walked quickly past the bowing proprietor into the large room where she and Louis de Breteuil and Mr. Staunton had dined together. She went straight up to the table where they had sat and looked down upon the fancifully cut yew-trees in the old-fashioned garden at the foot of the hill underneath. As she looked out she forgot the object she had in coming, the companion she had brought with her, the long years which had passed since the ghastly events which followed the merry little dinner set their seal upon her life. A respectful cough within a couple of yards of her momentarily deaf ears recalled her attention. Turning suddenly she saw, standing reverentially before her beside the table, a smiling, pompous, urbane creature, whose long-forgotten face flashed back into her memory connected with a score of trifling incidents of that fatal evening. She started with an exclamation that was almost a stifled scream.

"Madame remembers me," said the old head waiter, more urbane than ever. "It is eleven years since I saw madame here, though, indeed, I can scarcely believe it when I see madame just as I saw her there."

"You remember me!" cried the lady abruptly, flushing as she caught sight of Gerald, as if a new and bright thought had struck her, and she beckoned the young Englishman nearer with an imperions gesture. "Do you remember also my companions?"

"Perfectly, madame. The one was a gentleman whom I have often since had the honor of attending here, though I did not then know who he was—the illustrious millionaire, M. de Breteuil." Gerald started and drew nearer.

"Well, well, and the other!" said Madame de Lancry, impatiently.

"The other, madame, I remember perfectly also. I flatter myself that, like princes, I never forget a face. The second gentleman who had the honor to accompany madame was an Englishman, a tall handsome gentleman, of middle age, with a short, grayish beard, and eyes—like monsieur there," finished the man, whose attention had been called to Gerald by the visible effect these words of description had upon him.

"Bring some coffee and some biscuits," said Madeline, to get rid of the man.

And as he left the room she went up to Gerald, who had sunk down upon a chair, with his head on his hands.

"You see now why I brought you here," said she, in a voice so determined that it sounded hard. "It was here, on the evening this man remembers, that Louis de Breteuil found out that your father carried property of value with him on his way to Turin. We dined at this table; your father sat where you are sitting now, I sat here, De Breteuil sat there talking to us, amusing us; me, the woman whose life he ruined; your father, whose life he took, whose good name he destroyed. For eleven years this man has led the most brilliant of lives, committed other crimes, perhaps forgotten those early ones; he is rich, honored as honor goes, and, from what I know of his nature, probably happy. Providence knows best, perhaps, you will say; Providence will end his career in Providence's own good time, and if the villain dies quietly and peacefully like a good man, why Providence must look to that and point the moral its own way. You are a man and can reason; and if your blood is tamer than that of most men of your age, why all the better for you. But *I* am only a woman; I cannot school myself to take things as I ought. I find the means of dealing justice within my reach; I only want another arm to help me deal the blow. But then I am alive, and justice and revenge burn in my blood and cry aloud to be fed, to be satisfied; the dead are cold and can cry for nothing; justice and revenge are not for them."

Gerald sprang up with flushed and quivering face, as her last slow words rang like a knell in his ears.

"Madame, madame, have mercy, your words cut like knives!" he said, with hissing breath; "I will help you—to the end—come what may."

As usual, Madame de Lancry did not waste her efforts. From the weird prophetess, stinging the young man into ardor equal to her own, she suddenly dropped into the bored Parisienne as the waiter bustled into the room with the coffee. Ten minutes later they were driving back into Paris as quickly as the tired horse could drag them. The lady entertained no further parley on the exciting subject which filled their minds. She took for granted that Gerald had pledged himself to be at her commands; but when she gave the direction to go to M. de Breteuil's house in the Avenue Friedland, the young fellow was startled by the swiftness of her action.

"You are not going to see him now, madame?" he hazarded.

"No; I know he is away at the races at Auteuil. But I wish to see this Babette. If she can be bought, which is, from what you have told me, very probable, it will simplify the matter.

"Do you wish me to go in with you?"

"No; I will tell you plainly what the work is I want you to do. I will start the fox, and I want you to run him to earth."

"What do you mean, madame?" asked Gerald, who was not used to having his instructions in metaphor.

"When my persecutions force De Breteuil out of his Paris home, as they will do, you must follow him to whatever place he makes for, if it is a thousand miles away. But it will not be so far."

"When do you expect De Breteuil to go?"

"I cannot tell you yet. But if I am successful with this Babette, I shall hear from her when he starts, and I will put you at once on the track."

When they had arrived within a few doors of the great white mansion, they got out at Madame de Lancry's suggestion, dismissed the *coupe* and engaged a passing *fiacre*.

"You had better wait here for me in this," said she. "I don't think I shall keep you long waiting, and I may have something to tell you when I come out."

She walked alone toward the house, and Gerald got into the *fiacre*, and leant his head back to think. To guess, to imagine, to regret, to be miserable, remorseful, impatient; all this was easy, but to form clear thoughts seemed impossible. To track down his father's murderer as he had promised; to guard his unhappy wife from the knowledge that she was the wretch's daughter; these two apparently hopelessly incompatible tasks he was bound to strain every nerve to fulfil. He knew that, and realised the difficulty of it. But the one idea which would cross and recross his mind at every point of the complication was: What share had Mr. Beresford had in all this villainy? And what steps would he take when he learned that it was all discovered.

"I think he is the most mysterious figure in the whole business," he reflected.

At that moment the victoria he had admired dashed past and drove through the *porte-cochere* M. de Breteuil's house. A gentleman was in it alone, but the carriage passed out of sight too quickly for Gerald to see him clearly. The young fellow grew hot at the thought that it was probably the man whom they were tracking down.

"If she were to meet him!" was the appalling suggestion which flashed through his mind.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In spite of her strength of mind, of the eleven years during which the pangs both of jealousy and of humiliation had presumably had time to cool, Madame de Lancry felt, as she asked if Madame de Breteuil was at home, the old sting of bitter mortification prick her for a moment almost as keenly as ever.

"Madame de Breteuil!" The name she herself had borne during that short fever of wild and passionate happiness which had ended abruptly as death. Every step, as she followed the silent servant up-stairs through the painted hall and the long corridor, through the open windows of which came sweet perfumes and sounds of falling fountains from the conservatory, recalled the beautiful home which had been paradise to her with Louis for a god. In the drawing-room, his fantastic taste was still more apparent—his caprice of declining to have anything about him the counterpart of which he could see in any other house. A fashion set by any one else he would not follow. Chairs, couches, and ottomans were twice as large as those in other Paris mansions, and the seats were twice as low. Plush and satin being fashionable, his furniture was covered with canvas, thickly embroidered with silk, and chenille, and gold. Since *salon* mantle-pieces are usually of marble, his were of carved oak. No vase, no statue, no cabinet, however dark the corner in which it stood, had its counterpart in any other house in Paris. However inadvertently Madame de Lancry might have found her way into this room, she would have known that it had been furnished under the governing eye of Louis de Breteuil

The servant was not sure whether Madame de Breteuil was at home to-day. He left Madeline in the *salon* and went to inquire. She herself had no doubt that the gamekeeper's daughter would see her.

"Poor creature," she said to herself. "Left alone by Louis, probably after a severe scolding, with no resources but making herself ill with bonbons, and trying on dresses and bonnets which she spoils in the act, to hear that a lady wishes to see her will be a mad excitement for her. I shall have to wait while she makes herself look ridiculous to impress me."

Resigned to this, Madame de Lancry roamed through the two rooms which Gerald had explored, and peeped into another at the opposite end to Babette's *boudoir*. This was a fair-sized room, which looked small after the other two. The *portiere* before the door was drawn aside, and the door was only just far enough for Madeline to see that the room looked particularly luxurious and inviting.

"Louis's own room," she thought at once, and put her head round the door. "Study, or smoking-room, or whatever he called it: very nice indeed."

She glanced back through the larger rooms; no one was in them yet. As there was every reason why she should make herself well acquainted with the geography of the place, she slipped quickly into the little room, and looked about her. High windows on her left hand, overlooking the court-yard; the rest of the walls hung with tapestry, not ancient, time-worn, and dull-colored, but modern, rich-tinted, and in all its first beauty of texture and coloring. There were no seats but cushions, no doors to be seen. But Madeline had not forgotten De Breteuil's ways, and she inspected every corner with keen eyes, quite prepared to meet another pair equally keen peering out at her from some unsuspicious-looking fold in the dark hangings. In a few moments, grown bolder, she walked round by the walls, passed her hand over the tapestry, and was rewarded by finding that, at a point opposite to the door by which she had come in, a double thickness of the hangings concealed a very neatly-introduced door, distinguished from the next panel in the wall only by a tiny keyhole. The door was fastened: by an ingenious arrangement the rings from which the overhanging tapestry was suspended rattled so loudly when the folds were lifted as to warn any one who might be on the other side of the door of an intruder's approach. She laughed harshly as she let the tapestry fall from her hand.

"The holy of holies!" she said to herself mockingly. "Louis's private apartments, with a little convenient staircase used only by himself and one other person."

She looked straight in front of her at the concealing curtain, as shrewdly as if her eyes actually saw what she at hap-hazard described. Then she turned slowly, and her glance fell upon a large half-length photograph of Louis, in a massive frame of carved bog-oak and silver, which stood by itself on a low table at one side of the room. The sight fascinated her; as she looked she drew nearer until she came so close to the picture that she had to stoop to see it well, and from stooping she fell in a few moments down on her knees, and remained, with her head supported by her two hands, gazing into the hard, smiling face of the portrait with the intensity of a devotee at a shrine.

Worked up by the object of her visit to a state of great excitement, she had suddenly taken the fancy, as this picture caught her eye, to try to recall the old feelings, to kindle the old fire, to look on the portrait as she would have done eleven years ago. If time and fickleness had effaced Louis from her heart and mind, this would have been impossible; but to pass from a tempest of hatred into a vivid remembrance of a tempest of equally violent fondness was comparatively easy; and when at last a heavy step behind her roused Madeline, it was natural for the new comer to mistake her attitude of homage to the past for that of present devotion.

Madame de Lancry turned as she still knelt, took in at a glance the chief details of the handsome, rustic face and figure, and their inappropriate setting of Parisian finery, and she rose very composedly, with a feeling of deep contempt for this beautiful person, and a conviction that she would be easy to manage. But she was prepared for an out burst of jealously; so she bowed to Babette, who gave her an awkward curtesy in return, and waited in a dignified manner to hear what the probably infuriated young person would have to say.

But the young person had nothing to say. She simply stared at the tall lady with lovely, vacant eyes, as a cow looks at one over a hedge, uncertain whether to go on munching or to retire to a safer distance from that capricious and surprising thing, a human being; and then, as Madam de Lancry gave no sign of her intentions, Babette raised her left hand and arm, laden with rings and bracelets, to her pretty fair head, and naively scratched it. In truth the poor creature was utterly puzzled. Instinct told her that she was in presence of her superior, and she looked to that superior, to take the initiative. Getting no help from her visitor, Babette grew very red, and, shuffling about from one foot to the other under her handsome dress, she said at last, jerking her head in the direction of the photograph:

"You know him, miss?"

"Yes," said Madeline, "I know him."

"And you ain't afraid, if you know him, to come here into his rooms without permission?"

"No. Are you?"

"Mon Dieu, yes. I only dare to come here when I know he is a long way out of the way. Then I—I amuse myself."

Her wavering glance round the room sufficiently indicated that her amusement consisted in "rummaging." She looked again at the lady in black, side ways, shyly, but with evident admiration. Madame de Lancry raised her veil and smiled at her. The simple creature grew suddenly confident, like a child.

"So you like him?" she asked, in a rough whisper, coming nearer.

"Not very much."

"Well, I—no more don't I." She drew near, confidentially. "I can't bear him, that I can't; and the things I have to eat and the clothes I have to wear don't make up for it neither. And I tell you what it is, if I knew how, I'd run away."

"Would you? Where do you want—where would you go?"

"I'd go right back to 'Les Bouleaux,' the place where I used to live, near Calais. This sort of life don't agree with me."

No moral scruples of any kind seemed to trouble her; she was simply an animal who preferred liberty to confinement.

"It's so dull," said she yawning widely, "There's no creatures to feed, and no cows to milk, no washing, no garden to see to, no market to take the things to when they've growed up all fresh and nice."

At the mention of these simple pleasures her eyes grew bright and her voice unsteady.

"And when I'm dull, he takes me to the opera. Opera! Who cares for opera?" with strong contempt. "And he was angry when I laughed at all those girls capering about. All very fine for those who like it, but I don't; I hate the life, and him too."

"Well, I dislike him quite as much as you do. And if you will help me to find out something I want to know about him, I promise to get you free to go back to your country home."

Babette looked at her fearfully and incredulously. The unknown lady was promising too much.

"What is it you want to know?" she asked, slowly.

"Where M. de Breteuil keeps his papers."

"Ah!"

The tone with which she uttered this simple exclamation betrayed that she was in a position to give the required information.

Madame de Lancry glanced at the hangings which concealed the lock door. Involuntarily Babette nodded.

"You have the key?" Or at least you know where it is?"

"I'm afraid," said the peasant woman, evasively glancing round her with growing uneasiness. "Besides, how am I to know you will keep your promise?"

"If I once get hold of De Breteuil's papers, I can compel him to leave Paris."

"But it's me that wants to leave Paris, not him!"

"When he is gone you can do as you like, is not that so? And I will take care you are safe. Come, can't you trust me? I'm sure you know you can."

Her manner, which she knew how to make winning, was irresistible to the poor creature in her unsympathetic surroundings. Babette gave one more frightened glance through the door by which she had entered, into the two larger rooms, then walked to the fire-place, put her hand into the back of the clock, and drew out a tiny key, which she hastily thrust into the lock of the concealed door. It opened at once; all that Madame de Lancry could see at first was that the apartment, or passage, or whatever it might be to which it led, was dark. Babette suddenly laid a strong hand upon her arm; a new difficulty had occurred to her.

"But," she said, in a loud whisper, close to the lady's ear, "if I go back to my father's cottage, M. de Breteuil will come there after me. For my father has a charge for him—"

"What charge?"

But Babette looked frightened. "I must not tell you. It would bring the police on to us if it were known—"

Madame de Lancry was impatient. "Trust to me. The police will have enough evidence without interfering with you."

With more physical strength than the sturdily-built country girl would have given her credit for, she wrenched herself away from Babette's detaining hands, and went cautiously through the door into the darkness beyond. As her eyes grew accustomed to the change from the bright sunset light in the room she had left, Madame de Lancry found that she was in a room so small that it was scarcely more than a large cupboard, very dimly lighted by a little window high up on the right-hand side, through which a few feeble rays came from the interior, not the exterior of the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Genteel Quacks.

"Yes, it pays," said a big, fat physician, with a name which is known throughout the medical world. "I have a practice worth $40,000 a year." "Women?" "Yes, you've guessed it first time. They pay $10 every time they come into my office. When one gets on my list I tell you she stays!" and Dr. H—— laughed long and loud. This is quackery—gilt-edged, genteel quackery—to keep suffering woman paying tribute year in and year out, and doing them no good. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the peculiar weaknesses and diseases of women. It does not lie to them nor rob them.

Why is a lover like a kernel of corn? Because he turns white when he pops.

Shocking Accident.

So read the headlines of many a newspaper column, and we peruse with palpitating interest the details of the catastrophy, and are deeply interested by the sacrifice of human lives involved. Yet thousands of men and women are falling victims every year to that terrible disease, consumption (scrofula of the lungs) and they and their friends are satisfied to believe the malady incurable. Now, there could be no greater mistake. No earthly power, of course, can restore a lung that is entirely wasted, but Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will rapidly and surely arrest the ravages of consumption, if taken in time. Do not, therefore, despair, until you have tried this wonderful remedy.

Nice life a married man leads when every time he asks his wife for a cup of tea he knows she'll make it hot for him.

A perfect specific—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

"Tommy, my son, what is longitude?" "A telegraph wire, papa." "Why so, my son?" "Because it stretches from pole to pole."

HUB! COUGH CURE cures in one minute.

A married man," says one who knows "can always pack a trunk more easily than a bachelor can. He gets his wife to do it for him."

People who are subject to bad breath, foul coated tongue, or any disorder of the Stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist.

"Johnny," said the Sunday-school teacher, "what is our duty to our neighbors?" "To ask them to tea as soon as they get settled," said Johnny.

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The opium habit, depsomania, the morphine habit, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobacco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over-exertion of the brain, and loss of natural strength, from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle-aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause not mentioned above, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of *Diseases of Men*. Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M. V Lubon 47 Wellington street East, Toronto Ont.

A. P. 392.

The Water Mill.

Listen to the water mill
Through the livelong day.
How the clattering of the wheels
Wears the hours away!
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves;
From the fields the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves.
And a proverb haunts my mind,
Like a spell is cast,
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving hearts and true!
Golden years are floating by,
Youth is passing, too;
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid;
Love while life shall last:—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Or while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will!
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill.
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon the way;
All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in thy to-day.
Power, intellect, and wealth
May not always last;
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Oh, the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by!
Oh, the good we might have done.
Lost without a sigh!
Love that once we might have saved
By a single word;
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
Perishing unheard;
Then take the proverb to thy heart,
Take and hold it fast;
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

C. F. ADAMS.

MY MODERN GRAND DAUGHTER.

I am an old lady,—no matter how old,—but not infirm; and I am also old-fashioned enough to prefer the old manners to the new. I never lean against the back of my chair, nor appear at the breakfast-table in my wrapper, and no one, except my maid, ever sees my curl-papers. I was "brought up" not to take my ease in public.

But my granddaughter Ethel is very different. She says, "Oh, let's be *comfortable*, grandma!" She has "given up"—actually given up—wearing corsets.

"They're not hygienic, grandma." "Hygienic" to a woman of my age, who never had a headache!

"What kind of a figure do you expect to have?" I asked, severely.

"Grandma," she answered, shaking her pretty head,—it is pretty,—"my waist measures just three inches less than the Venus de Medici's."

"Then all I can say is, that Miss de Medici would have been considered a very 'dumpy' young woman in my day," I answered.

Ethel laughed. Times are sadly changed. The modern young girl laughs at her grandmother, and does many other curious things. She learns curious things at school, too. One day she rushed home from school, her curls all flying in the breeze.

"Grandma," she cried, "I've learned something wonderful to-day! If you should cut your brachial artery"—

"But I don't intend to cut my brachial artery at my time of life," said I, with some dignity.

"But if you *should*, grandma, I could stop the flow of blood instantly, and save your life. See here!" and before I knew what the child was doing, she had my arm all tied up in a knotted handkerchief, with a broomstick twisted through one end so tight that I thought she would amputate it on the spot. *That* is a very strange sort of knowledge to give a young girl. It don't seem ladylike.

Then, too, she has such perfect self-reliance! Why, my granddaughter, Ethel Starr Raymond, sits down sometimes and looks into my eyes with such a level gaze, and talks to me with such entire reliance on the accuracy of her own views, that I might be the school-girl and she the old lady, for all the deference she pays to my views. Moreover, something that happened recently gives the child a great advantage over me; and as sure as I say, "Ethel, do be a little more feminine!" she has a roguish gleam in her brown eyes, and is sure to say:

"But, grandma, if I must be so soft and feminine, what will you do if the 'man-in-the-moon' comes down again?"

I suppose I must tell the whole story.

I have been a great traveller in my day—north, south, east and west. I havn't been to Africa yet, but there's no telling but that I yet may round the Cape of Good Hope.

Last autumn, when Ethel took a bad cold, which gradually developed into bronchitis, I thought nothing of packing up and starting off for California with her. We stopped at a beautiful little town, situated in a valley not far from San Francisco Bay, with the soft hills of the Coast Range all around us, and, taking a furnished house, settled down comfortably for the winter.

Now I have spent a great deal of time in my life looking for somebody. It is a Man. No matter how inconvenient it might be, neither heat nor cold, late hours nor early, company nor lack of company, could ever induce me to neglect the time-honored custom of looking for "that man" who hides under beds, shuts himself up in closets, folds himself up behind doors, or doubles up in dark corners for the sole purpose of robbing and scaring peaceful and unprotected women.

If all the precious hours that good women are forced to spend in this pursuit could be added up, turned into dollars, and put out at interest, I am sure they would pay the national debt, with something left over to put into the bank.

Well, the house we took for our California winter was an old-fashioned, rambling house that had been "brought around the Horn in '49" in pieces, and was full of hiding-places.

All around the front and sides were wide verandas, shaded by great acacia and evergreen trees; then the original house had various additions, wings and L's up one step, or down two, or attached by long, narrow halls, full of dim outlines, that a lively fancy could easily turn into the shadow of a man.

A stray black cat, which no persuasion in the way of sticks and stones could induce to retire, furnished many a nightly alarm, and caused a more thorough nightly search.

My maid slept on the same floor with us, but the other servants, who, after the fashion of the country, were both moon-eyed Chinese, roomed in a small detached house at the end of a large, neglected garden, beautiful with feathery locust-trees, fan palms, great rose bushes, one or two orange-trees, and beds of brilliant flowers, which grew with the wild luxuriance of a semi-tropical climate.

The garden was full of fragrant charms—and full of hiding-places. I never dared even look into it after dark.

In the evenings—it was now April—Ethel and I usually sat on the upper veranda, and there spent the hours, drinking in the soft, delicious air, and feasting our eyes, if it was moonlight, on the lovely landscape, the valley clad in the tender green of early spring. The rounded, waving outline of the Coast Range was lighted up off in the western foot hills by the twinkling lights of a great turreted, pinnacled structure that looked like some beautiful castle, transported from a foreign land, but was, alas! only an asylum for the insane.

One night, about ten o'clock, when the early moon had already gone to sleep, and a soft darkness covered valley and hill, we went reluctantly to our rooms to prepare for the night's rest. It was so pleasant that it gave a guilty sense of wasting time to spend it in sleep.

I had just put on my soft flannel dressing-sack, and unpinned my hair—it is my own hair, too—ready for Ellen, my maid, to brush it out, when Ethel, with a light rap, opened the door, and stood there for a moment, framed in the dark wood-work, with the dusky hall for a background, looking "pretty as a picture."

She had put on a long white cashmere wrapper, let down her bright auburn hair, which fell in curling masses to her waist, and floated around her head like an aureole. A wax taper, held high up in the air, threw a bright light on the blooming face, the saucy nose, a little turned up, and the rosy mouth; the graceful folds of the cashmere concealed the fact that she has "no figure to speak of," and altogether she looked so cunning that my heart warmed toward her, trying as are some of her ways.

"Come, grandma!" said she, gaily. "We haven't looked for the 'man-in-the-moon' yet."

This is a sportive name she used to denote her cheerful scepticism on the subject of my fears. *She* isn't afraid of anything. It don't look well for a girl to be so courageous. In my time girls were afraid of everything, even a mouse; nowadays they dissect mice.

I caught up the poker, and Ethel seized a lawn-tennis racquet that had been laid aside for repairs; Ellen, my maid, brought up the rear of the column, armed with a large, ivory-backed hair-brush, and altogether we had quite the air of that amusing painting of Toby Rosenthal's, "The Seminary Alarmed."

"I'll tell you what I shall do, grandma, if the 'man-in-the-moon' ever does come down," said Ethel. "Just feel of my triceps" (or biceps), and, doubling up her arm, she put my hand on it to feel a place as hard as a door-knob.

She got that going to the gymnasium, climbing upstairs on her hands, instead of her feet, throwing dumb-bells, just like a boy. I don't approve of such things. In my day girls danced the minuet.

"I should just strike out from the shoulder, so!"

And, suiting the action to the words, she "struck out."

Away went the racquet right through the mirror, shivering it into a thousand fragments. We all stood aghast, but Ethel recovered herself at once.

"I tell you, grandma, if I *should* do that, it would be the last of him, wouldn't it? Come, let's go on, and then I'll help Ellen gather up the fragments."

Here Ethel dropped on her knees, and explored with the offending racquet every nook and corner of the dim recess under the bed.

"Mr. Nobody here, now," said she, getting up with flushed face and tumbled hair; "don't say after this, grandma, that I'm not attentive."

We then gave the closet a thorough investigation, thumped on the walls with the poker, shook out the waterproofs, that are certain to look as if the sleeves were stuffed full of arms, looked in old shoe-boxes, and finally, standing up in a chair, I rummaged along a shelf running the length of the closet, where I was always afraid that some tramp would lay himself away through the day.

Satisfied at last, we took up the line of march, in and out of the winding halls, up and down through vacant rooms, shaking old clothes, thumping dead walls, poking into broken boxes, and opening invaded trunks, until we reached the last room, a little bedroom, with a shelving roof, at the end of which was a low door, leading into a small closet, half-filled with a box of worm-eaten books.

"Thus ended the farce," said Ethel, throwing wide the little door, and—

There he was!

Low-browed, villainous, a shock of coarse black hair bristling on his head, a fierce black eye glaring out of his head, a bunch of false keys in one hand, and a pistol in the other.

Ethel entirely forgot about "striking out from the shoulder."

As for me, the poker fell from my limp and trembling hand, and I said—of all the absurd things that a woman could say on such an occasion—I said, as if he were a long-expected friend, "H-o-w. how—do you do?"

At this strange salutation, a grim smile lurked round the corners of the man's mouth.

"Rather warm in here, thank you," he replied, with a mocking air of politeness. "With your permission I'll step out."

There was an ominous click of the pistol, and—the man stepped out.

"The Howly Virgin save us!" cried Ellen,—she wears a French cap, but speaks with a Dublin accent,—and she forthwith fell upon her knees, and began to "tell her beads."

The burglar wiped the drops of sweat from his ugly brow, and looked greedily at the diamond scarf-pin which fastened my lace kerchief.

"Don't be afraid, old lady," said he, familiarly; "I sha'n't hurt you, but I'll trouble you for that pin."

If it had been to save my life, I could not have moved my trembling hands; but Ethel stepped forward to unclasp it, and, if you'll believe me, that child was as cool as a December morning.

"First water," said the burglar, grasping the pin, looking at it, and then stuffing it into his pocket.

"Now, old lady, your watch." *That* cut me to the heart, for Ethel's grandfather had given me that watch for a wedding-present. It was set with pearls all around the face, and on the back, enamelled in blue, was a forget-me not, in small diamonds. I valued it next to my wedding-ring, but mercy! in a twinkling that went too.

"Rather thin," said he, but will do to *melt up*." Dear me! I would almost as soon have my withered old heart melted up.

"Now," said he, turning to Ethel, "we'll take the bureau-drawers."

Ellen was lying on the floor, where she had gone from devotion to insensibility, so Ethel lighted the way back to my room; and, if ever a woman suffered, I suffered, while this thief's coarse hands tossed about the cherished keepsakes of my life.

"Spoiling the Egyptians, said he, with clumsy wit. "And now, old lady, I'll take that bag of twenties you got at the bank this morning."

Too true! I had that very morning drawn a quarter's income—all in double eagles.

How had the wretch found it out? For a moment I hesitated, but that ominous click! and quickly the canvas bag came from its hiding place, the middle of a long bolster, that I always slept on. The burglar counted it leisurely—*he* was in no hurry.

"And now, little miss," said he, "I'll trouble you to show me the family silver."

Without a moment's hesitation, Ethel led the wretch down the winding staircase, through the square hall, with its dark red walls, into the parlor, a dim, old fashioned room, with a great, open fireplace, in which a wood-fire still smouldered on the brass andirons.

On each side of the fireplace was an arched niche; one filled with the books of a small library, and in the other hung an exquisite copy of one of Raphael's Madonnas.

"Will you believe me? As his eyes caught sight of the Virgin, this robber—his pockets full of stolen goods—made a sign of the cross, and muttered an *Ave Maria*.

The parlor led into a long, oak-panelled dining-room, divided through the middle by a crimson portiere. Two large closets opened from it; one, the first, for china, and the other for the storage of the house-linen. To my surprise, it was the door of this second closet that Ethel opened and pointed to a black box, shoved back on the top shelf. I remembered then that a small part of the family silver had been stored there, to be used only in case of necessity; the rest had been sent, by the family who owned the house, to the Safe Deposit.

In the corner next the door was a step-ladder used for house-cleaning purposes. Just as the burglar seized this, a tremendous noise, like the tramping of armed men, and the mad rolling of cannon-balls, made him drop the ladder and cock his pistol quickly.

We thought of rescue, but the noise came from a colony of rats in possession of the neighboring attic.

Seizing the ladder again, the burglar set it against the shelves in the further corner of the closet, climbed heavily to the top of it, and laid his hand on the box, when, presto! change! quick as lightning, Ethel shut the door with a crash, turned the key, shoved the bolt, and there he was, a prisoner.

"I've got him, grandma! I've got him!" she cried. "I *meant* to get him all the time!"

The man struggled like a caged lion. Kicks and blows rained on the door, curses loud and deep filled the little room; frantic poundings with his huge fists were thrown away on oaken planks felled in the old Bay State, and thoroughly seasoned by coming "around the Horn in '49."

But what should we do, now!

Ellen, who, at the culmination of Ethel's daring, had sat down on the floor, and bumped her head, net very gently, against the wall, now struggled to her feet, and we held a council of war.

It was half-past eleven. The night was black, the streets dark; the supervisors had just decided, in a fit of economy, not to light the street-lamps for the next six months, and our house was the only one in the fifty-vara lot forming the square.

The garden was full of hiding-places, where some confederate might even then be lurking ready to pounce upon us, if we ventured out.

On the whole, it seemed best to hold our prisoner until morning, when we could arouse the Chinese servants and send for help. So we brought out the lamps and victualled the garrison. Ellen made some strong coffee over a spirit-lamp, and we sat there all night and waited, paying little attention to the fierce threats and thundering blows against the walls that emphasized the rage of our captive.

With the first morning light, we aroused Ah Lung, the cook, and having satisfied his moon-eyed wonder, sent out for the officers of law, who soon had our prisoner handcuffed and caged in the county jail.

You see how I find it up hill work to discipline my granddaughter Ethel. I have told you what she answers me when I try to reprove her. But there's *one* comfort at least. "*That man*"—I have been laughed at a great deal all my life for looking for him—was "caught at last."

KATE VIRGINIA DARLING, *in Youth's Companion.*

Phonographic Spelling.

The craze about phonographic spelling is pretty well played out. All sensible men acknowledge that English spelling is a troublesome and most illogical affair. At the same time they feel that any change must come on gradually and all but insensibly, just as has been the case in days gone past. The phonetic men are not agreed among themselves and were any phonetic system adopted it would just add indefinitely to the perplexity and confusion. Here is a specimen of the latest proposals as brought forward by Senator Voorhees from Washington Territory in a bill which he wants to put through Congress for adoption in all the schools under the Federal Government:

Liv for live, Vinyard for vineyard, Singl for single, Bronz — bronze, Fether — feather, Lether—leather, Jepardy — jeopardy, Lepard—leopard. Abuv—above. Tung—tongue, Sum—some, Ruf—rough, Garantee—guarantee, Cach—catch, Wich—with, Ake—ache, Buty—beauty, Rim—rhyme, Sita—scythe, Bom—bomb, Det—debt, Crum — crumb, Dum—dumb, Lam—lamb, Lim—limb, Thum —thumb, and so on Thru—through the list in Webster's Unabridged.

Would such changes help in the slightest degree? Quite the reverse.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Its Climate and Resources—The Class of People Who Should Emigrate There.

BY L. S. ACKERMAN.

As doubtless many of your readers would like to have some authentic information regarding Southern California—other than its climate—I have taken the trouble during the past week or two of gathering together such facts and figures as in my judgment might prove interesting to them.

The resources, geographical and railroad advantages of any country form the true basis of its growth and continued prosperity, and it is therefore necessary that intending emigrants to California should first become acquainted with the facts before arriving at unjust and absurd conclusions regarding its possibilities, and the advantages it offers for settlers.

Los Angeles county may be taken as a fair sample of the counties forming Southern California in regard to soil, products and general resources, and the facts I give in relation thereto may be taken as a fair basis for the whole. The soil is principally sandy loam of great depth and as far as I can learn of

UNSURPASSED FERTILITY.

As an evidence of this, three crops have been taken off one parcel in one year. To illustrate:—a good crop of barley can be harvested in June, succeeded by a crop of corn and then a crop of potatoes—all from the same field and in one year. I am credibly informed that it is a common occurrence for ranchers to raise two crops of field potatoes in one season, realizing therefrom $100 to $150 per acre. Another crop of perennial and prodigious growth is alfalfa, which will grow in almost every kind of soil in Southern California, and produces from six to eight crops per year, aggregating nine to twelve tons per acre, netting to the former from $90 to $100 per acre. It is an invaluable feed—green or dry—for horses, cattle, hogs or poultry.

Corn is also another staple article of product in this part of the State, and particularly in this county. The crop of 1887 aggregated 2,500,000 bushels, and it is confidently expected (owing to the very generous rain-fall this season) that the crop of 1888 will be about double these figures. The average per acre is said to be more than the best corn lands in the Western States, frequently reaching 125 bushels to the acre year after year in the Santa Ana and other valleys.

Wheat, barley and other cereal produce also yields more to the acre in this county than in the States east of the Rockies. In this county in 1887 the yield of wheat was 4,000,000 bushels, and of barley 2,000,000 bushels, and this year the yield will probably be greater on account of the heavy rain-fall. I have never seen plumper or better looking grain in Canada than that shown here of the above kinds.

Rye, oats, hops, flax, hemp, beans, castor-beans and all other farm products will compare quite favorably as to quality and yield mere to the acre here than in any of the counties east of the Rockies, and the prices obtained here are also in advance of those secured east.

And now as regards vegetables; and when I refer to this class I must keep well within the mark, for fear some of your readers might uncharitably suggest that I was

"STRETCHING" MATTERS.

But I disclaim, in advance, any such intention. Vegetables of every description grow to prodigious size here, and the yield per acre is far in excess of that attained East. This is especially true of beets, pumpkins, squashes, water and other melons. I have seen some "whoppers." In a shop window, on Spring Street, last week, I saw a beet just taken from the ground that weighed forty-eight and a half pounds. And I want you to distinctly understand it wasn't a two-footed "beat" either. It measured something over four feet in length and had reached its growth in less than two months. Small fruits and vegetables grow all the year round, if the ground is carefully cultivated and watered. Tomatoes, strawberries, asparagus and such frequently net the producer from $300 to $500 per acre per annum. I am credibly informed that sheltered spots in the canyons and along the foothills produce small early fruits and vegetables aggregating $1,000 per acre per annum. The walnuts grown here equal the best in the world and are a very profitable crop, netting the producer from $200 to $300 per acre when the trees are in full bearing. While the trees are growing the farmer can

DERIVE A GOOD INCOME

from pumpkins, squashes, &c., raised in the same orchard and directly under the trees.

In addition to the above products might be mentioned oranges, lemons, limes, pears, peaches, plums, figs, apricots, nectarines, grapes and a host of other fruits, the profits from which are large, and the time they mature so diversified that some crop ripens every month in the year, rendering the work of harvesting very economical.

The manufacture of wine is also a great industry in this country and a very profitable one, too. The wine made here is growing very popular all over the world, and therefore the outlook for this industry is very bright.

The raisin industry is one that is beginning to assume mammoth proportions, the product of 1887 being 250,000 boxes, as compared with 2,000 in 1880.

This section of the country has an unlimited deposit of petroleum. The product last year aggregated upwards of $2,000,000, and yet this industry may be said to be only in its infancy. Crude petroleum is now used by all the principal manufacturers of Los Angeles and will undoubtedly become the universal fuel for manufacturing on this coast, owing to its cheapness as compared with coal.

It also offers great inducements to the manufacturer to locate here and the diversified character of the mineral resources of the country are such as must eventually prove a great boon to both city and country.

SILVER, GOLD, COPPER, IRON,

lead, tin, borax, antimony, coal, lime, salt, granite and other building materials abound in the hills and valleys of this fertile land, affording unlimited scope for manufacturing industries.

The geographical situation of this city is superb, as demonstrated by the network of railways it possesses, being in that respect better supplied than any other place on the Pacific coast. It has two great transcontinental lines, stretching from ocean to ocean, and no less than six other lines centre here, with several others now building or in prospective throughout the country. The business done at the harbor (San Pedro) exceeds in volume and aggregate more than any other port on the coast save San Francisco, and will undoubtedly be further increased, as he distance from San Pedro and Los Angeles across the continent is the shortest and has the easiest grades of any of the trans-continental lines. And now for a few figures:—The assessed valuation of Los Angeles county in 1880 was $15,503,773; in 1885, $33,494,027; in 1887, $99,416,402. The area of Southern California is 57 800 square miles; of

LOS ANGELES COUNTY,

4,750 square miles. The number of acres of tillable land in the county is 1,300,000. The population of Southern California in 1880 was 170,000. The population of Los Angeles county in 1880 was 33,000; in 1887, 100,000. The population of Los Angeles City in 1880 was 11,000; in 1887, 70,000. Real estate sales for 1885 were $9 948,032; for 1886, $28,204,750, and for 1887 over 50,000,000. There are over three hundred miles of railway in the county of Los Angeles, and fifty miles of street railway. The county has two good harbors on the Pacific Ocean. The city has ten banks with upwards of $10,000,000 assets; four heavily endowed universities; eighty business incorporations, with an aggregate capital of upwards of $25,000,000; has a splendid electric light and water system, and a climate unsurpassed probably in the world.

I have been asked if I would advise persons in the east to emigrate to California, and I answered, "Yes," to certain classes under certain conditions. A Canadian farmer to come here with sufficient capital to purchase land, and who exercises judgment and thrift, will accumulate wealth in one-half the time he can in Canada, without any of the annoyances and expense of a Canadian winter. Stock runs out the year round. But to the mechanic who is

WELL SITUATED IN CANADA

I would say "stay there." There are plenty of openings here for men of push and enterprise, it is true, but for every opening there are about a dozen men ready to snap it up. A man of means will here find plenty of scope for the investment of his capital, and if he invests *right* he is almost certain of "doubling his pile" in a remarkably short space of time. But "beware of the sharks," as a certain noted person once said to "beware of de viddders."

O'Flynn's Poultry Experience.

("Picket" in Prairie Farmer.)

A shert time ago I overtook O'Flynn on his way to town with a coop of poultry. "How-do, Flynn?" said I.—"Arrah, an' is that you, Brayme?" said he.—"Where are you taking your Banties?" I asked.—"Banties!" he shouted. "An' is it banties, ye say? Begorra, thin, do ye call that a banty?" and he shook a nine-pound cockerel at me.—"Flynn, I heard that you put a new style ventilator in your poultry house, what is it, and how does it work?"—"Well," said he "if did, an' I may as well tell ye all about it. I dug a channel two feet deep from the middle o' me hin house to thirty feet beyant. Then I put in 3-inch tile in the bottom av it, an' made a little chimbley at ayther ind outen the same stuff. I got the idee out av a paper, an it said the air would flow in at the ind beyast an' get warrumed in passin' through the poipe, an' thin the fowls wouldn't get their combs an' things frese, an' they'd be layin' eggs ivery day. I thought 'twas a mighty foine job, an' the first cowld spell that came along I shut up me house, nailt up me ould vintilators an' put the plug out o' the poipe, an' went to bed. An', begob, the first thing that flowed through that poipe was a channel of mink, an' he kilt thirteen o' me fainest fowls. The next morning I took me ax an' I smashed thim chimbleys into smithereens, dumped a wheelbarrer o' dirt into the howls, opened me ould vintilators at aytheir ind o' the house, an' moinded me own business iver since. But, didn't the owld woman give me a great rakin'!"

Two years ago Pat raised 230 mixed and mongrel chickens, and when he sold them in November they averaged four pounds all round. He received only five cents per pound for them, because, as the buyer told him, they were such a "scrubby" lot. "Faith," said he, "they chated me the manest kind! They give another feller six cents right before me eyes, 'cause, they said his chickens were better'n moine. I towld him a chicken was a chicken the worruld over, an' moine, were as good as anybody's, but they towld me I could take folve cents or nothin'!"

I whispered a hint into Pat's ear, and after due deliberation he acted upon it. He immediately sold off all fowls except twenty-five of the largest and nicest hens. Then, to the intense disgust of the "owld woman," he drove to a poultry fancier's establishment 12 miles distant and paid $7 for two Brahma cocks. As a result of this reckless speculation he sold, last Fall, 178 chickens for 6½ cents per pound, which was half a cent a pound above the regular market price. His birds averaged six pounds all round, and were such a nice lot that the buyer actually drove out to Pat's house to secure them. His $7 cocks brought him a clear profit of $13 81. "Scrubby" fowls, such as he previously raised, brought only 5 cents per pound; those he raised last year averaged two pounds more, and sold 1½ cents per pound higher. "Begorra," said Pat, "blood tells ivery toime, as sure as you're borrun!"

He Was Not Mad.

Mr. David Gunn writes to the Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle*: "In this morning's issue of your paper my attention was called to a piece in reference to David Gunn being struck by the fast train. As I am the party, and was wholly to blame, I write this in justice of said train. In attempting to cross the track in advance of the fast train, I was struck by the 'cowcatcher' or fender and thrown about ten feet, but am happy to state very slightly hurt, having been struck near the heel and throwing forward. I, furthermore, was perfectly sober, and when the train backed to see if I was hurt I was not at all mad when I answered no, as I have an abrupt way of speaking. No, sir, Mr. Editor, I followed the gallant Lee in too many hard-fought and hotly contested battles with the boys in gray, and came out all O. K., to let as small a thing as a locomotive simply knocking me from the track raise my ire."

A priest in Pennsylvania has declared war on bustles, but a bustle is its own fortress.

North Hastings Review

J. R. ORR, - - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

MADOC. APRIL 12, 1888.

Subscribers to the REVIEW *who fail in getting their papers, will confer a favor on the proprietor by communicating the same to this office.*

IMPORTANT LEGISLATIVE CHANGES.

At the recent session of the Ontario Legislature there was some legislation enacted that is of more than ordinary importance to the public. Business men would do well to remember that the Division Court Act has been somewhat changed so far as obtaining goods under false pretense is concerned. Section 240 of the Act has been amended by striking out the following from sub-section 4 :—"wilfully contracted "the debt or liability without having "had at the time a reasonable expecta- "tion of being able to pay or discharge "the same." This is an amendment in the right direction. Necessity sometimes compels some unfortunate party, somewhat too sanguine of his expectations but not dishonest, to purchase goods that he was unable to pay for according to promise. Under the clause that has been struck out a judge not largely endowed with the milk of human kindness could put him in jail. We do not think there would be any danger in this County with our judges, but there are parts of the Province where it has been used to do a great injustice. A jail is a poor place for a man to support a family, let alone pay a debt, and we never could see any sense in sending a man there for that purpose. Contracting a debt by fraud or under false pretenses is another thing, and an individual can be proceeded against and punished for this as the law directs.

The "Mortgage Amendment Act," passed at the same time, makes some radical changes in the conditions of mortgages. We call attention to one. After the 1st of July next, any mortgage given (unless positively stating otherwise) will not carry with it after falling due the right as heretofore to exact by the mortgagee three months' interest in addition, but shall be the same as a note of hand, paying interest to date. We could never see why special privileges should have been given in the case of money loaned under mortgage more than under a note. The days of special privileges by law to any class are fast disappearing, and the sooner they are gone the better.

St. Andrew's church, Kingston, was burned last week.

The steamer Rio Janeiro has been wrecked near Montevideo. with 120 passengers lost.

The bursting of a waterspout at Preston Friday caused an immense amount of damage.

The daughter of a Russian army officer is reported to have been detected in a dynamite plot against the Czar.

So many Irish emigrants are applying for passage across the Atlantic that the steamship companies cannot accommodate them all.

—The meeting of the Methodist Church Mission Band was postponed until next Wednesday evening. Let there be a large turnout at this meeting.

Catarrh, when chronic, becomes very offensive. It is impossible to be otherwise healthy, and, at the same time, afflicted with catarrh. This disagreeable disease, in its most obstinate and dangerous forms, can be cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—The attention of all suffering is drawn to these well-known remedies, for they possess conspicuous advantages as a safe and reliable aid in all those emergencies to which travellers, emigrants and sailors are so especially liable. They are largely patronized by wayfarers by land and sea, and, in fact, by all classes of the community, to their great advantage. The Pills are beyond all doubt the most effective remedies ever discovered for cases of obstinate constipation, confirmed indigestion and colic, complaints which are engendered by exposure and irregular feeling. The Ointment will be found of the very greatest service in cases of piles, abscesses, erysipelas and all kinds of local ulcerations. 21

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The Gold Boom.

Work progresses steadily at the Richardson gold mine, and although the "boom" is not as yet very exciting, yet the gentlemen who have its control and are now operating it express themselves as well pleased with their prospects. New veins have lately been opened which show equally rich prospects with the first, and if they hold out as genuine and lasting we may expect a gold boom in earnest during the coming months. A large quantity of the ore is now being crushed at the Bannockburn mill, and a "clearing up" will be made in a week or two, the result of which, we suppose, will practically demonstrate the richness of the Richardson hill. From what we have heard, we look for the most encouraging results.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER

TO ALL WANTING EMPLOYMENT.

We want live, energetic agents in every county in the United States and Canada to sell a patent article of great merit *on its merits*. An article having a large sale paying over 100 per cent. profit, having no competition, and on which the agent is protected in the exclusive sale by a deed given on each and every county he may secure from us. With all these advantages to our agents, and the fact that it is an article that can be sold to every housewife, it may not be necessary to make *"an extraordinary offer"* to secure good agents at once, but we have concluded to make it to show, not only our confidence in the merits of our invention, but in its salability by any agent that will handle it with energy. Our agents now at work are making from $150 to $300 a month clear, and this fact makes it safe for us to make our offer to all who are out of employment. Any agent that will give our business a thirty day's trial and fail to clear at least $100 in this time, *above all expenses*, can return all goods unsold to us and we will refund the money paid for them. No such employer of agents ever dared to make such offers, nor would we if we did not know that we have agents now making more them double this amount. Our large decriptive circulars explain our offer fully, and these we wish to send to everyone out of employm nt who will send us three one cent stamps for postage. Send at once and secure the agency in time for the boom, and go to work on the terms named in our extraordinary offer. Address, at once,

NATIONAL NOVELTY CO.

49—3m 514 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Pedlar Wanted.

AT once, *with horse*. For further particulars, call at

2 H. W. CONNOR & Co.

NOTICE.

ALL accounts due D. C. Clarke, (Tea accounts excepted) must be paid or settled by note by the first of May.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, April 10, 1888.

NOTICE.

ALL parties are hereby warned and forbid to give credit to any person or persons on my account, without my written order or consent, as I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by any persons in my name.

WM. VENN.

Huntingdon, April 7, 1888. 2-3

Special Meeting.

THERE will be a meeting of the Directors and Stockholders of the Spring Hill Cheese Factory, on Tuesday, April 24th, at 1 p.m., for the purpose of electing a Director in the place of the late John McClure, and other important business. A full attendance requested.

DONALD McKENZIE,
President.

Madoc, April 11th, 1888. 2-2t

VILLAGE OF MADOC

Abstract Statement.

—OF—

Receipts, Expenditures, & Assets

For the year 1887.

RECEIPTS.

To Balance from 1886	$ 92 88
Taxes, per J. H. Dunn	4188 48
License Fund	335 28
Schools	809 99
Wild Lands Taxes—Fines, &c	15 59
Proceeds of Notes discounted	2648 67
	$ 8090 89

EXPENDITURES.

P'd Thos. Wills, County Treasurer	$740 63
Model School Board	2550 00
Lumber	133 45
Legislative Grant for Schools	133 00
Roads and Sidewalks, R. O'Riordan	343 82
R. R. Casement account	36 86
Coupons and Interest due township	984 39
John Huff, Constable, 1886-7	174 35
Salaries	255 75
Printing	64 79
C. F. Aylsworth, Jr., Surveying	55 90
Drains	63 00
Court of Revision and Jury List	32 00
Bills payable	2700 00
Agricultural Society, per Thos Cross	100 00
Miscellaneous	94 17
	$8462 11
Balance due Treas.	$371 22

ASSETS.

*Amount of uncollected Taxes	$ 311 41
Amount due from township	101 84
	$413 25

*Lots will be sold and realized on this fall.

R. T. GRAY, ROBT. ROLLINS, } Auditors.

1888. OO 1888.

SPRING

It is our pleasure to meet you all through the medium of this paper and extend an urgent invitation to call and examine the ample provision we have made to meet the necessities of this season with bright, new, and stylish goods from our well selected stock. So successful and satisfactory have been our efforts as buyers that we cannot refrain from stating a few facts regarding the character and description of this beautiful array of satisfying bargains. Starting with a thorough knowledge of the wants of our customers, and imbued with a determination to please, we sought only such markets as afforded the best productions of goods in our line. We selected carefully and conscientiously from these unrivalled sources such seasonable styles as we knew to be honest, reliable and exceptional values for the prices asked. We now add to these bargains a fair living profit and place our stock before the public, confident in the belief that we can neither be undersold or outdone in variety, quality, or style. You can make no mistake in purchasing from us without further delay, but we court comparison and invite the strictest examination of quality and value if the slightest misgiving lingers in your mind that you may do better elsewhere. Having every confidence in our stock and prices we are not afraid of any unprejudiced comparison where we know the best shall win without fear or favor.

J. Dale & Son.

HOUSE TO RENT.

ON Elgin Street, in the village of Madoc, near the Model School. Enquire at REVIEW office. 1 3w.

Important Notice.

ALL parties indebted to the undersigned, for subscriptions, advertising or job-work, to whom accounts or notices have been sent, must settle the same by the 12th inst. This notice should be considered sufficient.

1-tf S. F. WEAVER.

VALUABLE FARM.

A RARE opportunity of securing a valuable farm, suitable for dairy purposes or stock raising, is now offered—being lot No. 19, 8th concession of the Township of Dungannon, Hastings County, containing 99 acres; 30 acres cleared, the rest in valuable hardwood timber. Two miles from cheese factory, grist and saw mills; one mile from steam saw mill. Possession immediate. This farm is also 12 miles from a railway station, apply to

A. RUPNOW, Esq.
L'Amable. P. O
48—2m. Hastings Co., Ont.

25,000 LBs. WOOL WANTED

—AT THE—

MARMORA WOOLLEN MILLS.

Custom Carding and Spinning done on shortest notice.

Parties having 60 pounds and upwards o wool can have their own wool spun into yarn.

Tweeds, Fulleloths, Shirtings and yarns kept on hand, to exchange for wool.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial.

MITCHELL & DANFORD.

Marmora, May 7th, 1887. 6-3m

GARDEN, FIELD, AND FLOWER SeedS

—AT—

DEANS' DRUG STORE.

Mortgage Sale.

UNDER and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale at Public Auction, subject to a reserve bid, at

MOON'S HOTEL

— IN THE —

VILLAGE OF MADOC,

in the County of Hastings, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, on

Thursday the 3rd day of May,

1888, the following valuable farm property, to wit:—The East Half of Lot number Twenty-four (24) in the Tenth (10th) concession of the Township of Madoc in the County of Hastings and Province of Ontario, containing by admeasurement one hundred and twenty-five acres of land, be the same more or less.

The purchaser shall at the time of sale, pay a deposit of ten per cent. on the purchase money to the Vendor or his Solicitor, and the balance thereof within one month thereafter.

D. E. K. STEWART,
Vendors Solicitor.

Dated at Madoc, this the 3rd day of April, 1888. 1 tf

Adams' CARRIAGE WORKS

BOY WANTED.

A boy wanted to learn the blacksmith trade. One who is steady and reliable, and will bind himself for the required term. No smoker need apply.

L. C. ADAMS.

P. S.—Wagons, Buggies, Democrats, &c., always on hand.

MILK WAGONS A SPECIALTY

Don't forget the place,

MULLETT'S CORNERS, MADOC

36-3m

CHURCH SERVICES.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Divine worship and preaching every Sabbath at 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sabbath School and Pastor's Bible Class at 2.30 p.m.; Young People's Prayer Meeting, Tuesday, and General Prayer Meeting, Thursday evenings, at 7.30.
O. R. LAMBLY, M.A., Pastor.

ST. PETER'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sabbath School at 2.30 a.m.; Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening at 8.
D. WISHART, Pastor.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST (Church of England) Mattins and Evensong every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.; Evensong on Wednesdays, at 7.30 p. m., with an address.
T. AUSTIN SMITH, Pastor.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.—Mass, each Sunday at 9.30 a. m., except every third Sunday, when Mass is at 11 o'clock; Vespers and Benediction, each 4th Sunday at 5 o'clock.
THOMAS DAVIS, Pastor.

New Ads. This Week.

Notice—Wm. Venn.
Notice—D. C. Clarke.
Special Meeting—D. McKenzie
Auditors Report—Madoc Village.
Pedlar Wanted—M. W. Connor & Co.

Special Notices.

Onion Sets at Dean's Drug Store.

For A 1 Boots & Shoes try D.W.Wright's.

Highest Cash price paid for eggs at W.W. Hudgins'.

All kinds of Canned Goods at D. W. Wright's.

Great Reduction in Prices for Groceries at W. W. Hudgins'.

We are selling Crockery and Glassware at rock bottom prices at D. W. Wright's.

Just see how many pounds of Sugar for $1.00 at W. W. Hudgins'.

Just received, Turnip, Mangels, Carrot, and all kinds of field and garden Seeds at D. W. Wright's.

J. R. Irish, Dentist, arrives every Tuesday on noon train. He is now extracting teeth without pain. See advertisement.

Latest Local News.

—Take a look through our advertising columns this week.

—Miss Elliott's spring opening will be held on Saturday next.

—New coinage bearing the date of the present year is now in circulation.

—Dust was flying on our streets all last week. Now mud is again supreme.

—Mr. D. C. Clarke notifies those indebted to him to pay up. See advt. in this issue.

—Dr. Loomis has just had his drug store thoroughly overhauled, re-painted, &c., adding much to its appearance.

—An abstract statement of receipts, expenditures, and assets, of the village of Madoc for 1887, will be found in this issue.

—One or two hours spent in cleaning up refuse heaps and giving them proper interment, will be very beneficial to health when the warm weather arrives.

—Messrs. Weaver & Hudgins, the new Eldorado merchants, are busy moving their goods to that place this week, and expect to open out there next Monday.

—The High School trustees made a visit of inspection during the week to several of the sites offered, but we understand they are yet undecided where to select.

—While the roads are bare here and mud in the muddy regions is several inches deep, the peaceful residents of the back country are carrying heavy loads on sleighs.

—Do not put off the cleaning up of your back yards too long. One day of beautiful bright spring sunshine will bring a terrible lot of bad odors out of the winter's accumulations of filth.

—Some people are so sanguine in this world, says an exchange, that they think they can plant a handful of seed in a snow drift, and gather a carload of strawberries the day after the first thaw.

—A look over the bare fields satisfies the farmer that his fall wheat has survived the winter with a good healthful appearance, and promises well to enter upon its new life. A frequency of frosty nights and warm sunshiny days, however, will have a damaging effect.

Allocation of Students.

Rev. M. W. Maclean, convener of the home mission committee of the Presbyterian Church, writes that the allocation of Queen's university students for the summer months, in the Presbytery of Kingston, is as follows, subject of course to change: W. J. Patterson to Carlow and Mayo; E. G. Walker to Sharbot Lake; J. Cattanch to Consecon and Hillier; J. Rattray to Portsmouth; R. C. H. Sinclair to Melrose; D. D. Macdonald to Maynooth; R. J. Hunter to Sidney; J. McKelloch to Thanet and The Ridge. The Missionary Association of Queen's University has assumed charge of Wilbur and Matawatchen districts without any expense to the home mission fund. The convener asks the students above mentioned to forward their addresses to him.

Millinery Opening

Miss Elliott's spring opening of the newest and latest styles of millinery, &c., will be held on Saturday next. Call and see the display.

Maple Sugar.

Sugar-makers are now "up to their eyes in business," as the saying goes, tapping trees, gathering sap, boiling, straining and "sugaring off." Mr. John R. Ketcheson, who is one of largest makers in the district, had over 500 pounds made last week. Considerable quantities of both sugar and syrup is being offered for sale in Madoc.

The Shoddy Man Again.

The Napanee *Beaver* is informed that a number of residents of Lennox county have been bitten by dealing with shoddy pedlars. The only safe way is to have nothing to do with these dealers. Reliable goods can be purchased at reasonable prices from honest merchants, so don't be cajoled into buying trash from these wandering pedlars.

Shut Down.

Owing to the amount of water accumulating in the marble quarry in this village since the spring freshets commenced, Mr. Whitney, the superintendent, last week decided to close down for couple of weeks until there is an abatement. The new pump has power to keep the water out but it exhausts all the available steam, so that the drill cannot be worked. Under the circumstances it was deemed cheaper to close down for a couple of weeks.

Leaving the Farm.

The Campbellford *Herald* says:—Many farmers in this locality are leaving the busy work of sowing and reaping, and entering into other pursuits. They are unable to make the business profitable, or pay interset on heavy mortgages, perhaps, and in dropping out, others are stepping in who have probably more business tact, better knowledge of farming, and who are less extravagant in living.

Railway Extension.

The Central Ontario Railway Company gave notice of application for an Act to amend their Act and allowing said company to extend its line northward to the line of the C. P. R. at any point between Callander and Sudbury Junction, instead of between Pembroke and Callander, and giving a bonding power in respect of said extension of $30,000 a mile.

The County Bridges.

The *Intelligencer* says:—"Mr. Vermilyea, chairman of the County Bridge Committee, informs us that no damage has been done to any of the County bridges by the spring freshet and none is apprehended. Mr. Francis, County Surveyor, reports all the bridges in excellent condition. The saw-logs which are boomed north of O'Brien's bridge, as to which some apprehension has been expressed in town, are, Mr. Vermilyea states, so firmly secured that they cannot break away."

To Correspondents and Contributors.

Boil down what you have to say. Don't drown a little struggling idea in an ocean of desultory words. Write on but one side of the paper and don't try to see how many words you can get on a sheet of paper. Write plainly and use care in giving names of persons and places. Always send your real name whether you wish it published or not. Above all things steer clear of poetry. No one but a crank will pester editors with poetry.

The Oddfellows' Demonstration.

The posters for the monster Oddfellows' demonstration to be held in Madoc on April 26th will be issued this week. There is every likelihood of a large turn-out of the members of this fraternity. As far as at present arranged, the programme of the day will be about as follows: On arrival of the special train at about 11 o'clock, the visiting lodges from Belleville, Deseronto, Trenton, Campbellford and Stirling will be met at the station by Madoc Lodge No. 179, and, headed by the magnificent silver band of the Order from Belleville, the procession will march to the Methodist Church, where Rev. Bro. Lambly will preach the anniversary sermon. The procession will afterward march to the Masonic hall and disperse for dinner. Arrangements have been made at all the hotels for accommodation at the regular prices. About 2 o'clock the procession will reform and march through the principal streets, and escort those of Campbellford and Stirling brethren to the station at 3:35 who may wish to take the regular train for home. As it is not expected the Belleville special train will leave until later in the evening, an open fraternal meeting will be held in the Masonic Hall during the latter part of the afternoon. The Concert in the evening promises to be fully up to the usual high standard of former entertainments given in in Madoc by this Order. The celebrated Reub. Fax, of Brantford, has been engaged, also other foreign and the best local talent has been promised. The orchestra of the Oddfellows' Band, of Belleville, will furnish music. Full particulars of the concert will be given next week.

Changed Hands.

The "Headquarters" saloon, Belleville, has changed hands, Mr. Neil McGuire, late of Madoc, is the new proprietor.

New Woollen Mills

Messrs. Mitchell and Danford, of the Marmora Woollen Mills, have this week completed arrangements with Mr. S. Rollins for the old mill property south of the village, on which a building will be erected this spring, for the accommodation of a new Woollen Mill which they purpose starting here. We understand spinning and manufacturing will be their principal industry.

Their New Home.

We take the following from the last issue of the Newberry, Mich., *News*. Several Madocers are now in that vicinity,—"The heart of our worthy foreman Wm. Fretz was made glad Monday morning by the arrival of his mother from Madoc, Ont. Mrs. Fretz has disposed of her property at her former home and has purchased valuable property in Newberry, with the intention of making this her future home."

Lacrosse Meeting.

A meeting of the Athletic Lacrosse Club will be held to-morrow, (Friday) evening at 8 o'clock, in the Club room, Dale Block, for the purpose of re-organizing for the season. We notice that Peterboro, Hastings, Norwood and other clubs in the district have already held their meetings, and are getting into shape to commence practice, and our boys here should lose no time in doing the same. Let there be a large attendance of every one interested in the game.

A Sad Death.

Tuesday the sad news reached friends in this village of the death that morning in Belleville of the young wife of Mr. James C. Vanornam, *nee* Minnie Francis, daughter of Mr. John Francis, of Madoc. She was but 28 years of age, and leaves two children, one an infant only a few days old. The funeral will take place to-day from the station on arrival of the train at 1:25 p.m. The sad news occasioned the most sincere expressions of sympathy in this village, where the deceased had spent her life.

Cheese Board Meeting.

Mr. Donald McKenzie, President of Madoc cheese board, has issued a circular to presidents of cheese factories throughout Madoc and adjoining townships, asking them to meet, with as many of their directors and patrons as can come, in the Masonic Hall, Madoc, on Saturday, the 21st of April, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The object is to discuss the new legislation regarding cheese factories, and other matters connected with this important industry, and for the re-organization of the Madoc Cheese Board for the coming season. It is highly important that there should be a larges turn-out of cheesemen, and all interested are invited to be present. The President of the Eastern Dairymen's Association will be present and deliver an address.

The C. O. R.

A correspondent from Bancroft writes as follows to the Intelligencer regarding the northern railway:—

The Central Ontario Railway, completed as far as Coe Hill, only, has done a wonderful amount of business for us in the north this season; a score or two of teams are daily employed in removing grain and merchandise from the cars at Rathbun Station, in fact teams cannot be obtained to remove the amount that arrives in the cars and the sidings do not accommodate the number of loaded cars arriving daily. Were the railway company wise enough or rich enough to make use of the bounty of $3,200 per mile offered by the Dominion Government to Bancroft and extend their line to that place, they would have return traffic instead of sending back so many cars empty.

An "Extensive" Purchase

The young ladies of the St. John's Church Sewing Society recently got a very long start on one of the leading village philanthropists, Mr. Geo. H. Brown. As one of our most liberal young men he was urgently solicited to "buy something" at one of their recent sales, and with a view to the practical he gave his order for—a pair of socks, "good big ones!" In due time the socks were delivered to him. He was more than satisfied with their size; in fact he has not tried them on as yet as he is still engaged in looking them over. We had the rare privilege of viewing them the other evening, and must say that as feet encasers they are marvels of engineering skill, and a great credit to the ladies who designed them. The leg of each one is about four feet long, and big enough to take the owner in up to his neck. They are striped, ribbed and gathered in the most approved fashion, and the actual value of the yarn and time in making them cost George an elegant Traders' V. He will probably utilize one of them as a "tender" in his summer fishing excursions and the other will make him a handsome toboggan suit next winter.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

Right House

VISITORS SURPRISED!
BUYERS DELIGHTED!

Fine Goods at Cost Prices do the Work.

We are reaching out for more trade with

IRRESISTABLE INDUCEMENTS

beyond the whisper of competition or comparison. Come and see for yourself, at the RIGHT HOUSE.

J. C. DALE.

N. B.—Terms at this store, Strictly Cash.

DON'T FORGET

The table. Of course we know you will not, but we thought we would remind you that we have

A DAINTY STOCK

of choice Groceries, which should claim your attention at this time. We have many

New Delicacies

which will satisfy the taste of the most critical epicure. And we have a

NICE FRESH STOCK

of Staple Goods which we are selling at prices that leave only a very small margin of profit.

Choice Teas, Aromatic Coffee.

All kinds of this season's

CANNED GOODS

and a fine stock of all the requisites for a Christmas Pudding. If low prices for standard goods will please you, send your orders.

GRAY & McGREGOR, MADOC.

CANADA PERMANENT
Loan and Savings Com'y
Established 1855.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Stock Capital, $3,000,000.
Total Assets, $3,700,000.

The Company Lends Money on Real Estate at lowest current rates of interest and on favorable terms of re-payment.

Mortgages and Debentures Purchased. No Commission. No Delay. Expenses Moderate.

Apply to J. HERBERT MASON, Managing Director, Toronto.

Or to **E. D. O'FLYNN,** Appraiser at Madoc.

CHEESE = FACTORY

WORK, such as

Steam Fitting, Boilers, Vats, Presses, Hoops, Whey Cans, etc.

IS A SPECIALTY OF

M. W. CONNOR & Co.

so be sure and see them before placing your orders for the coming spring.

They also carry **Factory Supplies,** such as

RENNET EXTRACT. COLORING, CHEESE CLOTH, SCALEBOARDS

etc. We make a specialty in first class

MILK—CANS

so parties wishing them will find it to their advantage to call on

Madoc, March, 1888. **M. W. CONNOR & Co.**

VICK'S Floral Guide

Is a work of nearly 200 pages, colored plates, 1,000 Illustrations, with descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, prices of SEEDS and Plants, and how to get and grow them. Printed in English and German. Price only 10 cents, which may be deducted from the first order.

BUY ONLY VICK'S SEEDS, AT HEADQUARTERS.
JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N. Y.

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

FARM.

Farm Machinery

The aged farmer of to-day will tell how he cut all the grain with a sickle, a tool that dates back to ancient times. When the grain cradle was invented a tremendous stride was made. When man could cut and lay in a neat swath, heads all one way, two to five acres of grain a day, it seemed as though perfection had been attained, and as if nothing better or more expeditious could be hoped or wished for. Put the hand scythe has been displaced by the mowing machine which cuts, with one man and a team, five to eight acres in half a day, to be drawn in during the afternoon; and the hand rake, too, has gone, so painful to the memory of the boy on the farm when he had to "rake after" the wagon while two pitchers were loading. That and spreading hay in the forenoon, gave the boy of a dozen years plenty to do, and made him dread the approach of haying. The boy of to-day as he rides the tedder and horse-rake, thinks spreading and raking hay "just fun."

The busy housewife of those old years sat up late in the night by the dim flicker of a tallow dip, while she plied her needle industriously to prepare raiment for her family out of material that she had spun and woven herself, that had been grown upon the farm. To-day the merry clatter of the sewing machine is heard, and the making of a garment is the matter of an hour or so. The stride that has been made in the perfecting of agricultural tools is, as we look back, simply bewildering. To-day the farmer is not satisfied with the reaper, considering it slow; he sits upon his binder that takes in a swath six or eight feet wide, and cuts and binds 50 to 100 acres of wheat ready to be cleaned with an immense steam thrasher, that thrashes 1,000 or 1,200 bushels of wheat in a day. When plowing, he rides on a sulky. When he plants his corn, instead of a gang of men and boys with hoes and baskets to do irregular and uneven work, he rides his planter, which marks, drops and covers his corn with evenness and precision many acres in a day, and the cultivation of the crop is done with approved machinery so that the hand-hoe is a tool unknown in the cornfield. While such rapid advancement in the preparation of the soil, and the cultivation and gathering of the crops has been made, there has been no change, I am sorry to say, no machine yet invented that will milk a cow. Could a machine be made that will successfully do the work of three or four milkers when operated by one person, it would seem that the dairy farmer had just caught a glimpse of the millennium. But such a device, judging from the many flat failures in this direction, will, I fear, never be invented.

Well, as the thrifty farmer who owns 100 or 150 acres must have machinery to do his work expeditiously and well, first of all, in the spring he will need a plow. If he can afford the luxury, let it be one on wheels; but, anyway, it should be a chilled plow. Then he doesn't have to worry half a day or so and perhaps use some big words, because his plow doesn't scour. As for harrows, he can ride or not; I cannot advise what to buy there are so many good ones, each having some special good point over its rivals. A land roller I wouldn't want to be without. It puts the land in splendid condition for the reaper to pick up down grain and for the mowing machine. Many farmers are putting the corn plow aside and using cultivators. These are also built on wheels and with two horses do rapid and effective work.

Farmers are also learning that farm wagons with broad tires four to six inches wide, are far superior to those with the ordinary wheels; that in them a heavy load can be drawn over the farm on the yielding soil with much greater ease. In planting corn a marker is used at least one way, and the corn is dropped with a planter. For sowing grass seed in the spring, some build have a hand broadcast seeder, or a wheelbarrow seeder. This enables one man to do effectually the uncertain work of two or three. He, of course, wishes to get his hay in early and do it quickly. Well, he will need a self-dumping horse rake and a good mowing machine. Those that cut five feet or over are coming into favor, as they enable one to cut all that is necessary in the early part of the forenoon and get more sun. A tedder is also indispensable, as hay cures very rapidly when stirred by it. Hay-loaders don't take, at least not in this section yet; but a large barn and a horse-fork are positive necessities. A grapple-fork that will pitch long or short hay will be used in this county.

In the grain field the farmer who owns a light reaper makes quick work of harvesting his grain if the weather is pleasant, but with little waste of grain.

When it comes to thrashing, it does not pay the ordinary farmer to invest in a machine, as thrashing is usually done by men who purchase an expensive machine and go from farm to farm making quick work of it at each place. Some of these men own a buzz-saw, and in early spring go around and saw up farmers' wood-piles.

I have mentioned the necessary implements that should be on the farm of the wide-awake farmer; but there are a number of special machines that he can buy to expedite business, such as a potato planter, and potato-digger. A good fodder cutter, too, so the farm team can have a variety of feed, is a necessity, and so perhaps are many other things that I might speak of, but with the array of tools I have mentioned, with the addition of a drain drill which I came near forgetting, a farmer will find himself pretty well equipped for a season's work.

M. H. C. Gardner.

The Hen vs The Incubator.

I see that Mr. Jacobs gives a sketch and description of a hot-water incubator on page 850 of last year's Rural. I have one very nearly like it, and it hatches chicks nicely when it is faithfully and regularly attended to; but I want to say that the person who makes this incubator with the expectation that it will almost run itself and hatch out chicks by the dozen, will be awfully disappointed. I have never been able to obtain a satisfactory hatch with this machine unless I changed a certain quantity of the water once in every eight hours during the whole period of incubation.

To the novice this seems easy enough to do; but actual trial will cause him to change his mind. He must make his calculations to forego all sprees, parties, prolonged visits, extra naps, circuses, etc., etc., and to be on hand promptly at the regular hour and with the water hot, or he will have the pain of recording a dismal failure. Two persons who thoroughly understand each other, and are each willing to do their full share promptly, can attend to the requirements of such an incubator quite comfortably.

Of course, a person who makes poultry raising his sole occupation during the whole or a portion of the year will expect to attend to his duties as regularly as a clock, regardless of everything else. But the supposition is that such a person will run the business on a scale sufficiently large to pay him for the whole of his time.

Another thing:—The average novice thinks he can place the machine in the living-room, or near the kitchen stove, and thus have everything right under his thumb. He may do so if his olfactories are in such a disordered condition that he cannot distinguish offensive odors, but if his nose is as sensitive as mine, he will pitch the thing out of the window inside of two weeks. No matter how nice and clean it is kept, its exhalations will tend to create rebellion and anarchy in the household.

"Then I'll put it on the back porch, in the wood shed, barn, poultry house, or granary!" says the tyro. In all of those places the temperature dances up and down 10 to 40 degrees daily, and I can confidently assure him that if he puts his machine in any one of them, he can count his chicks on the fingers of one hand.

"Then where can I put it?" he asks, dispairingly. If your cellar is reasonably dry, and nobody kicks, you can put it there, and expect it to do good work. If you have a small out-building that can be double-boarded with building paper between, and which has close-fitting door and windows, you may put it in that, and it will perform satisfactorily. In such a place a lighted lamp will keep the temperature about right during cold weather. But after all, it is better to have a building especially constructed for the purpose, to be heated by stove—either coal or oil (I use an oil stove for heating both water and the room) and lighted and ventilated in a suitable manner. Whether it would pay the ordinary farmer to erect such a building and fit it up with the necessary apparatus is a question. I am strongly inclined to think it would not, at least not while hens are so willing to sit, and so able to do a satisfactory job so cheaply as they now are.

I know the value of incubators to the man who makes poultry raising a special business, and I know something of the perplexing difficulties which beset the person who undertakes to engineer one and attend to the regular chores and the thousand and one odd jobs that are always bobbing up on a farm, and I have come to the conclusion, that, after all, the old hen is the cheapest, safest, easiest managed and most satisfactory incubator for the farmer, even if she does sometimes act a little cranky, and that he had better stick to her.

It is true she rarely wants to sit when the weather is at zero, and eggs are almost as scarce as diamonds in a sand bank; but when grass grows, and worms begin to offer inducements to early birds, the old hen with her hungry family, is generally on hand to partake sumptuously thereof.

But while the old hen is the best hatching machine in existence, she is "no good" to brood and care for early hatched chicks. A good brooder will double discount her in keeping the little fellows in that dry and warm condition necessary to health and rapid growth. A chick that is exposed to either wet or cold ceases to grow, and if it survives it is certain to be more or less stunted.

I make all early sitters sit six weeks, and hatch two settings of eggs. Then I put them into a pen with a cock a few days, feeding them all they can eat, then turn them out with the flock, and in a few days they are laying again. Their chicks are raised in a brooder.

A Big Price for a Tree.

Curly walnut is highly valued by veneer makers, if it contains the right kind of figure. A curious story comes from West Virginia about a curly walnut log. A woodman found a tree somewhere in the region about Kanawha Falls that he concluded was very valuable. He secured a sample and forwarded it to a handler of such wood in Baltimore. The result was that the discoverer received an offer for the tree, probably amounting to $2,000. Subsequently the Baltimore man sold a share of the chance to an Indianapolis dealer, who opened negotiations with the woodsman for possession of the prize, at length going to West Virginia to prosecute the enterprize. When the affair had reached this stage the woodsman concluded that the tree was worth $3,000, and demanded that sum for it, or he would not yield up his knowledge. Seeing that the Indianapolis man was bound to find the tree, if possible, the discoverer cut it down and buried it in the earth. A thorough search has, as yet, failed to reveal the hiding-place of the log, and the man who holds the secret declares that nothing but $3,000 will bring it to the surface.

Remember the Mothers.

It is the mother who is the regulator of the home-life—it is her words and ways which must be the main influence in the lives of the little children, for a working-man can of necessity see but little of his children—it is she who is responsible for the household arrangements of the family, and if she regards the considerations of comfort, decency and order as of little or no importance, then the home will be devoid of those safeguards of virtue which are necessary for the well-being of the family. But how are we to reach the mothers? . . Ladies have said to me, "I should feel as if I were interfering if I began to broach on such subjects as are mentioned on the card." But those who have gone in and out amongst mothers will tell a different story; if we approach them as mother speaking to mother, both anxious for their own children's welfare in this world and the next, many a helpful hint may be dropped, many an encouraging word may be spoken; and undoubtedly we shall learn as much as we teach, for the lives of these working-women have much, much to teach us.

Great Catches of Eels.

Numerous huge conger eels killed by the frost have been washed up on the southern coast of England. Some of them weighed fully seventy pounds, being seven feet long and twenty four inches in circumference. No similar occurrence has been known since the Crimean war, so say old fishermen. Extraordinary catches of live eels are also being made in the English channel. Upwards of ten tons were landed in one day at Folkestone and sent to London market. Some of the eels were of enormous size.

HOUSEHOLD.

Housecleaning, &c.

That season of the year is approaching when the "lords of creation" are, according to their own way of thinking, peculiarly tried. It is generally believed that wash and scrub day is man's especial aversion, but in comparison with the anguish he experiences during the house-cleaning period, this day is but a drop in his cup of misery. I do not think, myself, that it is exactly pleasant for a man to come home to dinner, tired and hungry, and find a meal not wholly tempting, a wife heated and worried, a house tumbled and torn topsy-turvy from garret to cellar—but then, dear sir, who suffers most, you from the unpleasant surroundings, or your wife with all this work and care on her weary hands and brain? Undoubtedly you will answer, "she." Then why do you, when after dinner she asks you to bring a few bucketfuls of water, give her a gruff denial, and like as not lay yourself down for an hour's rest, while the wife you have promised to love and cherish lugs the big pails of water from a distant spring or a hard-working pump? You "have not time" either, it, in the "between times," she asks you to hang an unwieldy picture, adjust a high curtain pole or dust the heavy carpets. You seem to forget that at this busy season your hard-working wife, as well as you, has an extra burden thrown upon her, and it is not at all likely that she is as able to bear an additional weight of toil and trouble as you with your sound health, your strong arms and your brave heart. If your wife does ask you to do too much (and some wives do, I know,) if you really cannot find time for all these helpful jobs, why, in the name of mercy, can you not wear a cheerful countenance, and use kind words and pleasant tones in answering her request? That would be more husband-like, sure! Your wife may be a little fretful, not quite so tidy and somewhat exacting at this particular time of this particular season, but when the rubbing, scrubbing, polishing spell is over, you, as well as she, will enjoy the blessedness of a clean and orderly home. And there is comfort in that. It may not put food in the stomach and clothes on the back, but it is one of the accessories of civilized life which marks the line between human nature and the brute. The unpropitious state of temper into which the house-cleaning epoch precipitates the average home "lord" is proverbial, and I need not dwell upon the truth and unreasonableness of it any further, more than to say that it does not assuredly indicate the character of a true man, a good husband, and a genuine Christian. It means nothing more or less than selfishness with every letter inscribed in the biggest and blackest capitals.

I have observed that with the advent of spring there is another source of bitter wrangling and bickering in some homes. With the flowers that bloom in the spring and with the potted plants that bloom in the winter, also, the seed of discord is sometimes sown between a husband and wife which grows into a mighty tree, prospers and spreads its branches over the inner home life until death, with the mallock of remorse, and the axe of forgetfulness, roots up, hews it to pieces and casts it forever from that home. It is hard for the refined and beauty-loving husband to believe that there are men who cultivate an inborn dislike for plants and flowers. From the violet blossoming in its simplicity, to the water lily growing and blooming in all its queenly grace, no flower finds favor in their eyes.

Now when one of these flower-hating "lords" is united in marriage to a woman of æsthetic tastes, the budding and growing spring time is looked forward to by both and especially by the wife with an nervous apprehension. The vines must be trained, the bushes and shrubbery trimmed, fresh earth and sod are needed for the flower beds, &c. Such laborious work the wife is unable to do and she cannot be happy without her "dear flowers;" so she appeals to the family "bear" for help. He grewls, grumbles and snarls in a manner characteristic of the species. Then there are harsh words, eyes red with weeping and at least one sore heart. Not often more than one, though, for the man that can so brutally trample upon his wife's dearest wishes is not in possession of such an article. If he has one, it is a little, mean, contracted, wrinkled-up thing, with room in it for nothing but a magnified image of the owner's worth. I hope there are not many such, but there are a few, for I have met them, talked with them, observed their actions, and noted this particular trait. If you, "my lord," do think that the work of tending flowers is "nonsense" and a "waste of time," do you suppose that all your tastes and habits are congenial to and approved of by your wife? Ten chances to one you are a slave to tobacco; your wife abhors it. Nevertheless you fill the house with smoke, the spittoons with nauseous quids and juices, and your breath and clothes with an unsavory odor. You may have other disagreeable habits and "queer" tastes, too. Your wife, if she is a true wife, tolerate your sinless foibles, and encourages your lawful tastes for the sake of the love she bears you. If you are a true husband you will do likewise. We do not all have the same tastes and desires. It is not unusual to find that what the wife dotes upon, the husband despises; what he loves, she loathes. The man who has taken upon himself the duties and responsibilities of married life should not forget this fact, and should remember also that in every happy home, forbearance is the animating spirit and love is the chief staple.

Aunt Ancient.

Bed Quilts for Invalids.

If you have an invalid friend to whom you desire to make a present of some work of your own hands, none can possibly be more acceptable than a knit or crocheted bed quilt. As to their warmth and perfect ventilation they are unequalled. Then the bit of color is cheering to sick persons, and the patterns will interest them, and help to pass some dreary moments. They can be either in stripes or squares or diamonds, but the colors of either of these must be soft and cool rather than gay or bright—alternate shades of pale gray, dove, or fawn, or light maize, or delicate puce, with pale blue or soft sea green and clariet with a judicious mixture of black and white, and any other of the many beautiful shades that now come in wools. A very little pumpkin yellow may be introduced in connection with black, and a dull shade of electric blue verging on gray. Have four threaded fleecy or double Berlin wool and a crochet needle number five. If you do not mind a heavy piece of work set up twenty stitches for a stripe and the same number will do for a square. There are many fancy stitches that are good and effective but afghan or tricot stitch is the best, as it is easily and quickly done and is warm. But to vary this you may have one stripe in tufted tricot. You can embroider the light stripes or squares in any figures that you choose—a bright star, a light running vine, or a conventional design of any sort that taste may dictate—or you may leave it plain at your own sweet will. Crocheted squares after directions for an afghan, given in a late number of the *Country Gentleman* by "Meddlesome Mattie," would make a handsome bed spread, and could do very well under the name of the Harlequin as well as a pattern knit of diamonds, which are knit in garter stitch. Cast on one stitch for the first row, widening each row, at the beginning of each needle until you have twenty stitches, when narrow by knitting two together at the beginning of each row until you are down to one; join together with black. For a border, knit a sufficient number of half diamonds to go around the quilt, of all the colors there are in the quilt, and the same number of half diamonds in black, which fit in the others so as to insure a plain edge all around.

Here is one more strip which is equally pretty for a quilt or pillow, &c. Set up seven stitches, in crochet, raise seven stitches, including the one in your needle. Work back by drawing your wool through one, then through two, through four, through four, through two.

Second row—Pick up the first long loop in front, then the one in chain between the next two long loops, then draw the wool through the little chain at the back of the group of four long, next through the chain between the two long loops and lastly, through the last two long loops and you have again seven loops in your needle. Repeat these two rows until your stripe is long enough; join with black. Crochet a border around it in large shells with black and pumpkin yellow, mixed.

For a child's quilt, take a quantity of old Christmas, Easter, or other cards, arrange them in rows on soft silesia so that they may be folded up easily. Or you can have them in this way: Have dark blue and red twilled muslin, join it in stripes the width of your cards, and marked off in squares. Then in alternate squares tack a card, leaving a blue and red square between, and the effect will be very pleasing. Line with some pretty cretonne; those with landscapes would be especially pretty. Then you can turn it over when one side fails of pleasing, and have a fresh source of amusement.

Aunt Addie.

Notes.

Whiting or ammonia in the water is preferable to soap for cleaning windows or paint.

The lustre of morocco may be restored by varnishing it with the white of an egg. Apply with a sponge.

To stop the bleeding of a wound set a mass of woollen rags on fire and hold the afflicted part over them in the smoke.

The most effectual remedy for slimy and greasy drains and pipes is copperas discolored and left to work gradually through the pipes.

To remove the grease from coat collars and the glossy look from the elbows and seams, rub with a cloth dipped in ammonia.

A tea made of ripe or dried whortleberries, and drank in the place of water, is a speedy cure for many forms of scrofulous difficulties.

When laid away for any length of time, linen should be washed, rough dried without bluing, and laid in loose folds without much weight on it.

A Belgian gardener contends that after trying the various special manufactured insecticides, he is convinced that tobacco juice in its different forms is still the best remedy.

Boiled potatoes ought to be laid out on a plate, and are then as good for frying or mashing as they were freshly cooked. If left heaped up they will often spoil in one night.

A lump of soda laid upon the drain pipe down which waste water passes will prevent the clogging of the pipe with grease, especially if the pipe is flooded every week with boiling water.

A Chicago father offered his bookkeeper, a well educated young man, $25 if he could learn the school lessons set for a girl 12 years of age in the time allotted her, and the bookkeeper made a failure of it.

Wife (pleadingly)—I'm afraid, George, you do not love me as well as you used to. Husband—Why? Wife—Because you always let me get up to light the fire. Husband—Nonsense, my love. Your getting up to light the fire makes me love you all the more.

Prof. Tyndall has proved that atmospheric germs can not pass through a layer of cotton, and it is new said that preserved fruit may be kept in perfect condition by covering the jar with cotton batting. Putrefaction is caused by minute atmospheric germs. These are expelled by cooking, and the cotton batting prevents their return when the fruit cools.

When you are particularly anxious to attend the concert or party of the season, and feel that pricking pain and see the fatal little spot of red on the eyelid that surely foretells the coming of a sty, have no fears for the result, but put in a small bag a teaspoonful of black tea, on which pour enough boiling water to moisten; as soon as cool enough put it on the eye and let it remain until morning. The sty will, in all probability, be gone; if not, one more application will be certain to remove it.

Ivy Poisoning.—The best of all remedies is hot water. All other remedies that I have tried, (and I have tried many) only aggravated the poison, but hot water, as hot as can be borne, affords instant relief. It must be applied every hour or two, or as often as the itching returns. In a couple of days a cure is effected. Poison sumac yields to the same treatment. The inflammation, and with it the itching and burning are allayed at once. I am poisoned dozens of times every year, but suffer no inconvenience except the trouble of applying the hot water.—*Cor. Scientific American.*

I hope you employ your whole time, which few people do; I call company, walking, riding, etc., employing one's time, and upon proper occasion, very usefully; but what I can not forgive is sauntering, and doing nothing at all with a thing so precious as time, and so irrecoverable when lost.—*Chesterfield.*

THE FREIGHT BRAKESMAN.

Many Hardships of His Life in Cold Weather.

A Harrisburg, Pa., correspondent says:—On one of the very coldest and stormiest days of this winter I was in the office of a Pennsylvania railroad official overlooking a vast yard of endless switches and siddings, over which shifting trains and locomotives were moving like so many huge sluddices. A rugged-looking young man, wearing a cap, a rusty blue reefing jacket, a blue flannel shirt and baggy trousers stuffed in high rubber boots, entered the office, took off his cap and, as soon as he could get his breath, thus addressed the official:—

"I want to leave my name for the job o' brakin' on freight train 30. Jimmy Riley's out of it. He just got cut in two up in the yard. The train was comin' in purty lively, an' the cars was icy on top. The engineer whistled for brakes an' Jimmy started to run over the top o' the train. He slipped and fell betwixt two cars. He hit on the bumper an' grabbed to save himself, but he couldn't ketch nothin', an' dropped on to the rail. Both trucks went over him. Me an' another feller was there, an' we started for here as fast as we could get to ask for Jimmy's place. I got here first, an' I'd like the job first rate, if you could give it to me.

The railroad official promised to hold the application for consideration, and the man went out evidently well pleased.

"There is no calling," said the official when the man had gone, "so beset with danger and hardships as that of a railroad brakesman, especially on long freight trains; and yet, if there should be twenty brakesmen killed on this or any other road to-day there would be as many applicants for each man's place as soon as the news of his death became known. The man who was just here was an eye-witness of Riley's frightful death, and yet whatever impression it made upon him was lost in appreciation of the fact that the dead man had left a place to be filled by some one else. This prompted him to act at once, and he lost not a second in securing all the advantage priority of application might give him.

"Every railroad has hanging about its yards and stations a small army of these anxious applicants for chances to step into dead men's shoes. They are chiefly men who have followed railroading all their lives, and who have lost their jobs for some cause. Railroading is a good deal like politics. If a man gets into it once he isn't worth a snap for anything else. And so if he gets out of it he is constantly on the lookout for the opportunity that he believes must come to let him in again. There isn't one among this class of men I refer to who does not feel genuine sorrow when a railroad man is killed, and not one of them would hesitate to risk his own life to save that of any trainman in danger, although he might be sure that the death of that man would give him a long hoped-for place on the road; yet they haunt the tracks and the station yards day after day, watching the switching and the coming and going of trains, knowing that sooner or later some one of the men on those trains is bound to be killed or maimed into helplessness. It seems that there were only two of these men near to witness the shocking death of Riley to-day, and when others hear of it and that an application for Riley's place was put in an hour or so ahead of them they will bemoan the hard luck that kept them from being present when the accident occurred and robbed them of an equal chance in reaching my ear first. It is by no means likely that the young man who was just here will be hired, although he may. If he isn't given Riley's place it will not break his faith nor that of any of his kind in the importance of having early intelligence of fatal accidents to trainmen and of being early in my office with the news and the application, or, if the accident occurs somewhere else, at the office of the one in authority there."

I walked through the railroad yard and to the spot where poor Jimmy Riley was killed. His mangled body had been taken away. A grimy, one-armed switchman pointed out to me where the unfortunate brakeman fell on the rail and explained how it all happened.

"This has been a hard winter on 'em," said the switchman. "Jimmy makes four this week so far. Three of 'em was took just like him, and t'other un was flattened 'twixt the bumpers while he was couplin'. I couldn't tell you how many has been caught up along this line, but I've been noticin' that there's a good many strange brakesmen on some of the trains that comes in. There's five fellows in three gangs alone that I don't know. I haven't had the heart to ask where the old hands are, for I s'pose I'd be told that this one had been knocked off his car by a bridge, and that one had missed a couplin' an got the bumpers, an' that another one had slipped from the roof, like Jimmy jist now, an so on. It may be, though, that some of them are only laid up with a few fingers off or an arm twisted out of the sockets or a foot run over and smashed, or some little thing like that.

"What makes brakin' so dangerous? A good many things. For instance, there's couplin'. That's always at the top notch of dangerous from one New Year to another, every day in the year, year in an' year out. Just now the ice an' snow on the cars is dangerous. It isn't an easy thing for a man to run along the tops of cars going 20 miles an hour, even when there is no ice on the boards an' the wind is light. But when you take it like it has been for a week or so, with the car roofs like glass, and the wind tearing along faster than the train does, I want you to know that there's got to be nerve in a man for him to climb up the top of a car and run over half a dozen or so every time the engineer calls for brakes. Then, mind you, a brakesman has no right to ride anywhere but on his car, no matter if the snow is falling on him by the ton or rain drenching him or hail a-pelting him like hot shot. Then he's apt in the night to run his head against some bridge that spans the track. But couplin' is what carries the most of them away. I used to be a freight brakesman myself, and one day I stepped between two cars to couple them, having at the time two as good arms as anybody ever had. When I came to my senses my right arm was gone. The bumpers took it off. These link and pin couplers are what ruins the boys. Every brakesman knows that just for having to do that he has to pay six times as much for insuring his life as the man that sits in a warm office and makes out the train way bills does. Then brake-chains is apt to part, too, when the brakesman is twisting up his wheel, and away goes the brakesman to the ground. If he don't get in under the wheels he's apt to get his head or his neck or his legs broken by the fall."

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADIAN.

Lord Lansdowne is expected to leave Canada in June.

The "bank combine" in Montreal has broken and the rate of discount is down to 6 per cent.

Principal Grant, of Queen's University, started from Kingston on [illegible]day for his voyage to Australia.

The Dominion Government have again under consideration the proposal to subsidize steamship lines to carry on direct trade with the West Indies and South America.

Sir Donald Smith, of the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company, is an accommodating kind of parent. When his daughter was married in Montreal the other day he testified his approval of her conduct by presenting her with a cheque for $2,000,000.

UNITED STATES.

Secretary Bayard has written a letter in reply to an invitation to address a meeting at Boston, in which he discusses and defends the Fishery Treaty.

It is estimated that already the strike on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railway had caused a loss of about $300,000 to the strikers, and of over one million dollars to the company.

Perhaps about as odd a prize as was ever contested for is one offered the New York State Sportsmen's Association for their coming annual meeting. It is a coffin, valued at $65, and is offered by an eccentric coffin manufacturer of Oswego.

The Envelope Trust has the nerve to send out circulars asking people not to buy the stamped envelope made by the United States Government. Burglars will be asking bankers to leave their safes unlocked next.

Miss Smiley Pressley was recently married to Mr. James Spittle, of Mathews, N. C. The bride is not quite 13 years old, and her mother consented to the marriage only on condition that the bridegroom must continue to send her to school. Of course he agreed to this, and the child became a wife.

Andrew J. Blackbird, an Indian chief at Harbor Springs, Mich., has written a book on the traditional history of the Ottawa and Chippewa tribes. It is written in the Indian tongue, and contains besides its historical part a complete system of grammar, in which the author says there are 1,241 forms of a single verb.

The farmers and stockmen in the upper part of the Mississippi Valley have decided to organize a trust for controlling the price of their produce. There is nothing inherently so absurd in such a movement as the average monopolist thinks. It is not necessary for *all* farmers to combine in order to cause the monopolists serious trouble. If a considerable number of them come together determined to act for their own good, the whole tariff-begotten system of trusts and monopolies will go down like a house of cards.

Leap year has no charm for Mrs. Frank Leslie, of New York, if all that is said of her be true. She is reported to have stated in a recent interview that, on an average, she declines two offers of marriage every day, her mail often containing whole batches of them. So many, in fact, are the requests for the hand of this handsome widow (with a large income) that she has been obliged to adopt a printed form of answer, which runs as follows:

SIR,—An offer of marriage is always a compliment. At least it is always intended as such, being the highest tribute of respect your sex can pay to mine. To me this compliment comes oftener than to most women, for the simple reason that my occupation draws me into contact with men of science, literature and art, as well as society and practical men of affairs. My life, however, is so full, so perfectly rounded, with its days of charming art-work and earnest endeavours, and its evenings crowded full of pleasure and amusement through the kindness of friends, that I have neither time nor thought of matrimony, and shall never marry unless a name be offered me niched higher in the temple of fame than that left me by my husband, of which I am a thousand times proud. And so, with many thanks for the honour you have done me, I beg to subscribe myself, what I shall probably be to the end,

Yours very truly,
MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

FOREIGN.

The highest recorded price for a Stradivarius violin is said to be $8,000.

Emperor William's will shows that his total savings do not exceed $12,500 000.

The Grand Cross of the Bath was the honor offered to and refused by Mr. Chamberlain.

All the countries represented at the sugar bounties conference, except France, have declared in favor of the abolition of the bounties.

The reported arming of sealers' crews for work in Behring's Sea was the subject of a question in the Imperial House of Commons the other day.

The French Court of Appeal has reversed the decision of the Lower Court, passing sentence on M. Wilson and his associates for complicity in the decoration scandals.

There is great suffering among the people in the rural districts of Spain owing to the severe weather. Many peasants have perished in the snow. Thaws have caused serious floods in the Ebro, Douro and Tagus valleys.

Whenever Emperor William went to his study window to acknowledge a military salute he invariably buttoned his coat. To a general who asked him why he was so ceremonious he said:—"The soldiers have never seen me with my coat unbuttoned, and they never shall. It is the one button left unbottoned that is the ruin of the army."

An English judge recently commuted the sentence of a prisoner to five years' imprisonment at hard labour instead of six months' imprisonment and two floggings. He thought the former sentence was more merciful.

A woman has a fair chance now of not marrying a drunkard in Waldeck, Germany. The legislature of the little principality has just passed a law forbidding the granting of a marriage license to a person addicted to the liquor habit.

It is a curious fact that while Queen Victoria speaks German in her home circle, the present German Empress disregards it in hers and uses English as much as possible. English is the fireside tongue of the Greek, Danish and Russian royal families.

A French bachelor advertised for a wife. A typographical error changed his age from 37 to 87, but it made no difference, for he received 250 applications from ladies ranging from the age of 16 to 60, and all promising love and devotion to the rest of his existence.

By the will of Paganini the only man who was permitted to touch his violin was his pupil, Sivori. The other day in Genoa, to which city the violin was bequeathed, Sivori tuned it up in the presence of some royal delegates, and after playing several tunes, put it back.

The Crown Prince Nicholas of Russia, who is now 17 years old, is described as an affectionate, warm-hearted boy who is a great favorite with every one, and who possesses democratic notions. At the same time he has his father's will, and does not like to have his plans interfered with.

Now that Frederick III. is safely seated on the imperial throne there can be no harm, writes Edmund Yates, in saying that his real reason for having declined to follow the advice of the German doctors and submit to a dangerous surgical operation was his anxiety to secure the position for his family at whatever cost to himself. This resolution was come to altogether independently of Dr. Mackenzie, and indeed before he was called in; but that eminent physician confirmed it on purely medical grounds which have never been impugned by any competent critic. On the other hand, the so-called Military party in Germany were anxious to induce the illustrious patient to put himself unreservedly in the hands of the surgeons. The precise motives for this zeal for his welfare may be understood by those who know that the proposed operation, even if successful, would have permanently disqualified the Crown Prince for the exercise of the duties of a sovereign. So determined was the attempt to bring him under the surgeon's knife in spite of himself, that Dr. Mackenzie, on arriving in Berlin in the evening, found all preparations made in the Neues Palais for a radical operation on the following morning, without the subject having been asked whether he would consent, or being in the least aware what was going on.

The Tramp and Pauper Class.

What is to be done with the ever incresing tramp and pauper class? There ought in such a country as this to be very few of this description. As a matter of fact, there are not many of them who are really deserving, and of that small section, there are few who get very much of the charitable help so liberally bestowed. The noisy, pushing, shameless and idle do-no-goods come always in for the lion's share of what is going, and the deserving go to the wall. Apparently there is little or no use in urging people not to give to beggars at the door, but to make thorough investigation of the facts before rendering assistance. The reply to such remonstrances is that there is no time for enquiry, and it is better to help twenty frauds than to let a deserving case be passed over. Well, the consequences is what is seen every day. Young, strong men go round seeking money for a bed and are generally successful, for otherwise they would drop the dodge. Children are sent out with baskets and evidently they get them filled. The whining pauper spirit is more and more developed and idle, lazy, loafing habits are more and more widely contracted. Mr. Hall, one of the most painstaking and earnest workers among the poor and dissipated in Toronto, lately expressed himself in the following words:—

"A main and ever-present idea in the minds of those charged with dispensing relief to the needy should be the avoidance of anything which tends to foster a spirit of dependence upon the charity of others. With the honest, industrious poor, temporarily out of employment, little trouble need be feared. It is with the lazy, the thriftless and the drunken that the difficulty arises. Men able, but not willing to work; men who loaf around and get drunk, who live as best they can, leaving wife and children to provide as best they may—and there are many such; wife-beaters, generally, who never work if they can help it; the devil's poor, to whom giving is worse than thrown away—indeed, some one has said to whom to give is to become partaker of their sins."

This is literally and sadly the truth. Many men would rather loiter about a city in the hope of living on charity than go out to the country to work for what they eat. The really deserving poor could easily be cared for. It is the undeserving that make all the trouble. It is all very well to speak of the inhumanity of those who won't help to feed and clothe other people's children, but it would be as well to see how those "other people" have tried to discharge their duties to their own flesh and blood. They seem always to find ways and means to get "a horn" and perhaps it would be the truest mercy to tell them to either get the other necessaries by the sweat of their brows, or die.

Ocean Steamship Passengers

Via New York should take the Erie railway, as it is not only the shortest and best line, but lands people close to the piers of the leading steamship companies. In buying tickets, ask for the Erie.

Young Wife—"John, mother says she wants to be cremated." Young Husband—"Tell her if she'll get on her things I'll take her down this morning."

Coff No More.

Watson's cough drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. See that the letters R. & T.W. are stamped on each drop.

Employer (sharply).—"Don't you see what's on the door?" Pat—"A bit of paper, sur." "It says 'Please shut the door.'" "Faith, I didn't hear it, sur."

Whenever your Stomach or Bowels get out of order, causing Billiousness, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, and their attendant evils, take at once a dose of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Best family medicine, All Druggists, 50 cents.

There is a mountain of coal in Wyoming Territory that has been burning for thirty years; yet if one were to take some of that same coal and put it in a house furnace or a kitchen range it would go out regularly every night.

Imitation

Is sometimes called the sincere form of flattery. This may account for the number of imitations of the original and only positive corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. All such fail to possess equal merit, so when purchasing get the genuine "Putnam's." Safe, sure and painless. All druggists.

The fact that the two-headed girl gets $75 a week from dime museums triumphantly establishes the truth of the old adage that two heads are better than one.

CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER restores grey and faded hair to its natural color and prevents falling out.

Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged.

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, and all affections of the Kidneys.

A NERVE TONIC.

GEORGE W. BOUTON, STAMFORD, CONN., says:
"For two years I was a sufferer from nervous debility, and I thank God and the discoverer of the valuable remedy that PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND cured me. *It is* a valuable remedy. Long *may* it live. Let any one write to me for advice."

AN ALTERATIVE.

ALONZO ABBOTT, WINDSOR, VT., says:
"I believe PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND saved my life. My trouble seemed to be an internal humor. Before I used it I was covered with an eruption from "head to heel." The eruption is rapidly healing, and I am five hundred per cent. better every way."

A LAXATIVE.

A. C. BEAN, WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT., says:
For two years past I have been a great sufferer from kidney and liver troubles, attended with dyspepsia and constipation. Before I began to take CELERY COMPOUND it seemed as though *everything* ailed me. Now I can say *nothing* ails me.

A DIURETIC.

GEORGE ABBOTT, SIOUX CITY, IOWA, says:
"I have been using PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND and it has done me more good for kidneys and lame back than any other medicine I have ever taken.

Hundreds of testimonials have been received from persons who have used this remedy with remarkable benefit. Send for circular.

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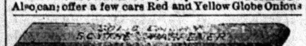

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DR. GRAY'S Specific has been used for the past fifteen years, with great success, in the treatment of Nervous Debility, and all diseases arising from excesses, over-worked brain, loss of vitality, ringing in the ears, palpitation, etc. For sale by all druggists. Price $1 per box, or 6 boxes for $5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Pamphlet on application.
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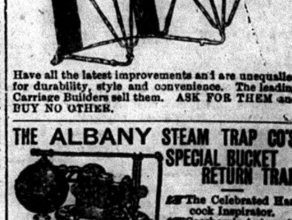

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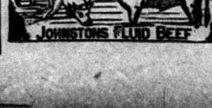

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FOR INVALIDS AND CONVALESCENTS.

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COUNTY NEWS.

May 4th is Arbor day in Ontario.

Horse distemper is very prevalent in P. E. county.

Belleville shows 14 births, 5 marriages and 10 deaths during March.

A Huyck, Bloomfield, fooling with an axe received an ugly gash on his face.

H. N. Moran, Big Island, on 26th of March sowed 25 busbels of oats and 4 bushel of wheat.

John Ryder, Brighton township, in his 80th year, lately outran a coon and killed it with a stick.

Two cows that were half-starved during the winter, died in Seymour the other day when over-fed.

Mr. James Ferris, ex-M. P. P., has been appointed police magistrate for Northumberland and Durham,

Jacob Salisbury, an old resident of Huntingdon, aged 74 years, was found dead in his bed one day last week.

Colonel John Kilborn, of Newboro, aged 94 years died on the 25th ult. He was one of the veterans of 1812.

Darling, a loafer of Brockville, who beat his child to death, has been sent for ten years to Kingston penitentiary.

A school teacher in Cramahe township was lately fined $1 and costs for striking one of his pupils four times in the face.

Brighton is again aroused over the subject of railway building, the latest speculation being a road from that village to Collingwood.

The Canadian Wheelmen's Association is to meet this year in Belleville. About six hundred members are expected to assemble there.

The work on the Murry canal is progressing very nicely, says the Brighton *Ensign*. The working of machinery and men make quite a lively scene and above all is the continual roar of the blasting explosions as they thunder away in rapid succession.

The Belleville *Intelligencer* says preparations are already being made here for the rafting of timber on a large scale. The probability is—so favorable has been the experience of those who have rafted their timber here—that more timber will be brought to Belleville by rail for rafting than was ever herefore brought to the bay. The industry is a highly important one, as it involves the expenditure in our city and in the surrounding country of a large sum for labor and material; and it is only in its infancy, as when the Grand Trunk complete their line to the Sault, Belleville will become the greatest timber rafting port in Ontario.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Luxuriant Hair

Can only be preserved by keeping the scalp clean, cool, and free from dandruff, and the body in a healthful condition. The great popularity of **Ayer's Hair Vigor** is due to the fact that it cleanses the scalp, promotes the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out, and gives it that soft and silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

Frederick Hardy, of Roxbury, Mass., a gentleman fifty years of age, was fast losing his hair, and what remained was growing gray. After trying various dressings with no effect, he commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "It stopped the falling out," he writes; "and, to my great surprise, converted my white hair (without staining the scalp) to *the same shade of brown* it had when I was 25 years of age."

Ten Years Younger.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, of Boston, writes: "For years, I was compelled to wear a dress cap to conceal a bald spot on the crown of my head; but now I gladly lay the cap aside, for your Hair Vigor is bringing out a new growth. I could hardly trust my senses when I first found my hair growing; but there it is, and I am delighted. *I look ten years younger.*"

A similar result attended the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor by Mrs. O. O. Prescott, of Charlestown, Mass., Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., Mrs. J. J. Burton, of Bangor, Me., and numerous others.

The loss of hair may be owing to impurity of the blood or derangement of the stomach and liver, in which case, a course of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** or of **Ayer's Pills**, in connection with the Vigor, may be necessary to give health and tone to all the functions of the body. At the same time, it cannot be too strongly urged that none of these remedies can do much good without a persevering trial and strict attention to cleanly and temperate habits.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

A Chance for Investment.

A large number of accounts due the proprietor of THE REVIEW up to the time he retired from the office a year ago, and which yet remain unpaid, will be offered for sale through these columns as soon as the list can be prepared. The accounts include advertising and job-work, but are principally for subscriptions. The total amount embraces between $600 and $700; the parties are nearly all good, and the claims will be sold to the highest bidder, as we must have the cash, and cannot let these old accounts become mixed up with our new business. Names and amounts will be given as soon as possible.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Dangerous Counterfeits.

Counterfeits are always dangerous, more so that they always closely imitate the original in appearance and name. The remarkable success achieved by Nasal Balm as a positive cure for Catarrh and Cold in the Head has induced unprincipled parties to imitate it. The public are cautioned not to be deceived by nostrums imitating Nasal Balm in name and appearance, bearing such names as Nasal Cream, Nasal Balsam, etc. Ask for Nasal Balm and do not take imitation dealers may urge upon you. For sale by all druggists or sent post-paid on receipt of price (50c and $1) by addressing Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

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My display of Millinery and Fancy Goods discounts anything ever seen in Madoc.

New Goods, Latest Styles, Prices Right. Don't fail to see them before ordering.

We actually keep the largest stock of

Trimmed Hats & Bonnets

in Town.

A splendid variety of Holiday Notions now on hand.

MISS L. ELLIOTT.

Wilson Block, Madoc.

New Goods at

THE 4 BIG

Mrs. Wright's Block. Durham Street.

MADOC, - ONT.

The following goods taken into Stock last week, and will be sold at Mill Prices for this month.

20 Pieces Grey Cotton at	4c	worth	5c.
20 do do	5c	"	6c.
20 do do	7c	"	8c.
20 do do	8c	"	9c.
20 do do	9c	"	10c.
20 Pieces Shirting—fast colors—at	12½	"	15.
10 do Cottonade at	20	"	25.
20 do Lilac Prints—fast—at	10	"	12½
20 Dozen Linen Towels at	10	"	12½

All the above Goods were bought away down in Price as Cottons are advancing, so you are getting a rare chance if you buy your Spring Cottons now at

Big Bargains in Dress Goods.

THE 4 BIG Madoc.

No Universal Remedy

has yet been discovered; but, as at least four-fifths of human diseases have their source in **Impure Blood**, a medicine which restores that fluid from a depraved to a healthy condition comes as near being a universal cure as any that can be produced. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** affects the blood in each stage of its formation, and is, therefore, adapted to a greater variety of complaints than any other known medicine.

Boils and Carbuncles,

which defy ordinary treatment, yield to Ayer's Sarsaparilla after a comparatively brief trial.

Mr. C. K. Murray, of Charlottesville, Va., writes that for years he was afflicted with boils which caused him much suffering. These were succeeded by carbuncles, of which he had several at one time. He then began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles, the carbuncles disappeared, and for six years he has not had even a pimple.

That insidious disease, **Scrofula**, is the fruitful cause of innumerable complaints, **Consumption** being only one of many equally fatal. Eruptions, ulcers, sore eyes, glandular swellings, weak and wasted muscles, a capricious appetite, and the like, are pretty sure indications of a scrofulous taint in the system. Many otherwise beautiful faces are disfigured by pimples, eruptions, and unsightly blotches, which arise from impure blood, showing the need of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to remedy the evil.

All sufferers from blood disorders should give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a fair trial,—avoiding all powders, ointments, and washes, and especially cheap and worthless compounds, which not only fail to effect a cure, but more frequently aggravate and confirm the diseases they are fraudulently advertised to remedy.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

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Some choice lines at

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Durham St., Madoc.

INVISIBLE WORK.

INVISIBLE patching on all kinds of Rubber Boots and Shoes and all other rubber goods; also on fine Kid and Leather Boots and Shoes, done neatly and cheaply and on shortest notice. All work warranted to give satisfaction. Defy competition.

WILLIAM MOORE.

Madoc, Feb. 9th, 1888. 44-3 m

STAR GROCERY.

Wright's Block, Madoc, Ont.

We beg to remind our numerous customers and the public generally that we are now receiving

NEW GOODS DAILY

for the Spring Trade, which will be found to be right, both in

QUALITY AND PRICE

Groceries of all kinds.
Teas a specialty.
Canned Goods, etc.
Flour, Pork, Rolled Bacon, Hams, and Lard.
Wines, Liquors, Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail.

CHURCH & TODD.

CONFECTIONERY.

Ask for

ROYAL

COUGH DROPS,

manufactured at

KING'S CONFECT'N'RY WORKS

MADOC, ONT.

CONFECTIONERY

Great Reduction in Price of Tweeds.

We have this week to offer a

LARGE LINE OF TWEEDS,

which were bought cheap.

We can sell them at a reduction of

ABOUT TWENTY (20) PER CENT.

from regular price.

Call and see for yourselves.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. Is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY's Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

North Hastings Review.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.00 if paid Strictly in Advance.

VOL. XII., No. 3. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, April 19, 1888. POSTAGE PREPAID.

THE

TRADERS' BANK

OF CANADA.

(MADOC BRANCH.)

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

Done. Drafts on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain issued.

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of one Dollar and upwards eceived and Interest allowed on the same at the rate of

4 per cent. per Annum.

No notice of withdrawal of Deposits equired.

J. H. McCLELLAN, MANAGER.

Victoria Block, Durham Street.

Madoc, May 23rd, 1887. 8 1ly

FOR SALE.

IN the village of Madoc, a solid brick house, in good repair; eight rooms; good garden. For further particulars apply to H. S. O'HARA.

Madoc, March 19th, 1888. 50 2m

NOTICE.

ALL accounts due D. C. Clarke, (Tea accounts excepted) must be paid or settled by note by the first of May.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, April 10, 1888.

NOTICE.

ALL parties are hereby warned and forbid to give credit to any person or persons on my account, without my written order or consent, as I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by any persons in my name.

WM. VENN.

Huntingdon, April 7, 1888. 2-3

Special Meeting.

THERE will be a meeting of the Directors and Stockholders of the Spring Hill Cheese Factory, on Tuesday, April 24th, at 1 p.m., for the purpose of electing a Director in the place of the late John McClure, and other important business. A full attendance requested.

DONALD McKENZIE, President.

Madoc, April 11th, 1888. 2-2t

Adams'

CARRIAGE WORKS

P. S.—Wagons, Buggies, Democrats, &c., always on hand.

MILK WAGONS A SPECIALTY

Don't forget the place,

MULLETT'S CORNERS, MADOC

36-3m

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Toronto and Ottawa Railway.

During the past week we have been reliably informed that active work will in a short time be commenced on the above road from Bridgewater eastward towards Ottawa. Similar statements, it is true, have been made periodically since the work was abandoned five or six years ago, but the indications are that "now is the time." The following "special" from Ottawa on Tuesday bears this out:—

"Representatives of the Grand Trunk railway say that the Midland division, from Bridgewater to Perth, will be completed during this summer, and that next spring direct through connection will be made with Ottawa. It is also the intention of the Grand Trunk to go on at once with the construction of the Vaudreuil & Ottawa branch, between Ottawa and Montreal. Mr. Wainwright, the assistant general manager of the road, is confident that by the end of next summer the Grand Trunk will have a through line from Montreal via Ottawa to Toronto. The line of the Midland division is now constructed as far as Bridgewater, and the road-bed mostly laid into Perth, so that a few months would be sufficient to have the line completed into that town. The company have an assurance from the municipalities in the county of Lanark through which the proposed line will run to Ottawa, of liberal subsidies. The right of the way has been purchased more than half way from Perth to the Capital. Both the Vaudreuil & Ottawa and Midland division of the Grand Trunk will enter Ottawa in Lower Town near the old St. Lawrence & Ottawa depot. Both these schemes are old ones, and have again and again failed in their consummation, but those who are in a position to know say that now the Grand Trunk Railway Company is determined to go ahead and complete this section of the system."

Spring Assizes.

The above court opened at Belleville on Monday, Hon. Chief Justice Armour presiding. There are 20 Jury and 10 non-Jury cases. The following are the names of the Petit Jurors:—

John Harrington, Sidney; Francis Grills, Sidney; Chas. McConnell, Rawdon; Benj. Quincey, Belleville; Jas. Holmes, Trenton; John Brown, Madoc; Dan'l Johnson, Herschel; Jas Downey, Marmora; Thos Gray, Sidney; Chas. M. Farley, Sidney; Peter Sine, Stirling; Wm. J. Meiklejohn, Rawdon; David Griffin, Sidney; Wm. Fretz, Tyendinaga; Geo. Meyers, Thurlow; Owen Reed, Belleville; Wm. F. Hannah, Sidney; Dan'l Dunlay, Marmora; Edward Mains, Hungerford; Geo. E. Easten, Dungannon; Alex. Green, Rawdon; Wm. K. Long, Madoc; Fred. McKinnon, Madoc; Robert McGuire, Hungerford; Thos. Doyle, Marmora; Jas. Dryden, Tyendinaga; David Ferguson, Dungannon; Lorenzo Burke, Huntingdon; Chas. Row, Belleville; Lewis Pasnoe, Belleville.

The criminal docket is light, only three cases being entered. Jos. Brant, Deseronto, is charged with raising a check given by grain buyer Baker; Thos. Long, of Seymour, malicious injury to property; and a case of blackmail, complete the list.

W. A. Long and J. W. Lloyd, of Madoc, are members of the Grand Jury. Mr. James Haggerty, ex-Reeve of Huntingdon, was chosen foreman.

Dougall & Stewart vs. James McCaw.—Action to recover amount of bill of costs, incurred in a suit where plaintiffs acted as Solicitors for deft. Defence, not indebted. Verdict for plff. for $30.

Tufts in Trouble

HOTEL PROPERTY DAMAGED AND A PRETTY BAR MAID ASSAULTED

Stephen Tufts keeps hotel and post office at Tuftsville, on the Madoc road, where the G. T. R. crosses that highway. On the 10th inst., David and Albert Eggleston called, while Stephen Tufts, the proprietor, was absent. His handsome daughter, Mary Tufts, was behind the bar, and supplied them with liquor. Albert Eggleston got well advanced in his cups, so Miss Tufts now states, and wanted more liquor. He was refused, when he forced his way behind the bar to help himself. The result is that the two Egglestons were in the police court this morning, to answer to the charge of assaulting the young woman; David, for assaulting Stephen Tufts, who came home during the row, and Albert, for maliciously demolishing hotel property. The case was enlarged until Friday.—*Intelligencer.*

Holloway's Pills.—Pure Blood.—When the Blood is pure, its circulation calm and equable, and the nerves well strung, we are well. These Pills possess a marvellous power in securing these essentials of health by purifying, regulating, and strengthening the fluids and solids. Holloway's Pills can be confidently recommended to all persons suffering from disordered digestion, or worried by nervous fancies, or neuralgic pains. They correct acidity and heart-burn, dispel sick headache, quicken the action of the liver, and act as alterative and gentle aperients. The weak and delicate may take them without fear. Holloway's Pills are eminently serviceable to invalids of irritable constitution, as they raise the action of every organ to its natural standard, and universally exercise a calming and sedative influence.

Another Booming Industry.

A Large Contract for Building Stone.

Some Madoc rock farms are not such bad property after all. Next to a gold or iron mine, if not better, is a "stone" mine, and in some cases it turns out quite as profitable. On Mr. John McKinnon's farm, near this village, lot 8, 5th concession of Madoc, is a first-class building-stone quarry, and on Monday the 9th April, Mr. McKinnon completed a contract that insures a profitable return for some years to come. Last fall some 14 car loads were taken away by Mr. John McGuire, Engineer of Toronto, as a sample, and in the latter part of March last 26 car loads were shipped by the same party in one week. Last week Mr. McGuire and Mr. John Brodigan, Quarry-master, "signed, sealed and delivered" a contract with Mr. McKinnon for the lease of the quarry for the next 15 years, agreeing to take out from 15 to 20 car loads per day. The quarry is about 500 yards from the present line of railway, but the lessees will at once build the connecting branch themselves. Men are now at work getting out the stone, and two derricks will be erected for loading purposes. They expect to dispose of about 500,000 cords for the new city buildings in Toronto, and will supply other places in want of building stone as well. The quarry is known as the "Victoria."

"Stone mining" is a new industry which may yet be largely developed in this district.

Personal.

Rev. Father O'Brien, of Kingston, paid a visit to Madoc last week.

Mr. B. H. Sweet, proprietor of the York Branch House, Bancroft, and Mrs. Sweet, were in the village last week on business and pleasure.

Mr. S. S. Stanlick, the popular landlord of the Rathbun House, at the C. O.R. crossing, gave us a call this week.

Our late townsman Mr. John F. Weir, is about opening a gents furnishing store in the town of Trenton. We wish him success.

Mr. Alex. Henderson, an old resident of this part of the district, has been very low for the past week, and is not expected to recover. He is much respected by all who know him.

CANADA ASHES.

The following article is worth ten times as much to every farmer and gardener, who reads this paper, as a year's subscription. It is taken from the *Rural Canadian*:—

Really, it is too bad. What are our farmers thinking of? In a single number of the leading American agricultural journal of March 8, 1888, no fewer than three advertisements appear of "Unleached Canada ashes in car lots." two of these advertisements are those of Ontario men, one of whom styles himself "Exporter of Canada unleached hardwood ashes." The other is that of a New York firm, which says, "This being our only business, our long experience enables us to guarantee the quality to be the best." All this shows that no inconsiderable quantity of unleached ashes is being sent out of this country to the United States. We can ill afford the loss of such a valuable fertilizer. If Americans can affords to haul these ashes to New York as a distributing point, whence they are sent to various other localities, as ordered, we can much better afford to keep them at home. This, on our part is literally killing the goose that lays the golden egg. There is no fertilizer that, bulk for bulk, and weight for weight, is so cheap and valuable as this. Its uses are diverse. There is no place it can be put on land where it will not give a good account of itself. It is especially useful as a top dressing for meadows and pastures. It is a "penny-wise, pound-foolish" policy to sell ashes to soap makers and others, while it argues an amount of ignorance that is deplorable. About five cents a bushel is what is given for ashes by the ashery pedlars, who pay in soap. They are worth four or five times that price to put on the land. It is grave mistakes like these that keep many farmers poor. Selling fat calves for $4 or $5 apiece, that have cost twice or three times the money to fatten them, and selling unleached ashes for five cents a bushel, are follies which may well make us blush for our country and our kind.

MADOC MARKETS.

Fall Wheat	$0.75 to $0 80
Spring Wheat	75 to 80
Barley	55 to 70
Rye	55 to 60
Oats	50 to 55
Peas	75 to 80
Buckwheat	45 to 50
Corn	75 to 75
Flour per 100 lbs	2 10 to 2 25
Butter per pound	15 to 27
Eggs per dozen	12 to 12
Lard per pound	10 to 12
Potatoes per bag	75 to 80
Hay per ton	12 00 to 14 00

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Reason Why

Ayer's Pills are so popular is, that while always reliable as a cathartic medicine, they never leave any ill effects. This is because they are purely vegetable, and entirely free from calomel or any other dangerous drug. In all cases, therefore, whether the patient be old or young, they may be confidently administered.

In the Southern and Western States, where derangements of the liver are so general, Ayer's Pills have proved an inestimable blessing. D. W. Baine, New Berne, N. C., writes:

"I suffered a long time with stomach and liver troubles. I tried various remedies, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. These pills benefited me at once. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored."

Throughout New England, next to lung diseases, **Stomach and Bowel Complaints** are the most prevalent.

Dyspepsia

and Constipation are almost universal. Mr. Gallacher, a practical chemist, of Roxbury, Mass., who was long troubled with Dyspepsia, writes:

"A friend induced me to try Ayer's Pills, and, after taking one box without much benefit, I was disposed to quit them; but he urged perseverance, and, before I had finished the second box, I began to experience relief. I continued taking them, at intervals, until I had used eleven boxes. Suffice it to say, that I am now a well man, and grateful to your chemistry, which outstrips mine."

The head and stomach are always in sympathy; hence the cause of most of those distressing headaches, to which so many, especially women, are subject. Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes that for years she was a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief, until she began taking Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

JAS. WHYTOCK.

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER. ETC,

MADOC - ONT

PHOTOGRAPHS.

PORTRAITS IN ALL THE STYLES.

BABIES TAKEN INSTANTANEOUSLY,

thus insuring a good portrait in almost every case.

By the use of the dry plates, finer work can be made in dark days than was possible by the old process. But we do not want anyone to depend on that, and defer coming till near sunset. The nearer the sun is to the zenith the better the light, and good results more certain. A dark day at noon is better than a bright day at 5 p. m.

BOOTS of all kinds on hand, and made to order on the premises.

D. MORRICE.

Madoc, April 21, 1887. 3ly

MADOC LODGE

No. 179 I.O.O.F.

MEETS every Monday evening, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock sharp. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

J. MOUNCEY, Secretary. E. L. WEISS, Noble Grand.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont. Orders may be left at the REVIEW Office.

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street. Private money to loan at lowest rates.

LEONARD & O'BRIEN,

BARRISTERS. Office over the Telegraph Office, Belleville. Money to loan on farm and village properties at lowest rates.

CHAS. J. LEONARD. | S. O'BRIEN.

ALEX. A. McDONALD,

SOLICITOR of the Supreme Court, Conveyancer and Notary Public. Agent for the "National Investment Loaning Society," of Toronto. Office in the Victoria Block, Madoc. Branch office in the village of Tweed. 427

F. E. O'FLYNN,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Notary Public, &c. HEAD OFFICE—Over Dominion Bank, Front St., Belleville.

BRANCH OFFICE—Over O'Flynn's Bank, Madoc, Mr. John W. Blair, manager.

Office hours, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Mr. O'Flynn will be in his Madoc office at any time by appointment.

DOUGALL & STEWART,

BARRISTER, Solicitors, Notaries Public Conveyancers, &c. Money to loan on Farms.

O'FLYNN BLOCK, MADOC,

Ashley Block, Belleville.

A. R. DOUGALL, Q.C. | D. E. K. STEWART

Money to Loan.

COMPANY and ptivate funds to loan at lowest rates. No commission.

D. E. K. STEWART,

507 Solicitor, Madoc

JOHN DALE,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses

Office—Residence, Durham St., Madoc

A. F. WOOD,

Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second door south of Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

J. R. IRISH, L. D. S.

The only Licensed Dentist that visits MADOC, arrives at the WINDSOR HOUSE every Tuesday at one o'clock and stops until the next morning.

Can furnish better material and work and for a less fee than if remaining in the place the whole time. The vitalized air used for extracting teeth without pain, and the new local anaesthetics.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL.

THE BEST Hotel in the town. This Hotel has been lately refitted and repainted. We can give increased accommodation to the traveling public. First class sample rooms. Choice liquors and cigars. Excellent attention paid to guests. Good stabling and attentive hostlers. We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage, as you will find this second to no hotel in the county.

ROBT. SIMMONS, Prop.

Madoc, Aug. 14th, 1887. 19-1y

MAYNOOTH HOUSE,

(late P. Green's old stand, Maynooth.)

THIS HOUSE is situated in one of the best districts for hunting, fishing, &c., and has been all refitted. Furniture new. Bar always supplied with the best brand of wines, liquors, cigars, &c. Good stabling accommodation, and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. Parties travelling will consult their own interest by calling at the above hotel.

JAMES McCAW, Manager.

Maynooth, June 1st, 1887. 9 1y

C. Fraser Aylsworth, Jr.

Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor Civil Engineer, Draughtsman, &c.,

MADOC - P. O.

Orders by mail should state *place* and *character* of Survey that the above Surveyor may consult as to *original monuments* and *former Surveys*, his extensive field notes of Sixty Years' Practice, of the late John Emerson, and also the field notes of C. F. Aylsworth, Sr., thereby saving *time* and *expense* and securing *correctness* of Surveys.

Residence at

454 C. F. AYLSWORTHS

A GREAT SECRET;

OR,

SHALL IT BE DONE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(CONTINUED).

It was apparently a sort of lumber-room and wardrobe for old clothes, and it had a close and musty smell. Well-used portmanteaux and trunks filled most of the space of the floor, and projected from a shelf which ran high up round the wall; under this shelf was a row of pegs, from which hung a couple of old travelling cloaks, a shooting jacket, and three or four man's hats and caps. Madame de Lancry knew very well that a gentleman of De Breteuil's position and tastes does not keep old hats and coats for nothing. She therefore leaned across a couple of tall boxes and lifted one of the cloaks away from the wall. Behind it her sharp eyes soon detected another keyhole, and, retreating to the door through which Babette was peering with eager but frightened curiosity, she withdrew the little key and tried it in the inner door. That also opened, and Madame de Lancry went through the narrow passage beyond far enough to find that it led to a downward staircase. But this discovery was too much for Babette; after uttering piteous remonstrances to the lady against her dangerous daring, the frightened creature drew back from the doorway and disappeared.

Madame de Lancry returned to the lumber-room and withdrew the little key from the door, which she left ajar. She had no time to lose in search of Babette, to try to extract more information on the subject where De Breteuil kept his papers; she did not know how soon he might return, and she was possessed by a dogged resolution not to leave the house until she had obtained enough evidence against him to be able to go to the police and set them on the track of the fashionable millionaire. So she boldly set to work to make havoc among the trunks, turning them over with the acute conviction that somewhere among the least accessible of them she would find what she wanted.

It was with a great rush of blood to her head and a violent throbbing at her heart that at last, in a corner below the small window, and underneath an English Gladstone bag, she found a leather hat-box, heavier than the rest. It was not locked, though the key was in it; she raised the lid, and, with a smothered cry of disappointment, found that it was crammed with old newspapers and guide-books. Just as she was on the point of shutting it again, she saw that a hasty touch of her impatient fingers had dislodged some of the papers, exposing to view some small, dark object underneath. She felt it, raised it, and found that it was a revolver. This discovery made her hunt further; in another moment she knew that she had found what she had sought; straining her eyes in the gloom, to which they had now become accustomed, she drew out a handful of papers which a few moments' scrutiny showed her to be securities of various kinds, bank-notes, the numbers of which she guessed to be stopped, and other papers of the same kind, which De Breteuil, with characteristic audacity, kept by him either on the chance of their proving valuable again some day, or out of the recklessness born of impunity.

Madame de Lancry uttered a short laugh of triumph at her own sagacity. Knowing from what sources De Breteuil obtained the greater part of his wealth, she had felt certain that he must have in his possession some dangerous property of this kind which, used by an enemy, must inevitably ruin him. She did not scruple to thrust the first fruit of her search pell-mell into her pocket, and her white hands, from which she had long since pulled off her gloves, were diving again into the box in an eager search for more, when a heavy tread behind her from the door which led into the drawing-rooms caused her to pause and to turn round with another exulting laugh.

"Babette! Babette! he is in my power! he is a dead man!" she cried as she sat back and turned round with excitement.

But the laugh at the end of her words died suddenly on her lips. It was not Babette. Glaring at her out of the darkness, with livid face and burning eyes, his blue lips shaking with diabolical anger, and his white teeth shining like those of a beast of prey, was Louis de Breteuil. Branded with every foulest crime, bearing in his savage and distorted face the impress of every passion that can burden and degrade, the sight of what he had become for a moment froze the blood of the woman who had once adored him. The next moment she was glancing furtively to left and right, making ready for a struggle of muscle or of wits.

"What are you doing here?" he asked abruptly.

She did not answer.

"What are you doing here, Babette, I say?" he repeated in a louder voice.

Madame de Lancry's heart leapt up with a sudden, savage suggestion of her passionate revenge. He had not recognised her voice; kneeling there in the gloom, her tall figure passed for the equally massive form of Babette. Stealthily in the dimness she felt for the revolver; she did not know whether it was loaded, and if she had known that it was she could not have fired it off; but it would serve her purpose. Then she bent her head upon her hands and affected to sob. It was not difficult acting, for she was really shaking from head to foot, and her breath was coming in short gasps. De Breteuil stepped over some of the lumber and shook her shoulder roughly.

"You stupid, prying fool, get up," said he brutally. "What crack-brained craze have you got hold of now? Do you want to get sent back to your pigs and your parent? I took you away because I thought you were a fool, but, upon my soul, I begin to think you are something worse."

He ended with another rougher shake; a sudden doubt crossed his mind has Madame de Lancry, sick with unutterable horror at his touch, still held her head down. He paused a second, bending over her; then he hissed in her ear:

"Who the d—l are you?"

She turned and looked up at him.

"Don't you know me?"

He shrank back with an awful curse, and, quick as thought, Madeline sprang to her feet and pointed the revolver straight at his head. It would probably not have shot him, even if her shaking hand had discharged it, but it looked menacing enough in the hands of the excited woman. De Breteuil shrank back, cowed.

"Don't you know me?" repeated Madeline. "Don't you know the woman whom you betrayed, whom you deserted, on whose money you lived, whose life you ruined? Perhaps I can recall myself to your mind. Do you remember how, having committed a murder and taken my own husband for anaccomplice, you came to me and asked me to let bygones be bygones and to come with you to a restaurant and dine and drink champagne? And how I unaccountably turned sulky and refused? Surely you must remember that! I congratulated you on your partner, and promised that you would have luck, as you have done. And I prophesied one other thing: that some day you would make a little slip, which I would make use of to track you down. Now that has come true, and I warn you that, clever rogue as you are, your last resource will be as powerless to save you from man's justice as it is to save you now from a woman's revenge."

As she poured out her hot words, De Breteuil remained in the corner of the room, abject and cowering, daunted by her sudden attack. But the moment that she, revolver in hand, made for the door, he started forward and drew it toward him; it shut with a spring.

Still she came forward. As she reached the middle of the tiny room, he sprang at her, with mad eyes and a hissing, hungry sound between his teeth as if he would tear her to pieces. Flinging down the revolver, she dashed like the wind through the opposite door leading to the staircase, and pulled it toward her. To her intense relief, that closed with a spring also, and she heard the sound of a heavy blow upon the solid wood as she flew down the staircase. She was at the bottom in a few minutes, groping her way along a narrow passage. She could not see, but she was suddenly brought to a standstill by finding that she had come to the end. She felt the wall in front of her, straining her ears in fear of footsteps behind until her fingers touched a handle, which she turned in a fever of hope that another moment fulfilled. She was out in the street at the back of the house; hastily closing the door in the wall through which she had escaped, Madeline, recollecting by an effort where she was, stagger along, giddy and trembling, toward the turning which would lead her to where she had left Gerald in the *fiacre*.

CHAPTER XXIX.

As Madame de Lancry drew near to the *fiacre*, Gerald, who was on the watch, jumped out, hurried toward her and gave her his arm.

There was no need to ask whether she had met De Breteuil: the wear and tear of the exciting half-hour she had passed had made, for the time, ten years' havoc in the great beauty she still possessed. The hand she put through the young man's arm was weak and faltering as that of an infirm old woman, and her footsteps tottered still as he led her gently to the *fiacre* and helped her in.

"Back to the hotel, madame?" he asked softly.

"No. Wait a moment," said she, as she took her scent-bottle from the seat beside her, sprinkled a handkerchief with *eau-de-Cologne* and held it to her drawn, pale face. The simple remedy did her less good than the short rest and reflection which the application of it gave her time for. In a very few seconds she raised her head again and spoke quite composedly. "I have done all that I can do now," she said, with anxious gravity more human than her previous fierce determination; "to-morrow I shall go to the police, and I think the evidence I can place in their hands is strong enough to procure—*him*," a short gasp interrupted her, "a domiciliary visit. But he knows this, or he will know it within a few minutes, and he has one last resource, which he will almost certainly use. I want your help to defeat him here."

"All right," said Gerald hoarsely.

"At the back of his house there is a private door; I will point it out to you. I want you to remain on the watch, no matter how long, until it opens and some one comes out. You must follow that person, the first who comes out, whoever it may be, and however far that person may go, until—well, until you find are you at fault. Then stay, wherever you lost sight of that person, and communicate at once with me."

"By letter?" asked Gerald.

"No; by telegram. Say whatever you like, it does not matter what, I shall understand that the address you give is the place where you lost sight of him."

"But supposing I don't lose sight of him," suggested the young fellow, rather nettled by the supposed slight cast upon his sagacity.

"We need not consider that possibility," she answered calmly.

"But, Madame de Lancry, of course I will do this if you insist; but—but isn't it the sort of work for a detective rather than for me?"

"There is no time to get a detective to do it. Even while we are speaking, De Breteuil may have got away."

"Well, then, he must get as far as he pleases. I'm not a bloodhound."

For all answer to this outburst, Madame de Landry got out of the *fiacre*, took Gerald's arm again, led him into the back street from which she had just come, and pointed to the door she had spoken about.

"If you stand up here, in the entrance of this court, you can watch without being seen," said she. "When the person you have to follow comes out, you can use your own discretion as to the best way of remaining unseen during your pursuit."

"But, Madame, I would rather not—"

"If you like, you may, at the end of the journey, keep the knowledge you will have gained to yourself. I am not fit to undertake this task myself, Gerald; but if you will not, I must. I have braved him once to-day; I can do so again."

"No, madame, I will go," said Gerald, conquered again by the woman's irresistible will. "Of course, I cannot allow you to expose yourself to this man's brutality. But if I go, at all risks I must meet him."

Madame de Lancry laughed.

"By all means meet him, if you can."

And without another word she left him and walked away.

Left to himself, the excitement of the situation seized upon Gerald, and grew so strong that within ten minutes he was watching the little door Madame de Lancry had pointed out, with tiger-like eagerness, scarcely less intense than her own. He said to himself, nevertheless, that he was wasting his energies, as De Breteuil would certainly have preparations to make for his departure, even if he did go, which would occupy some hours. He had scarcely come to this conclusion, however, and allowed his eyes to wander for a moment down the street in the direction of the turning by which Madame de Lancry had disappeared, when his attention was recalled by the sight of the little white door in the wall opening slowly; a man in an old cloak and hat, holding in his hand a common, thick, walking-stick, and having the appearance of a seedy music-teacher or drawing-master, came quietly out, and after stopping a moment at the end of the house-wall to take from his pocket a pair of worsted gloves and put them on, sauntered along the street at a meditative pace, using his stick to walk by, and looking up in the air at the sky above him with all the appearance of abstraction common to artists of a low rank with more ambition than talent.

Gerald stared after him in bewilderment. Madame de Lancry's calculations had resulted in a most grave mistake: she had told him to follow the first person who should come out by the door in the wall; here he was, but obviously he was not the person intended. The young Englishman had not been able to catch sight of his face; but his gait, his dress, his manner, all forbade him to suppose that this seedy, sauntering gentleman could be the hard, cruel, yet impetuous, and dashing Louis de Breteuil. And yet this obscure-looking person seemed, now that he had left the millionaire's house some hundred yards behind, to be getting over the ground at a very good pace; and again, Madame de Lancry's directions, whether mistaken or not, had been very clear. After some hesitation, seeing that the stranger was rapidly approaching a point where he would disappear from sight altogether, Gerald stepped out into the road, and, casting an occasional look behind him in the direction of the white door in the wall, set off on the track of the seedy-looking man. He was still undecided as to whether he had not started on a wild-goose chase, until the man in the cloak, having got into a *fiacre*, and Gerald, having got into another, telling the driver to follow the first one, the young Englishman found himself in a short time at the Gare du Nord. He jumped out, paid the driver, and kept the man in the cloak in sight, trying hard to catch a glimpse of his features as he did so.

But it was dark by this time, and he did not dare to get near enough to risk being recognised, if the seedy-looking man should indeed prove to be, as he was forced to begin to believe, the criminal whom Madame de Lancry was hunting down. In confirmation of this belief, the shabby-looking man took a first-class ticket; and Gerald, who found that even the third-class ticket fare left his own fortune at the low ebb of nine sous and a postagestamp, carefully watched the stranger take his seat before looking out for a less comfortable compartment. At each of the stopping-places on the way to Calais, Gerald paraded the platform and kept a careful eye on the soft wide-brimmed professorial hat, which was all he could see, even on tip-toe, of the mysterious owner of the long cloak. The young fellow could not help thinking that the clever and careful way in which this man kept his face from view, without exciting attention from any one but himself, was a suspicious circumstance; and he was a good deal troubled by consideration of the difficulty he should be in, if, as he could not doubt, the man should cross to England that night. He made up his mind to apply to the proprietor of the Hotel de la Gare, who knew him well, for a couple of twenty franc pieces with which to continue his journey; and having settled this matter, his thoughts returned to the torturing consideration of the horrible position in which he stood—married to the daughter of his father's murderer, and engaged in bringing his own father-in-law to justice.

He could not do it. He would take advantage of the promise Madame de Lancry had herself made, not to force him to disclose the hiding place of the man he was following. Villain as De Breteuil was, dead as the poor lad believed his affection for his young wife to be, his heart and mind revolted from the hideous task of making the woman who now bore his name a felon's child. Still, if only for the satisfaction of that curiosity respecting the mysterious person he was following, which was rapidly becoming a passion, he must and would track him to his hiding-place; at least this would delay the terrible ordeal of returning to the poor girl who loved him, and whom he now shuddered at the thought of meeting.

So, when the train reached Calais, Gerald got out quickly, and, standing in the crowd on the platform, watched the slow descent from his compartment of the man with the cloak. A porter touched his hat respectfully and accompanied the mysterious person along the platform with the simple words; "Voiture, m'sieur?" as if he knew him. Gerald followed them, watched the gentleman get into a *fiacre*, and in amazement heard the porter give the direction:

"Aux Bouleaux!"

In a state of the strongest excitement and surprise, Gerald started on foot in the same direction. "Les Bouleaux" was the last place in the world he wished to visit, but to leave this mystery unfathomed was impossible. He could no longer doubt that he was following De Breteuil. Would the cautious Mr. Beresford go so far as to give shelter to the thief and murderer, threatened as he now was with discovery? Would the latter claim Peggy as his daughter, or should he, Gerald, be able to keep from her the dreadful fact of her parentage? At least he could try; he could confess to Mr. Beresford how much he knew, and by the power of this knowledge induce this cautious gentleman still to keep up the unexplained fiction that his accomplice's child was his own.

As the *fiacre* disappeared in the darkness before him, rattling along through the midnight silence of the old town, Gerald quickened his pace over the rough stones and passed over the hollow-sounding wooden drawbridge in time to see the *fiacre* turn to the left, on the road to "Les Bouleaux," just at the point where the *carriole* had turned over on the night of Mr. Shaw's murder. He shuddered at the remembrance, and felt sick with horror of the past and apprehension of the future, as he found himself alone on the straight, sandy road, with the gray, cloudy sky above him, and nothing in view but the clumps of birch and poplar trees, close to one of which he had heard Mr. Shaw's last cry. He could not bear either sight or memory; and as he came near to the scene of the attack where, in the gloom between the trees, which grew high at this spot, and whose branches, no longer leafless, cast the road into deep shadow, he fancied he saw again the *carriole*, the crouching figure by the roadside, and the panting beast whose fangs had pulled his old friend down. Like a madman he started off and ran, with all his speed, until he was long past the spot and again on the open road. He was in sight of the poplar avenue when he met the *fiacre* returning empty. Walking still at a brisk pace, in a state of such horrible excitement as to feel a consciousness that he was scarcely sane, he passed through the rows of hissing poplar-trees and into the court-yard of his employer's house. A faint light, showing through the little window over the hall-door, appeared and disappeared as he came up to the house, in the cold and darkness, glad, feverish as he was, of the strong breeze which was beginning to roar like the sea in the birches and poplars. He rang the bell, but for some minutes no one answered. He had expected this delay; a ring at such a time, just after the arrival of a gentleman who had such strong reason to fear the police, would naturally be answered with no alacrity. He rang again, more loudly; and this time a gable-window in the roof was opened quickly, and Delphine's voice, both angry and sleepy, rang out in unamiable tones.

"Well, who is it now?" she called out lustily. "Am I to be kept opening the door all night?"

"Delphine, let me in, there's a good girl. Don't you see who it is?" said Gerald, who felt a most disproportionate sense of relief at the comparatively unimportant circumstance that the voice of the good-hearted, honest country woman was the first to greet him.

"Mon Dieu, M. Gerald, c'est donc vous!" cried she, spending some moments in this futile sort of comment before she could be induced to slam the window and clatter down stairs to admit him.

The moment she opened the door he burst out:

"Who was that came just now—in a *fiacre*—just before me?"

The peremptory tone in which he asked this seemed to imply that he was prepared for an evasive answer. But Delphine stared at him in honest surprise, and said:

"Why, it was only Monsieur Smees!"

"Smith! Nonsense! said Gerald sharply. "I could swear it was not."

"But it was!" said she in sleepy astonishment. "I came down to let him in myself, just as I have let you in, and I wish you gentlemen would keep mroe convenient hours."

"Did he speak to you?"

"No, monsieur, but—"

"Where's he gone to?"

"To bed. Where else should anybody go at this time of night?"

"All right, Delphine. Good-night."

He rushed past her and up the stairs so quickly that he ran against a plump form half-way down the corridor which led to the bedroom kept for the occasional visits of the confidential clerk. It was Smith himself, as Gerald discovered from the voice in which the oath came when he trod upon his toe. The younger man got between him and the door of his room, took out his match-case, struck a light, and peered into the other's face. Smith was only half-dressed, and it was evident from the look of his eyes and hair that he had recently been in bed and asleep.

"D—n!" said he softly as he blinked and drew back," what are you up to?"

The weak and querulous voice of Mr. Beresford was here heard from his room.

"What is it? What is the matter? Who's that?" he piped out feebly.

"It's me and Staunton, sir," sang out Smith. "But the Lord only knows what's the matter with him. He's jumping on my toe and striking matches on my nose like a d—d lunatic."

"Come in here."

Rather sheepishly they both stumbled through the door in the dark. However, in the bedroom, the little *veilleuse* which Mr. Beresford kept burning all night gave forth just enough flickering light for them to see the gray-haired paralytic, lying as usual, with his head and back on a high pile of pillows, and for him to see the excited and angry faces of his two clerks.

"Sir, there is a murderer in your house the murderer of Mr. Shaw and of my father!'

The lad was too much excited to count upon the effect of his words, or even to remember, as he blurted out this statement to the man whom for so long he had considered his benefactor, that he suspected him of some sort of complicity with the criminal. The paralytic fell back among his pillows, apparently overcome by the shock. But Smith turned livid, even in the dim light, and shook like a leaf as his shining black eyes looked from Beresford to Gerald.

"You are mad," he stammered out, "quite mad, or else you are screwed. Go to your room and sleep it off, my boy: sleep it off."

But as he was pushing Gerald toward the door, the paralytic stopped him by a feeble gesture.

"Gerald," he called in a weak voice. The young man came nearer. "You are a steady lad, a truthful lad. For heaven's sake say what you mean."

"I followed the murderer from Paris, sir, and he came to this house. Look at Smith: he says it was he who came in, but anybody can see that he has just been fast asleep in bed."

"Because I tumbled in the moment I got here, you bumpkin idiot," said Smith who was growing every moment more excited.

"Sh—sh," said Mr. Beresford imperatively. "Gerald, I think you must be mistaken. I heard a ring and Smith's step along the corridor to his room a short time ago, and I can't help thinking you must have followed him from Calais by mistake for the man you suppose to be a criminal. I have heard no other sound in the house. But come to me in the morning, and we will talk it over. And, my boy, learn to be a little more careful in imparting ghastly suspicions to an invalid. Your first announcement quite upset me."

He was grave and not unkind. But he semed to resent Gerald's abrupt outburst, and the young man felt rather small as Smith elbowed him triumphantly out of the room.

"Holidays don't suit you, my boy, you're off your chump," he said with a coarse and irritating laugh as he parted with the younger man in the corridor.

Gerald went toward his room at the other end of the house as if in a dream. He half believed that he was really the victim of some ridiculous mistake, and the thought even crossed his mind that perhaps, as Smith had just said, the constant excitement in which he had lately lived had impaired his reason.

As he walked softly along, anxious, deeply anxious, not to disturb the ladies, the doors of whose rooms he must now pass, his heart sank as he heard one of the handles softly turn; in another moment Peggy, in her white dressing gown, stood, candle in hand, in the corridor before him.

Her little face was flushed and radiant; her hair, loosely and hastily fastened up, fell down most becomingly on her shoulders as she trembled with joy at sight of him; the tears were gathering in her eyes, her lips could whisper nothing but "O Gerald!" as she held out her disengaged hand and looked up at him in loving, passionate welcome.

Gerald stopped. His brain seemed bursting, the walls swam round. The whisper of his name reached his ears, dulled as they were by a singing that made all other sounds seem faint. He stepped forward, forcing himself to meet her, to embrace her: but as he did so his sight failed him; then out of a blurred mist he saw the face which had glared above him in the darkness of the *carriole*. With a hoarse, smothered cry, the unhappy lad rushed past her and locked himself in the darkness of his own room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Woman's Duty.

It is woman's duty to be beautiful. Nature has moulded her in fine form and given her more delicacy of finish so that she might be a thing of beauty, and has adorned her with tender graces and supplied her with fathomless depths of love that she may be a joy forever. Genuine beauty is reflected from the heart, and does not consist in outward adornings of the figure. These play a minor part only and should never be relied upon to any great extent. The tailor and dressmaker may model forms to suit the fashion, but they cannot mould the heart nor tune the affections.

Edwin Forrest's Secret.

The great tragedian, Forrest, had a secret which everybody ought to learn and profit by. Said he, "I owe all my success to the fact that everything I have undertaken I have done thoroughly. I never neglect trifles." That's the point—don't neglect trifles. Don't neglect that hacking cough, those night sweats, that feeble and capricious appetite, and the other symptoms, trifling in themselves, but awful in their significance. They herald the approach of consumption. You are in danger, but you can be saved. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will restore you to health and vigor, as it has thousands of others. For all scrofulous diseases, and consumption is one of them, it is a sovereign remedy.

Bulgaria has asked the Porte to explain the presence of Turkish troops on the frontier.

We accidentally overheard the following dialogue on the street yesterday.

Jones. Smith, why don't you stop that disgusting hawking and spitting?

Smith. How can I? You know I am a martyr to catarrh.

J. Do as I did. I had the disease in its worst form but I am well now.

S. What did you do for it?

J. I used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It cured me and it will cure you.

S. I've heard of it, and by Jove I'll try it.

J. Do so. You'll find it at all the drug stores in town.

The damage by the floods in Germany is estimated at $50,000,000.

Your Friend Committed Suicide.

You never suspected it, none of his friends dreamed of it, he did not know it himself, but it is exactly what he did nevertheless. Do you remember his sallow complexion? Do you recollect how he used to complain of headache and constipation? "I am getting quite bilious," he said to you one day, "but I guess it'll pass off. I haven't done anything for it, because I don't believe in 'dosing.'" Soon after that you heard of his death. It was very sudden and every one was greatly surprised. If he had taken Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets he would be alive and well to-day. Don't follow his example. The "Pellets" are easy to take, mild in their action, and always sure.

The temporary confidence of the Germans in Russia's peace protests is vanishing.

HUB! COUGH CURE cures in one minute.

Two million people has been left destitute by the floods in the Honan district in China.

CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER restores gray and faded hair to its natural color and prevents falling out.

All the eight bridesmaids of the Princess of Wales are alive, married, and none is divorced.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

The opium habit, dipsomania, the morphine habit, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobacco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over-exertion of the brain, and loss of natural strength, from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle-aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause not mentioned above, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of *Diseases of Man*. Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M. V LUBON 47 Wellington street East, Toronto Ont.

Emperor Frederick is able to enjoy short walks in the park attached to Charlottenburg palace.

Ocean Steamship Passengers

Via New York should take the Erie railway, as it is not only the shortest and best line, but lands people close to the piers of the leading steamship companies. In buying tickets, ask for the Erie.

The marriage of Prince Henry of Prussia and Princess Irene of Hesse is fixed for May 2.

Whenever your Stomach or Bowels get out of order, causing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, and their attendant evils, take at once a dose of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Best family medicine. All Druggists, 50 cents.

SUET PUDDING.—One cup each of raisins, currants and suet chopped fine, three cups of flour, one cup of milk, two teaspoons of baking powder; boil two hours.

People who are subject to bad breath, foul coated tongue, or any disorder of the Stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist.

A. P. 392.

KNITTING Creelman Bros., Georgetown, Ont. MACHINES

PATENTS For Sale—Illustrated descriptive catalogue free. R. Chamberlin, Toronto

WORK FOR ALL. $30 a week and expenses paid. Valuable outfit and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine

CABLE DESPATCHES.

British Politics Dead—Boulanger's Position—Royal Tourists.

LONDON, April 11.—Politics are dead in England just at present. No one is sorry. The Liberals are quiet. Hardly any of them except the big men appear in their seats. The Parnellites have religiously ceased from troubling, and the Government have been pushing on significant measures to triumphant and rapid success.

The Boulanger question continues to absorb attention in France, and to furnish material for reflection and wise opinions to all the rest of Europe. The question is getting bigger all the time and originators of wise opinions are rapidly rallying to the view that Boulanger has the very biggest future before him if he knows how to act. In fact, he need scarcely know even that, for men of brains are behind him who will bring him to the front if he will only suffer them to pull the strings.

Royal folks in Europe seem to have been seized with a sightseeing fever worthy of a Cook tourist in a yellow ulster. Queen Victoria at Florence is rushing about most industriously, visiting churches and monasteries with Dowager Lady Churchill, eternal Harriet Phipps and equally eternal Sir Henry Ponsonby in her wake, led by the British Consul General. Prince Henry of Battenberg, who is indirectly the cause of the trouble between Bismarck and his new master, is soon to go off on a visit to Malta, where he will meet the Duke of Edinburgh, his brother-in-law. The King and Queen of Italy have gone to Florence to be polite to the Queen; as have also the Emperor and Empress of Brazil. The latter, the most democratic of imperial couples, are living at the Hotel de la Paix, rivalling Queen Victoria in their industrious sightseeing. The English Queen is accompanied by her favorite gray donkey, but has not yet taken a ride behind him in Florence. The Czar is off on a trip to Gatschina, and incidentally has been polite and munificent to the Shah of Persia, to whom he has sent handsome portraits of himself and wife, and, what is more to the purpose, a cargo of war material which is now on the way to Batoum in a Russian man-of-war this seems to indicate that the Czar feels secure in the friendship of the Shah.

Our New Game Bill.

Forest and Stream contains a letter from Ernest E. Thompson, of this city, giving a summary of the amendments embodied in the Phelps Game Preservation Bill recently passed by the Legislature, and referring as follows to the fate of the measure for the better protection of birds: "You will be sorry to learn that our bill for the protection of birds has been thrown out for this year by means of a shameful double shuffle to explain which it will be necessary to detail the stages of such a bill in our Legislature. First it is prepared by parties interested and given into the charge of a member who introduces it, after which it goes into committee, the member in charge selecting his own committee. A number of experts on the subject are then called up for examination before the committee and the bill is remodelled and perfected, after which it must pass its second and third readings in the House before it becomes law. Now one of the Toronto members, Mr. John Leys, professing an interest in the matter, was allowed to take charge of the bill prepared by the Natural History Society. He then selected a committee to suit himself violated all his promises of giving us a chance to speak—sent only for our opponents, the representatives of the Gun Club, and succeeded in having the whole thing thrown out."

Our contemporary comments as follows on the contents of Mr. Thompson's letter: "Sportsmen, naturalists and all other people who are interested in the preservation of game and birds, will be sorry to learn of the action of the Ontario Legislature referred to in another column. It will be seen that the bill as reported does not forbid the dogging of deer, nor does it provide that the intending hunter must procure a license. The provision that only five deer may be killed by one or more hunters from one camp will be a dead letter, since it can never be enforced. The section requiring three months' residence in the province before any person shall be at liberty to kill deer, or other game, amounts to a practical barring out of all residents of the United States from shooting privileges in Ontario, and will seem a severe hardship to those clubs whose members reside on this side of the line. Some of these clubs have spent large sums of money in the purchase of extensive tracts of wild and worthless land, and have gone to considerable expense in putting improvements on such property. A bill such as the one reported would, if it became a law, mean little less than confiscation of the property of these associations. The matter will no doubt receive attention before long from persons interested. There can be no question about the wisdom of absolutely prohibiting the killing of moose until 1895. These grand animals are growing scarce in Ontario; indeed, by some they are said to be almost extinct. The failure of the bird protective bill is a misfortune, and emphasises again the point which we have so often urged, that the people at large need to be educated as to the enormously important part played by our small birds in the economy of nature. If the people of America cannot be brought to comprehend the value to agriculture of these indefatigable aids to the farmer, the United States and Canada as well will ere long have to pay a heavy penalty for their heedlessness.

A Chinese doctor in New York prescribed for a suffering fellow-Celestial a decoction of lotus seeds, sweet potato skins, shark's fins, red herring scales, willow leaves, grasshopper legs, frog's eyes, lizard's tongues, oyster shells and sugar cane root, and several other Chinese physicians pronounced the prescriber a quack. It is understood that the critics would have substituted bat's wings for the frog's eyes.

Many hitherto steadfast partisans of Don Carlos have refused to accept his quasi-liberal ideas and have withdrawn their support.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE LONELY MAN.

There are 1,400,000,000 people living on the planet which we now inhabit. And yet there is now and then a man who wonders what the rest of us will do when he dies. There are people in "society" who honestly think that all the world closes its eyes when we lie down to sleep. There are men who fear to act according to their own convictions, because, perhaps, ten persons in a crowd of 1,400,000,000 will laugh at them. Why, if a man could only realize every moment what a bustling, busy, fussy important little atom he is in all this great ant hill of important, fussy little atoms, every day he would regard himself less, and think still less of the other molecules in the corral.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

A Buffalo doctor says that the street cars of that city, which are unwarmed, are responsible for many cases of pneumonia.

Celluloid has recently been used as a substitute for copper in sheathing the hulls of vessels, and has been found to answer the purpose admirably.

That unsightly excrescence commonly called a wart can be removed by touching it several times a day with castor oil. This is the simplest known remedy.

The Transatlantic Steamship Company (French) has equipped all its vessels with apparatus for spreading oil on the waves during storms, having thoroughly tested its efficacy.

Dr. Gross, of Geneva, has lately experimented with himself in hanging. His experiments established that the sensations were only warmth and a burning in the head, without convulsions.

A new musical instrument, the Calvi harp, the invention of M. Pletz, of Brussels, has passed a successful private trial. It has a keyboard like a piano, but the mechanism plucks the strings like a harp instead of striking them. Any pianist can play it.

Ice can be so secured that it will not lose 25 per cent. of its weight in six days, even in a room the temperature of which is 80°. This can be done by placing the piece of ice in a bag, and then in a box containing enough barley chaff to surround it with a layer five or six inches thick.

Prof. Elisha Gray's new telantograph is said to produce at one end of the wire an exact fac-simile of the writing of the message sender at the other end. An artist may draw a picture with the pencil in Chicago and it will be reproduced synchronously by the pencil in New York.

Instead of weighing in pounds and ounces a newly-invented scale indicates the value of articles weighed. For example, if a man buys butter at 40 cents a pound an indicator is placed at 30. This so adjusts the scale that the lower indicator shows the value of any weight of butter at that price that is put on the scales.

To remove a foreign body from the eye, wrap dry white silk waste around and thoroughly over the end of a wooden toothpick, brush with this carefully over the part of the eye where the substance is lodged, and it will become entangled in the silk. Bits of steel or any other sharp substance which may become imbedded in the eye-ball may be removed by this means.

Herr Karelin made some interesting and valuable experiments during the eclipse at Jurjewitz. He found that one-sixtieth of a second was long enough for a plate to be exposed during a solar eclipse in order to obtain a good negativc. He also obtained a photographic landscape during the eclipse, and from a comparison with the time required to obtain a similar result during the full moon he concluded that the light during the solar eclipse was fifty-six times as bright as at full moon.

A simple method of accurately cutting a bottle is to place it upon some level foundation and fill it with linseed oil to the point at which you desire the line of separation to occur. Then take an iron rod of as great a diameter as will pass into the bottle make it almost white hot and dip it into the oil. After the lapse of a few moments a sharp crack is heard, and the bottle is found to be as neatly cut as if with a diamond. If the bottle is very thick, and the cracking sound not heard in a few seconds, a little cold water thrown on the outside will accomplish the desired result.

The other day an old lady came to me with the request to saw a ring from one of her fingers. It was her wedding ring, which she had never had off since she was married forty-five years before, and she was delighted to hear that I could remove it without cutting it. I wound the finger round from the top downward with flat rubber braid, which seemed to push the flesh down almost to the bone. Her hand was then held above her head for a few moments. Then the bandage was quickly taken off and re-wound on the finger. After repeating this operation three times I was able to remove the ring with ease.

It has long been a question with scientists whether flying fish actually fly, or are only carried forward through the air by the impulse which they gave to their bodies while still in the water. Prof. Mobius expresses an authoritative opinion and claims that they are totally unable to fly, for the reason that the muscles which move the pectoral fins are not sufficiently large to bear the weight of their bodies in the air. In birds the average weight of the muscles which are concerned in the movement of the wings is one-sixth that of the entire body; in bats one thirteenth, while in the flying fish it is only one thirty-fifth. He affirms, therefore, that the impulse to the propulsion of the fish in the air is delivered while they are still in the water.

It appears that Professor Plateau, of the University of Ghent, while trying to observe the effects of the irritation of the retina gazed steadily at the sun for twenty seconds, the result being that chronic irido-choroiditis developed, ending eventually in total blindness. A number of cases are known in which choroiditis and retinitis occurred in persons who had observed an eclipse of the sun. The single flash of a sun reflector has been known to cause retinitis, and other temporary visual disturbances of a functional character have been frequently noted. M. Rabeh has described a curious epidemic of snow blindness which occurred among a body of laborers engaged in cleaning a way through the masses of snow which obstructed the road between Passanaur and Mteti, in the Caucasus; the rays of the sun reflected from the vast stretches of snow on every side, produced an intense glare of light, which the unaccustomed eye could not support without the protection of dark glasses. A few of the sturdiest among the laborers were able to work with impunity, but the majority suffered so much that among seventy strongly marked cases, thirty were so severe that the men were absolutely unable to continue work or to find their way home, and lay prone on their faces, striving to hide their faces from the light and crying out from pain. Recovery was gradual but complete.

A writer in *Chambers' Journal* describes a "curious new industry," the possibilities of which cannot at present be estimated. It is nothing more nor less than the manufacture from air of oxygen for application to various uses. Methods of extracting oxygen from the atmosphere have long been known, but they have not been sufficiently practical to make it an article of commercial value. By what is known as the Brin process, however, oxygen is now being made at a cheap rate and in large quantities, and, we are told, it is certain to have a great commercial future. It can be used as an illuminator, and it is expected that it will prove of immense value to physicians, as it already stands high as a remedial agent. The Brin Oxyen Company have a system by which milk can be charged with oxygen as it comes from the cow, before it starts on its travels, and its benefit to children and invalids under such application is incalculable. Milk treated in this way, it is claimed, is rendered not only free from disease, but richer and improved in taste. It will also when oxygenated remain fresh and pure for a fortnight. The new industry is still only in its infancy, and it may be that the extent of its possible development is not yet even dreamed of. It may be even possible some day to apply it practically to dilatory legislators. An oxygenated Senate, for instance, would be a pleasing novelty, provided its artificial activity did not all run to talk.

TWO BACKWOODS BOYS.

They Stand Their Ground Against Two Catamounts, and Kill Them Both.

PINE CREEK, Pa., April 12.—Two boys, Willie Chambers and Frank Weston, have been trapping skunk during the winter for a furrier in Philadelphia. They have caught and shipped over two hundred since the first of January. On Friday they were going to a trap of them on Trout Run, when they have were confronted by an enormous catamount that sprang out of the bushes and crouched down in front of them a few feet away. The boys had a single-barrelled shotgun, and Weston fired at the catamount, lodging the charge of shot in its body. The animal jumped up and ran away for a short distance; and then turned and made a dash at the boys. Weston clubbed his gun and hit the catamount with the stock as it leaped toward him. The blow stunned the animal for a moment, then it renewed the attack. Young Chambers had in the mean time procured a heavy club, and the two boys pitched in, and after a severe fight, in which the clothing was torn from both of them by the sharp claws of the catamount, they succeeded in killing it.

They shouldered their trophy and went on to their trap, where they were surprised to find another catamount, this one fast by one leg in the trap. It was ferocious, and sprang forward to attack the boys, hampered as it was by the trap. The force of the jump snapped the chain by which the trap was fastened to a sapling, and before the boys had recovered from their astonishment the catamount sprang on young Weston and fastened its claws in his shoulder. Before it could seize him by the throat Chambers struck it a blow with the butt of the gun, knocking it loose and breaking the gun.

The catamount then turned on Chambers. The flesh was stripped from the Weston boy's shoulder, but he went to his companion's aid. With the club and the gun barrel the two boys killed the second catamount, but not until they were both badly hurt. They started home with the two big animals they had killed, but became so weak from loss of blood that but for the appearance of a peddler, who was driving in the direction of the boys' home, and who took the boys in his wagon, they would not have been able to get there, and would doubtless have perished in the road. The boys are 12 and 14 years old.

The same day, in the same locality, Henry Clapham killed two catamounts within a mile of the place the boys had their fight with their second one.

Against Trusts.

The New York *Herald* says:—The bill prepared by the Trust Investigating Committee and introduced in the Senate at Albany is a sweeping measure. It declares that it shall be unlawful for any person, company or corporation to enter into a combination or agreement to limit the production or raise the price of any necessary of life, or to establish a monopoly or prevent competition in the case of such a commodity. It further declares that it shall be unlawful to put the management or control of a corporation in the hands of trustees for such purpose. A violation of the Act by a person is a misdemeanour. A corporation that violates it is liable to forfeit its franchises in this State.

Twelve hundred immigrants arrived in Winnipeg last week.

We fear that agriculturists, or anybody else, who look for an advance in the price of wheat are doomed to disappointment. Manitoba, the Western States, India, Russia, in fact all the sections of the world that share our markets, report immense stocks in store that are rather increasing than diminishing. The trouble is that in Russia and India the cost of growth is so low that their prices rule the market and make the production of wheat in America much less profitable than is warranted by the amount of capital invested and labor bestowed. In five Russian ports alone two million quarters are in stock, so that with this year's crops there will be unprecedented quantities for shipment. Townspeople, of course, glory in the markets, but what do our farming friends say? In the House of Lords the other day Earl de la Warr, speaking on the existing agricultural depression, drew a desperate picture of things. He declared that the farmers of Great Britain had lost £600,000,000 in ten years; that 40 to 50 per cent. of the landowners of the kingdom were unable to live in their own houses; and that nearly a million of agricultural laborers were out of employment. All this was due, he hinted, to the fact that foreign wheat-growers were able to take their produce duty free into English markets.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

Popular books regarding the spiritual world have not generally professed to be anything but works of the imagination, and, of course, have no more than a literary value. The latest book, "Light on the Hidden Way," professes to deal with facts. In assuring us of the truthfulness of the writer, Rev. James Freeman Clarke has done all that can be done, all that is necessary to do in that direction. What remains is to judge from the narrative itself of its reasonableness.

Of all pretended communications from the spiritual or unseen world this is the only one I have seen which carries moral force enough to account for itself. The assumed spirits which it describes dwell entirely on character. Whatever their source, this woman, whose days are filled to overflowing with practical duties and common round of cares, has given us ideas of duty and truth which are harmonious with the latest conclusions of the deepest thinkers, and which seem to me to be far in advance of popular spiritual belief, perhaps because they touch the very basis of morality.

When the author was a girl of 10 years she had set her room in order one Saturday morning, and, being in haste for her play, had swept and dusted around the rug. As she started to go she saw her father standing on the rug and looking down on it intently. Raising his solemn eyes to hers, he told her to lift one end of it. And then, in her mortification, he charged her to remember that no act or thought is hidden, and that every slighted duty is a sin against the ideal life.

THERE ARE NO TRIFLES IN CONDUCT.

"Pretty small doings for an angel!" is the general if not universal verdict. That is because our moral perspective is not correctly adjusted. Nothing is small that bears on character. Fidelity to duty, irrespective of the size of the duty, is fit work for all worlds. If we suppose that the relations of earth are continued beyond earth, that fatherly love exists beyond the grave, what more natural than that a father, keenly discerning right and wrong, as the unblinded spiritual eyes must, should attend his little fatherless and motherless earth child to guide her tender feet in the right path? The only probability against it is that it is seldom seen. I should far sooner expect that it would always occur than that it would never occur. There are a thousand indications that the presence of a pure departed spirit may be felt by a spirit still involved in matter. There is no inherent probability that the pure spirit is incapable of discerning or influencing the spirit not yet cleared from matter.

It might require some courage to give so simple a narrative to a world that demands from the unseen universe impossible tidings. We forget that we are yet in a stage of existence in which knowledge is communicated only through the senses. In a certain way, therefore, we can learn only what we know before. Spirits themselves can not, on any conceivable theory, communicate to us what is not recognizable through the physical senses. In every attempt by any revelation no one has gone beyond the symbolism of this world. Imagination can create new combinations. It never creates material. All, therefore, which any revelation can do is to use this world in its best types as indicative of the other, and elucidate moral truth which is eternal, that is, which has no relation to time. This modest seer touches with firm hand a great truth, without misgivings, without even self-consciousness.

Another principle of the widest scope is presented with the same light, firm touch; the light, passing touch of one to whom it has been given, and not the eager grasp of one who has found it after extraordinary, life-long seeking. When asked what seemed to her the most impressive fact disclosed by the unseen life she hesitates a little, in certain childlike fashion, and then says perhaps it is the perfect order of the universe. Under this order each soul finds its exact level and place by as unfailing a law as that which crystallizes the snow and paints the rose and holds the stars in their orbits. Thus she discerns the unity of moral and material law.

THE LIFE AFTER DEATH.

Following this line of law, her friends of the unseen world teach what the highest reason we can exercise seems to teach, that there is nothing in death to change a sinner into a saint except that the clear spiritual eye, "the unclothed soul," is forced to see its own condition and pass judgment on itself. The stain of sensual life shows instantly all its blackness in the white light of the spiritual atmosphere. A reaction from the belief in a literal hell to a comfortable but deadening assurance that death will make all right receives from these spiritual advisers no countenance. "Hell-fire" hardly is too strong a word for them to use for the light of heaven, only that it is a purifying rather than a punitive flame, but it brings an almost intolerable pain to him who has loved and lived in darkness. And it brings an unexpected joy to the soul which has gone further than it knew in the attainment of noble character.

Two of these surprised spiritual sufferers, who learned their evil deeds only after they had passed from earth, were men who had left ample endowments to public institutions, but

WHOSE RELATIVES WERE ABANDONED

to need and distress. Most miserable of all who came to this seer were such as these—self-constrained to watch constantly the hardships and anxieties which they themselves might have averted, unreconciled to their own helplessness to aid where once aid was in their power; held back from progress by unavailing regret and remorse, driven into a hell of unrest.

The communications of these assumed spiritual beings teach a God of science, of logic, of the devoutest religion; teach a gospel of purity, of human service, of stern fidelity to truth and duty. They are in perfect and impressive accord with the highest conclusions of the intellect, the tenderest aspirations of the heart, the sternest dictates of the conscience. To this extent they demand recognition.

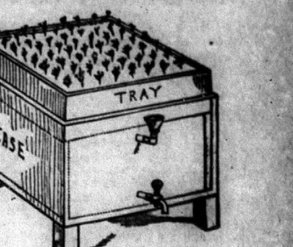
What in the history of the visible world forever bars it from conscious connection with the invisible world? Progress has always been in that direction. The epic of civilization is the epic of spiritualization. The mass of rough stone has become artistic beauty, family consecration, religious worship. Space has been overcome by spirits upon the earth.

It is but a single step outward, onward, to annihilate space beyond the earth, to penetrate the earth, quality itself. We hold in our grasp that most subtle and strong of forces, electricity, utilizing, but in nowise comprehending it. There is a spiritual body as a natural body. The mutual relations of the two are but dimly discerned, but slightly understood. There is nothing in the past to demonstrate or to indicate that the world of matter has reached its utmost refinement, or that its relations with the world of spirit have attained their closest intimacy.

Propagating Case and Trays.

One of the chief difficulties that the amateur propagator meets with in rooting cuttings of many kinds of plants is a lack of bottom heat. Top heat he can get easily enough; but bottom heat is the key to success in propagating plants by cuttings, as every gardener and florist well knows.

I represent at Fig. 79 a sketch of a "propagating case" that, judging from my own ex



perience with it, will meet all the requirements of the amateur florist, and enable him to compete successfully with the best appointed greenhouse in the world in rooting a limited number of roses and other favorite or high-priced plants. It is simply a box 16 inches deep, and as long and wide as may be desired. The box is made of inch thick stuff, and in it is placed a galvanized iron or tin tank 10 inches deep, and three inches less in diameter than the inside of the box. The one and a half inch of space between the tank and the sides of the box should be packed with sawdust. At one side is a filling tube, as shown in the sketch, and a faucet for drawing off the water. A few plant trays, four inches deep and large enough to closely fit inside the upper part of the case over the tank, are needed. They should be made of half-inch stuff. If desired they may be made one or two inches deeper and have a glass cover to fit over the top.

Put about three inches of sand, or fine-friable soil in one of these trays, set the cuttings in it, fill the tank with hot water, and keep it hot, or quite warm, by drawing off a portion daily and replacing with more that is boiling. In a few days the plants in the tray will be rooted and it can be taken out and another filled with cuttings put in its place. After the plants in the first tray have hardened off a few days they may be potted, or transplanted to the open border. If it is desired to root the plants in thumb pots, set the pots close together in the tray and pack with sand or moss, and they will root quite as readily as on the greenhouse bench.

With a small propagating case like this and a few plant trays to match, an immense number of cuttings can be rooted for the house or borders. It is also well adapted to starting plants of all kinds from seed, especially those of a delicate nature. In starting seeds it is best to have a glass cover on the tray arranged so it can be drawn aside a little at a time as the plants come up. All seedling plants must have abundance of light and air to prevent them from becoming drawn, or damping off.

Will There be Trouble?

In spite of the proclamation of the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, warning the seal fishers of that province to maintain the peace in Behrings straits, there is grave cause for apprehension that trouble will arise if the huge monopoly, at present protected by the United States government, attempts to interfere with the operations of Canadian boats as it did last year. A number of sealing vessels are reported to have started out from British Columbia and Nova Scotia, all manned by men determined to resist seizure by American cutters plying in the interest of the fur company that rules everything in that region with an iron hand. The Governor of Alaska has denounced this monopoly in the most unmeasured terms for its treatment of people who make the slightest attempt to thwart its purposes; and what he says only confirms the opinion that has prevailed for some years as to the outrages committed by this corporation, which pretends to be acting under the laws of the United States and with the sanction of the authorities at Washington. Americans, Canadians and Indians have suffered too many indignities at the hands of the Alaska Fur Company, and it seems hard to blame any of the sufferers if they now take the law into their own hands. This the Canadian victims of the monopoly, it is said, propose to do, and they have put for the grounds prepared to contest the claims of their oppressor. The State Department at Washington should take notice and put a veto upon the measures taken in Behrings Sea to lock up the treasures of those waters for the benefit of a corporation that has seized upon property that is not owned by the United States. If the Governor of Alaska is to be believed, no time should be lost in stripping the pirates composing the fur company of the power conferred upon them, under a misapprehension, by the United States. No American statesman can honestly defend the tactics pursued in Behring's Sea to exclude Canadians from the sealing grounds, and no one competent to form an unbiased opinion has visited Alaska and come away without deciding that the Alaska Fur Company, conducted as it is, is in the highest degree inimical to the welfare of that Territory.

One hundred years ago the town of Wilton, N. H., passed the following vote: "That the town provide one barrel West India rum, five barrels New England rum, one barrel good brown sugar, half a box of pressed lemons, two loaves of loaf sugar, for framing and raising said meeting house."

North Hastings Review

J. B. ORR, - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Terms :

If paid in advance.......... $1.00 per year.
" after 3 months........ 1.25 " "
" after 6 months........ 1.50 " "

We prefer the $1.00 in advance to the $1.50 on long credit. No successful paper can be run on any other terms, and we shall strictly adhere to the above prices in future, in every instance.

MADOC, APRIL 19, 1888.

TO PROTECT THE FARMERS.

We have been favored with a copy of the following motion which Mr. Adam Brown, M. P., for Hamilton, has given notice that he intends to submit to the House of Commons at the very earliest opportunity :—

Resolved: That a special committee be appointed to inquire into the fraudulent practices which have prevailed and still prevail in various parts of the Dominion by which farmers have been and are induced to give their promissory notes and securities to a large amount in the aggregate for seed, agricultural implements and other goods and merchandize by various false pretexts—the goods in some cases never being delivered and in other cases being comparatively worthless, the makers of such promissory notes being obliged to make payment while the perpetrators of these wrongs evade justice, and that such Committee have power to send for persons, papers and records and be instructed to report what remedies exist in such cases or what further remedies should be provided.

DOMINION RAILWAY BILL.

Hon. Mr. Pope has introduced a Railway Bill in the House of Commons the present session that promises to make a great change in the railway policy of the country. Heretofore there has been no direct control over the traffic of railway companies. This bill proposes to put in the hands of a committee of the Privy Council the right to regulate such traffic. It also gives, in addition to powers now held, the right to prevent pooling as against shippers, and also to prevent special rates to individuals and companies, thereby giving one class of dealers an advantage over others. There is no doubt that there has been and is a system of serving friends that has been most injurious to shippers who were not so favored. The bill also provides for a remedy against the unreasonable location of a line, by an appeal to this committee. Heretofore a railroad having a charter could run a line through any section and interfere with any interests, the only answer to objections being,—"we will pay the damage, and if you are not satisfied with our offer, arbitrate." This had a seeming fairness but parties who had sought the remedy know how valueless it often proved. Mr. Wood, M. P. P. for North Hastings, introduced a bill in the Ontario Legislature, session of 1887, which became law, that provided a remedy for the province, but as the roads were largely Dominion in character it left a wide field that his bill did not reach. Mr. Pope's bill covers the whole ground.

Suicide in Belleville.

Mr. Eber C. Flint, who was several several years ago a manufacturer of melodeons in this city, left here for other parts with his wife and daughter, and recently returned alone, was on Tuesday morning found dead in his bed at the Commercial house. A letter which he had written before retiring for the night stated that he had taken poison because his life was no longer worth living. Deceased was 60 years of age on Monday, and was a prominent member of the Masonic order. His wife and daughter—the latter the wife of Albert Hitsart—are supposed to be in Saginaw, Mich.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are suited to every age. They are mild and pleasant in action, thorough and searching in effect, and, being sugar-coated, are easy to take. These pills never fail to give satisfaction.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—OSKALOOSA, Kansas, has a female mayor and council. Women legislators are not uncommon in Canada, but they do not wear petticoats.

—CANADA must be making some progress in the matter of temperance education. It is interesting to note that in this respect this country is in advance of any Christian community on the face of the globe. Great Britian annually consumes 30 gallons of strong drink per head of her population, the United States 12, and Canada last year only 4 gallons.

—MORE and more paper is taking the place of wood-work. Paper doors are now largely substituted for wooden doors. The paper doors are better for the reason that they are lighter. They do not shrink or swell with changes of weather; they are made from single sheets of paper molded into any desired pattern, and they are not dearer than wooden doors.

—SEVENTEEN days have been spent in the House of Commons discussing the Unrestricted Reciprocity resolution introduced by Sir Richard Cartwright, and on Saturday morning last, after a twelve hours' session, it was defeated by a majority of fifty-seven. The debate was indulged in by more than sixty members of the House, and had become a wearisome subject.

—THE Canadian remounts purchased by the Imperial authorities for the British army have given entire satisfaction. Notwithstanding the cry raised by the British agriculturists against the importation of Canadian horses for military purposes, the War Office has commissioned Colonel Goldie and Mr. John Keith to secure all the available remounts for cavalry purposes to be had in the Dominion. Our farmers are thus afforded an excellent opportunity of selling to advantage animals adapted to purposes of war. The class of horses required are those fitted for light cavalry, heavy cavalry and heavy artillery mounts. Colonel Goldie is on his way to Toronto from Halifax. The address of Mr. Keith is No. 92, King street east, Toronto.

—THE financial statements published in the Canada Gazette of Saturday show that the Dominion expenditure is being kept well within the revenue and that the public debt has been reduced. The receipts and expenditures for the present fiscal year up to the end of February showed a surplns of $558,466. During March this sum was increased by $1,480,560, and the surplus on March the 31st was $2,039,029 During February the net public debt was reduced by $619,136, and in March a further reduction of $1,173,693 was made. At the same time there has been expended upon capital account during the year, up to the end of March, the sum of $3,666,542. These statements, published monthly, give the people each month a correct idea of the finances of the Dominion. Would it not be well if the Ontario Government would give a full statement, at least yearly, and have it published in the Provincial Accounts?

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER

TO ALL WANTING EMPLOYMENT.

We want live, energetic agents in every county in the United States and Canada to sell a patent article of great merit *on its merits*. An article having a large sale paying over 100 per cent. profit, having no competition, and on which the agent is protected in the exclusive sale by a deed given on each and every county he may secure from us. With all these advantages to our agents, and the fact that it is an article that can be sold to every houseowner, it may not be necessary to make *"an extraordinary offer"* to secure good agents at once, but we have concluded to make it to show, not only our confidence in the merits of our invention, but in its salability by any agent that will handle it with energy. Our agents now at work are making from $150 to $300 a month clear, and this fact makes it safe for us to make our offer to all who are out of employment. Any agent that will give our business a thirty day's trial and fail to clear at least $100 in this time, *above all expenses*, can return all goods unsold to us and we will refund the money paid for them. No such employer of agents ever dared to make such offers, nor would we if we did not know that we have agents now making more then double this amount. Our large decriptive circulars explain our offer fully, and these we wish to send to everyone out of employment who will send us three one cent stamps for postage. Send at once and secure the agency in time for the boom, and go to work on the terms named in our extraordinary offer. Address, at once,

NATIONAL NOVELTY CO.
514 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa

49—3m

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

1888. OO 1888.

SPRING

It is our pleasure to meet you all through the medium of this paper and extend an urgent invitation to call and examine the ample provision we have made to meet the necessities of this season with bright, new, and stylish goods from our well selected stock. So successful and satisfactory have been our efforts as buyers that we cannot refrain from stating a few facts regarding the character and description of this beautiful array of satisfying bargains. Starting with a thorough knowledge of the wants of our customers, and imbued with a determination to please, we sought only such markets as afforded the best productions of goods in our line. We selected carefully and conscientiously from these unrivalled sources such seasonable styles as we knew to be honest, reliable and exceptional values for the prices asked. We now add to these bargains a fair living profit and place our stock before the public, confident in the belief that we can neither be undersold or outdone in variety, quality, or style. You can make no mistake in purchasing from us without further delay, but we court comparison and invite the strictest examination of quality and value if the slightest misgiving lingers in your mind that you may do better elsewhere. Having every confidence in our stock and prices we are not afraid of any unprejudiced comparison where we know the best shall win without fear or favor.

J. Dale & Son.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR SALE.

IN THE village of Madoc, that desirable property, owned by the late T. S. Agar, containing ½ an acre of land, Frame House, Fruit and Shade Trees. Terms easy. For further particulars apply to

R. T. GRAY.

Madoc, April 18th, 1888. 3-4

House and Lot for Sale.

THE undersigned offers for sale in Madoc village that valuable property, being part of the west half of lot 3, 6th concession, consisting of an acre and a half of good land, good frame house and barn, and never failing spring of water. Will be sold very reasonable. Apply to

MRS. O. SULLIVAN.
Madoc, April 18th, 1888. 3 4t Madoc

Shaving and Hair Dressing.

THE undersigned, having purchased the good-will and fixtures of R. Francis' barber shop, Dale's block, Madoc, begs to solicit a share of the patronage of the public. He has fixed up the shop in first-class style, and will be pleased to see all who may favor him with a call. Good work guaranteed.

W. J. POST.
Madoc, April 18th, 1888. 3

COURT OF REVISION.

Municipality of Bangor et. al., County of Hastings.

THE first day's sitting of the Court of Revision in said corporation will be held at Patrick O'Brien's in Bangor on the thirtieth day of May next, beginning at the hour of ten o'clock, a. m.

All concerned may take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

DARIUS CARD,
Township Clerk.
Maynooth April 16th, 1888. 3

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

BOARD OF HEALTH NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given by the Board of Health of the village of Madoc, that all premises within the said Corporation are required to be thoroughly cleaned of any filth, deleterious or accumulated matter, which may be on said premises by the first day of May, 1888.

Special attention is called to the said condition of the back yards on both sides of Durham Street in the business portions.

J. S. LOOMIS, M. D.,
Chairman.
Madoc, April 18th, 1888. 3

HOUSE TO RENT.

ON Elgin Street, in the village of Madoc, near the Model School. Enquire at REVIEW office. 1 3w.

VALUABLE FARM.

A RARE opportunity of securing a valuable farm, suitable for dairy purposes or stock raising, is now offered—being lot No. 19, 8th concession of the Township of Dungannon, Hastings County, containing 99 acres; 30 acres cleared, the rest in valuable hardwood timber. Two miles from cheese factory, grist and saw mills; one mile from steam saw mill. Possession immediate. This farm is also 12 miles from a railway station, apply to

A. RUPNOW, Esq.
L'Amable. P. O
48—2m. Hastings Co., Ont.

25,000 LBs. WOOL WANTED

—AT THE—

MARMORA WOOLLEN MILLS.

Custom Carding and Spinning done on shortest notice.

Parties having 60 pounds and upwards o wool can have their own wool spun into yarn.

Tweeds, Fullcloths, Shirtings and yarns kept on hand, to exchange for wool.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial.

MITCHELL & DANFORD.
Marmora, May 7th, 1887. 6-3m

GARDEN, FIELD, AND FLOWER SeedS

—AT—

DEANS' DRUG STORE.

CHURCH SERVICES.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Divine worship and preaching every Sabbath at 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sabbath School and Pastor's Bible Class at 2.30 p.m.; Young People's Prayer Meeting, Tuesday, and General Prayer Meeting, Thursday evenings, at 7.30.
O. R. LAMBLY, M.A., Pastor.

ST. PETER'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sabbath School at 9.30 a.m.; Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening at 8.
D. WISHART, Pastor.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST (Church of England) Mattins and Evensong every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p.m.; Evensong on Wednesdays, at 7.30 p.m., with an address.
T. AUSTIN SMITH, Pastor.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.—Mass, each Sunday at 9.30 a.m., except every third Sunday, when Mass is at 11 o'clock; Vespers and Benediction, each 4th Sunday at 5 o'clock.
THOMAS DAVIS, Pastor.

New Ads. This Week.

For Sale—R. T. Gray.
Barber Shop—W. J. Post.
Court of Revision—D. Card.
Cheap Goods—O'Flynn & O'Hara.
Board of Health—J. S. Loomis, M. D.
House and Lot for Sale—Mrs. Sullivan.

Special Notices.

Highest price in Cash paid for Eggs at W. W. Hudgins'

All kinds of Field and Garden Seeds at D. W. Wright's.

W. W. Hudgins wants to see you. All kinds of Groceries very low. All other goods in his line at bottom prices.

The finest new season's Japan Teas in Madoc at D. W. Wright's.

Onion Sets at Dean's Drug Store. tf

If you are in want of any Crockery or Glassware try D. W. Wright's.

What about getting a pair of Slippers or fine Shoes, they are jim dandies at D. W. Wright's

J. R. Irish, Dentist, arrives every Tuesday on noon train. He is now extracting teeth without pain. See advertisement. tf

The Richardson Gold Hill Booming. Business rushing at the People's Store, Eldorado. Wessler & Hudgins selling goods at Madoc prices.

Latest Local News.

—Now the trout fisherman will begin to reel in his line and to reel off his lies.

—Mrs. Sullivan offers her house and 1½ acres of land, in this village, for sale. See advt.

—Fred. Rous, a prominent merchant of Belleville, died last week. He was over 70 years of age.

—Come out and see the Oddfellows procession on Thursday next. It will be the finest ever held in the district by this Order.

—Inspector Mouncey had the proprietor of the Windsor House up last week for infringement of the liquor law, but failed to convict.

—The calender spring begins on March 1st, the astronomical spring begins several weeks later, the real spring begins when it gets ready.

—To add to the other dangers that threaten the poor man in this country, a well executed counterfeit $100 bill has made its appearance.

—O'Flynn & O'Hara advertise a cheap line of dress goods, prints, ginghams, &c., in this issue. It will cost you nothing to call and see them.

—Mr. W. J. Post, late of Belleville, has bought out R. Francis' barber shop, in Dale's Block in this village. See card in another column.

—That desirable property in this village, owned by the late T.S. Agar, is offered for sale in this issue. Mr R. T. Gray will give full particulars.

—The Board of Health gives notice in this issue to clean up your back yards and premises. In some quarters the notice is not given any too soon.

—Mr. Wooley has put a new comfortable and commodious covered stage on the Madoc and Belleville line. It is the best ever run on this route.

—The Oddfellows' fine Band, all silver instruments, will be out in full force next Thursday. Their music will be worth coming miles to hear.

—M. W. Connor & Co. have started a peddling wagon on the road this week, with a full line of goods. Mr. John G. Reed is in charge of this branch of their business.

—We notice that in many of the surrounding towns athletic associations are being formed. Would not a similar organization be of benefit to the young men of this village?

—The next meeting of the North Hastings Teachers' Association will be held in the Model School, in this village, on May 31st and June 1st. It will be the only meeting held this year.

—The High School Board, unable to agree as to a site, has, we understand, left the matter in abeyance until the arrival of the Provincial Inspector, whose approval has to be obtained in any case.

—Our correspondence column is unavoidably crowded out of this issue.

—This is about the time of the year that a man decides on becoming an amateur gardener. He should apply to the man who became an amateur gardener this time last year, if he would like to get ten or fifteen dollars worth of implements for about a dollar and a half.

—The Trenton *Advocate* says:—"Mr. Jas. A. Orr, of this office, left this week for Belleville, where he succeeds Mr. E. Chisholm in the job printing business. Mr. Orr has had a long experience, and is one of the best job printers in the province. *The Advocate* trusts he may have every success in his new business.

—Bring in the news. An editor might go through the street and ask a hundred people "What's the news?" and ninety out of the hundred would say "Nothing special." And yet fifty of them know something which, if found in the next paper, would be of interest to many. Don't be afraid to give information on matters of news to the newspaper.

Something Sweet.

Don't forget the Maple Sugar Social to be held in the Lecture Room of the Methodist Church to-morrow (Friday) evening, 7:30 o'clock. Lots of taffy, excellent programme and a good time. Everybody cordially welcomed. Admission only 10 and 15 cents.

A New Cow Disease.

The Intelligencer says:—Mr. Wm. Bunnett, of Thurlow, has a number of milch cows, four of which came in lately, milking freely for four days, since which time they have almost ceased giving milk. The four cows do not now give over a half pint of milk each day. Although they eat heartily, they are failing fast in flesh. Veterinary surgeons say they cannot account for it.

Nearly an Accident.

The Trenton *Courier* says:—Last Tuesday week as the Coe Hill train was approaching Bannockburn, the road was noticed to be obstructed. The engineer did everything in his power to stop the engine, but failed till it was crashed into the pile of ties that were put upright and crosswise at the culvert, smashing the cowcatcher and headlight on the engine, but doing no other damage. The stroke was so sharp as to cut an eight inch tie in two. A farmer's house and barn is on each side of the road and the men saw the engine but deny that they saw the obstruction. A reward of $200 is offered.

A Better Arrangement.

We are glad to hear that a much-needed improvement has been made in the mail arrangement between this village and Eldorado. Heretofore mail matter by stage twice daily from Madoc was unopened at Eldorado and carried by train to Trenton, south, or Coe Hill, north, coming back to the Eldorado post office the next day. Of course no extra charge was made by the Government for the day-and-a-half's excursion each letter had before being delivered, but the kindness was unnecessary. Now the mail bags are opened at the post office before being put on board the train, and the contents for Eldorado promptly delivered.

Oddfellows' Day.

All that is now wanted is fine weather for Thursday next, 26th inst., to make the Oddfellows' Day a grand success. The programme for the day will be as near as possible to that given in our last issue. The Concert committee promises a fine programme for the evening's entertainment. Instrumental music will be furnished by the orchestra of the Belleville Oddfellows' Band, from 7 to 9 players, under the leadership of Prof. Riggs. We can safely say that this will be the finest music ever given to a Madoc audience. The celebrated specialist, Mr. Reub. Fax, of Brantford, is down for several songs, and we need only say of him that in his engagements all over the province he has the reputation that he never fails in "bringing down the house." Then we have Miss May Clark, a leading vocalist of Belleville, and Miss Price, of the same place, who will give a number of solos and duets. Miss May Kelly, of Marmora, who gave such good satisfaction at the Agricultural Society's concert last fall, will also be present. And not by any means least are our old local favorites, Mrs. W. H. O'Flynn and Mrs. B. O'Hara, who will each give a number of their best selections. If any thing more would be required we have a local quartette club, and probably a guitar duet by Messrs. Weiss and Maybee. This ought to make up a programme that will indeed be a treat to hear. The Oddfellows are going to an enormous expence in securing the above array of talent, and we bespeak for them from an appreciating public a crowded house. The tickets are only 25 cents; 35 cents for a reserved seat. Programmes will be issued in a few days.

A perfectly sound body and a mind unimpaired are possible only with pure blood. Leading medical authorities indorse Ayer's Sarsaparillia as the best blood purifying medicine in existence. It vastly increases the working and productive powers of both hand and brain.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Methodist Church.

The annual Educational sermon will be preached next Sabbath morning. In the evening the pastor will especially address young people. Theme—"David's Shepherd King." Collection at both services in aid of the Conference Educational fund.

Cheese Meeting.

Cheesemen are reminded of the meeting in the Masonic Hall in this village on Saturday, 21st inst., for the purpose of discussing matters of interest with this branch of industry, and also for the organization on a larger scale of the Madoc Cheese Board. Let there be a large attendance of all interested.

Fire At Tweed.

A dispatch from Tweed on Friday, 13th, says:—The barns and sheds of the Munro House were burned here last night. Loss about three hundred dollars, fully covered by insurance. Wm. Ebbs' barn, adjoining, was also burned. Loss one hundred and fifty, insured—amount not known. Cause of fire not known.

A Simple Remedy.

Hot alum water is said to be the best insect destroyer known. Put the alum into hot water and let it boil until it is dissolved; then apply the hot solution with a brush to all the cracks, bedsteads and other places where insects are found. Ants, bedbugs, roaches and creeping things are killed by it, while there is no danger of poisoning the family or injuring property.

Timely Warning.

Spring has waylaid us. The debating club orator now sinks back into summer of oblivion; the hired man changes his winter socks; the frisky calf chews off the honest farmer's thumb in a sportive way; the buck wheat pancake stampedes, and striped pants, quinsy, white hats, and bronchitis run riot in the land. Beware of lightning rod agents and seed grain pilgrims.

Religion in Belleville.

As a result of the labours of Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, the evangelists, which were concluded on Tuesday night, 301 persons on Sunday last, united in membership with the Bridge street Methodist Church and 57 with the Holloway street Church. Mr. Hunter stated that the accession to the Bridge street Church was the largest addition ever made under their ministration to one church at one time.

At St Thomas Church Sunday morning Bishop Lewis confirmed 47 candidates, of whom 18 were males and 29 females. Rev. H. Farmer, of North Hastings, assisted.

Five Bad Ds.

The *Intelligencer* reports Mr. Hunter, one of the revivalists, making the following practical remarks at one of the meetings last week:—"Mr. Hunter said he had five Ds that he wanted to impress upon the minds of men and women. The first is Dirt: It was no wonder some men went to the bar rooms. They could not sit down in the house without soiling their clothes. Dance. Keep it out of your houses. Debt. That is a terrible thing. Wives, don't run your husbands into debt. Drink. Keep it out of the house. He would like to examine some of the Methodist cellars in this city. He had heard of a man in this city who had wine on his table speaking to a sinner about his soul and had been reminded of his practice. You see what the world thinks of it. The fifth D stands for Devil. If he knocks at your door say you are not at home. You must be very careful to keep him out, for he will get in through a very small space if given an opportunity."

Lacrosse.

A largely attended meeting of the Athletic Lacrosse Club was held in the club-room on Friday evening last, and an enthusiastic spirit displayed that argues well for a first-class team this coming season. A committee was appointed to locate and fix up new grounds, and as only practice can make perfect, three evenings and two mornings of each week were selected for regular practice, at which every player must attend. The following officers were elected:—

Hononary President—Mr. James C. Dale.
" Vice do.—Mr. Thomas Cross.
President—Will Cross.
Vice do.—Will Wright.
Secretary—Harry Price.
Treasurer—C. D. McDonald.
Captain—J. R. Orr.
Captain of Juniors—B. Simmons.

with a managing committee of the Captain and Messrs. G. H. Brown, J. Wylie, D. Collings and A. Huff. An endeavor will be made to have a couple of matches and a big day generally here on May 24th.

If Belleville, Peterboro, Stirling, Hastings or Norwood have anything to say about it our boys would like to hear from them.

Married.

LAFFIN—QUINLAN.—In the R. C. Church, Madoc, on Tuesday, April 17th, by Rev. Father Davis, Robt. Laffin to Miss Bridget Quinlan, youngest daughter of Thomas Quinlan, Esq., all of Tudor.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

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Prints,
Ginghams &c.

We are offering this week some lihes of Dress Goods, Prints, Ginghams, &c.

AT 25 PER CENT. BELOW COST PRICES.

Don't fail to see these goods, as we are bound to clear them out.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.
POST OFFICE BLOCK.

DON'T FORGET

The table. Of course we know you will not, but we thought we would remind you that we have

A DAINTY STOCK

of choice Groceries, which should claim your attention at this time. We have many

New Delicacies

which will satisfy the taste of the most critical epicure. And we have a

NICE FRESH STOCK

of Staple Goods which we are selling at prices that leave only a very small margin of profit.

Choice Teas,
Aromatic Coffee.

All kinds of this season's

CANNED GOODS

and a fine stock of all the requisites for a Christmas Pudding. If low prices for standard goods will please you, send your orders.

GRAY & McGREGOR,
MADOC.

CANADA PERMANENT
Loan and Savings Com'y
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HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Stock Capital, $3,000,000.
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The Company Lends Money on Real Estate at lowest current rates of interest and on favorable terms of re-payment.

Mortgages and Debentures Purchased. No Commission. No Delay. Expenses Moderate.

Apply to J. HERBERT MASON, Managing Director, Toronto.

Or to E. D. O'FLYNN,
Appraiser at Madoc.

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WORK, such as
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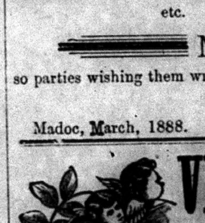
so be sure and see them before placing your orders for the coming spring.

They also carry Factory Supplies, such as
RENNET EXTRACT COLORING, CHEESE CLOTH, SCALEBOARDS
etc. We make a specialty in first class
MILK-CANS
so parties wishing them will find it to their advantage to call on
M. W. CONNOR & Co.

Madoc, March, 1888.



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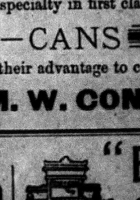
Is a work of nearly 200 pages, colored plates, 1,000 Illustrations, with descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, prices of SEEDS and Plants, and how to get and grow them. Printed in English and German. Price only 10 cents, which may be deducted from the first order.

BUY ONLY VICK'S SEEDS, AT HEADQUARTERS.
JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N. Y.



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FARM.

Report from Ontario County.

Horticulture and pomology in this county are more and more coming to the front. The soil and climate have are better for fruit than for grain production. The currant is beginning to take the lead among small fruit.

Blue Windsor cherry has no equal, either for home use or for market. Montmorency Ordinaire is a fine kind for market. Cherries demand good culture, as well as other fruits. Peaches should be well thinned early in the season to make nice salable fruit.

Early Rivers is a good early peach. Attention is called to a Texas production, Elise's Surprise, which is earlier than Rivers, and an entire freestone.

Steven's Rareripe can be recommended as late peach. Salway gives a big crop, having a tendency to overbear. The Kieffer is deeply wonderful (Mr. Willard has again sold his crop at a big price, and states that the commission merchants telegraphed him to ship a carload). The apple crop has brought more money to the county than any other crop. Buyers begin to discriminate, and will not pay a first-class price for inferior fruit any more. It pays to pack the apples so that you will be proud to have your name on the outside of barrel. Spray with Paris green. Give food to trees and good cultivation.

Sutton's Beauty apple, and McIntosh Red deserve special mention among the new varieties. McIntosh is the handsomest of all, and of fine quality. Yellow Transparent is becoming popular.

The Ranchman's Commissary Department.

A ranchman's life is certainly a very pleasant one, albeit generally varied with plenty of hardship and anxiety. Although occasionally he passes days of severe toil—for example, if he goes on the round up he works as hard as any of his men—yet he no longer has to undergo the monotonous drudgery attendant upon the tasks of the cowboy or of the apprentice in the business. His fare is simple; but, if he chooses, it is good enough. Many ranches are provided with nothing at all but salt pork, canned goods, and bread; indeed, it is a curious fact that in travelling through this new country it is often impossible to get any milk or butter; but this is only because the owners or managers are too lazy to take enough trouble to insure their own comfort. We ourselves always keep up two or three cows, choosing such as are naturally tame, and so we invariably have plenty of milk and, when there is time for churning, a good deal of butter.

We also keep hens, which, in spite of the damaging inroads of hawks, bob cats and foxes, supply us with eggs, and in time of need, when our rifles have failed to keep us in game, with stewed, roast, or fried chicken also. From our garden we get potatoes, and unless drought, frost or grasshoppers interfere (which they do about every second year) other vegetables as well. For fresh meat we depend chiefly upon our prowess as hunters.—Theodore Roosevelt in the *Century*.

Broken Legged Horses.

Some years ago, writes a correspondent of The Cultivator, a two-year-old colt, with others in an outlying pasture, was found with a foreleg broken above the knee and hanging limp and useless. It was early June, hot weather coming on. The animal, though fairly gentle, had never been accustomed to stall or harness. I knew it was useless to attempt putting it in a sling or adjusting a splint or a bandage if left in pasture. There was a small lot available, with excellent grazing, water and shade. In this the colt was placed, simply watched, given a little extra nourishment in form of oats, and left to its fate. The leg hung in such a way that the bone was in a natural position, and the muscles were used to keep the foot clear of the ground. The animal moved about on three legs for a month, took care of the one injured, and I do not think it attempted to lie down during this time. Then it began to put its foot to the ground and gradually to use the leg. By this time pasturage failed. In the fall it had a substantially sound leg again, and was a useful animal for years. When trotting it showed a slight lameness, probably due to a little shortening of the injured leg, but in field work and all ordinary farm purposes it proved a thoroughly serviceable one.

Spavined Arabians.

United States Senator Palmer determined to have on his farm at Detroit, at least five full-blooded Arabian mares, and sent an agent to Arabia to purchase the animals at any cost. The agent has telegraphed his inability to secure the horses. Upon his arrival at Damascus he learned that a firman had been issued by the Sultan prohibiting the further exportation of horses because of the probability of war, in which event they would be needed. This did not daunt Senator Palmer's agent, neither did the historical belief that no Arabian horses are ever disposed of except as gifts to royal personages and for purposes of war. He pushed on and had little trouble in persuading the Sultan to revoke his firman in the interests of a United States Senator. He was elated by his success in this direction, but he has nevertheless signally failed in his effort to get the horses. The rules against selling did not prevent his success, however; he failed from a far different cause, it being none other than the fact that every horse shown him was spavined, ringboned, wind-broken, blind or afflicted with some other disease to which horses, even the pink eyed, soft-skinned Arabian species, are subject.

Switzerland's Milch Cows.

Switzerland has 660,000 milch cows, all of native breed, and divided into two sharply defined races, the brown and the spotted. The former color varies from deep fawn to mouse gray, the latter shade being held in the most esteem. The brown race is short-horned and considered as the original type. It corresponds to the remains found on the sites of the Roman cities of the third century of our era. The skulls of this race, but thermore, are identical with those found in the Swiss lake dwellings. The spotted race, peculiar to Berne and Fribourg, is believed to be of Scandinavian origin. From the milking point of view there is not very much difference in either race. The average daily yield is about twenty pounds.

Ducks usually begin to lay in February, and must time they may be kept at but little expense. Cooked turnips, with a small amount of corn-meal, make good food for them. After they begin to lay they should have a proportion of animal food.

The great flow of milk of cows is artificial. In a state of nature the cow gives only the necessary quantity, and gives it only the necessary time to sustain the calf. The greater and longer yield of milk is the results of better feeding, better treatment and longer manipulation of the teats. Hence to increase the yield of milk, feed and milk well.

Remember that plants to do the work they ought to do require "standing-room." They must have a mellow, porous soil or their feet will be cramped. It pays to take the time to prepare soil properly. Old Jethro Tull found to his cost that tillage alone would not keep up the fertility of his fields, but he found what thousands since his time have proved, that tillage and manure work well together. Don't depend upon surface tillage too much. Pulverize the soil to begin with.

Grass lands, as a rule, are neglected by our small farmers. But little attention is paid to draining in fall and winter, and no mulching or attempted improvements. As soon as the warm weather approaches, sheep and cows are turned in to feed on the young blades, and if the cows give milk, and the lambs grow fairly well for the butcher, that ends the matter. If more care were given to seeding down and getting a good stand of grass, no better means could be devised to insure improved methods of farming. With well seeded fields there need be less plowing, and that might be properly limited to the area that can be thoroughly manured and cultivated. A really good grass or clover crop will pay better average profits than those requiring much more labor.

"Does your cow cringe and curl," asks *The New England Farmer*, "and appear nervous and fidgety when you sit down to milk her?" Well, not much, she doesn't. She isn't that kind of a cow. She isn't one of your shy, timid, bashful cows. She just fixes her eyes on vacancy with a glare that will raise a blister on an oak knot, sticks her tail straight up in the air, stiff as a poker, plants three feet firmly on the ground and then feels around with the other for the milkpail, milkstool, milkmaid; finds them; fires them up somewhere into the blue empyrean, and remarking, "Ha, ha!" amid the shouting, jumps over a six rail fence and tramples down an acre of young garden. Don't talk about cringing and curling to a cow that has to be milked with a pipe, line and a pumping station.

Big Windfalls.

Naval men, especially in the last century, have often grown rich on the proceeds of a single successful expedition, or even on those of a single captured hostile ship. In 1743, during Commodore Anson's cruise, for example, the *Centurion*, on June 20, took the Spanish galleon *Nostra Signora de Cicadamgo*, which had on board bullion and cargo to the value of £400,000; and, before the Commodore returned to England, his squadron captured other vessels which were worth £600,000. Anson's share of this sum was, I believe, over £70,000. Again, on July 30, 1745, the *Prince Frederick*, Captain James Talbot, brought home prizes which, with their cargoes, were worth over £1,000,000. The treasure and plate alone filled forty-five waggons, and the captain's share of the plunder was about £120,000. In the same year another English vessel took a Spanish ship with £400,000 on board, and a third, the *Surprise*, captured a French East Indiaman worth £150,000. Other captures in 1745 were the *Charmante* (£200,000), the *Heron* (£140,000), the *Notre Dame de la Délivrance* (600,000) and the *Conception*. The latter's cargo—I take the details from a contemporary account—consisted of a large quantity of cocoa, sixty-eight chests of silver, gold and silver coin to the amount of over £200,000, much plate, a two-wheeled chaise, the wheels and axle trees, etc., of which were of silver set with diamonds and other precious stones, and a quantity of gold in bars.

"When the ship was put up for sale, the French captain, upon the promise of a reward from Captain Frankland, the captor, discovered to him 30,000 pistoles, which were concealed in a place where no one would have ever dreamed of finding anything." This ship was one of the richest prizes ever taken; but its value was exceeded by that of the *Hermoine*, a Spanish treasure-ship, which was taken in 1762 by Captain Pownhall, of the *Favourite*. The three lieutenants of the vessel received as their shares £3,000 apiece, and the captain obtained £65,000, while £64,000 went to the flag officers on the Mediterranean station, where the capture was made. The admiral was at the time miles away from the scene of action, and had very little to do with the capture.

The German Crown Prince.

It is devoutly to be hoped that the Crown Prince of Germany is not the unfeeling wretch and the firebrand he is pictured by the newspaper correspondents. Otherwise his accession to power, which there is reason to fear must come all to soon, can scarcely fail to be the signal for a general European conflagration. It is not unlikely that the portrait presented of him is greatly overdrawn. If he is as represented, brusque in manner and democratic in feeling, he is just the character liable to be misunderstood in the Court circles in which he moves. There is at least a palpable contradiction between the representation of him as a man of harsh and war-loving disposition, and that which shows him as an idol of the common people. The professional soldier may, indeed, admire such a character. But the toiling masses of Germany, as elsewhere, cannot be lovers of war, or of those who would involve them needlessly in its hardships and horrors. European wars are generally waged by despots or dynasties. All the interests of the people are opposed to war, and it can scarcely be credited that their sympathies would be with the man who would lead them into it, unless in defence of the national honour. It is on the common people that the enormous burdens of modern warfare fall most heavily. They have to pay the taxes. Theirs it is to make the forced marches, to occupy the trenches, to shed the blood, while the favoured few carry off the honors and reap the rewards of victory. It is incredible that the people should long for the enthronement of a fighting monarch, or that if Prince William is really their friend and favorite, he can be impatient to lead the national army to the battlefield.

Bishop Sullivan, of Algoma, is expected to leave for England in May, to endeavor to complete the endowment of his diocese for which $60,000 is still needed.

Champagne, Pleasure and Business.

The men who started penniless and have built up large fortunes, have, for the most part, been men of simple habits. They have wasted very little upon themselves. They have been content with plain clothes and moderate personal expenses. The elder Astor was of that school. He wanted little for personal gratification; but he wanted much in the way of fortune. He gained this by a life of industry, abstemiousness and economy. The fast man rarely gains a fortune. The talent for spending money rapidly on one's self never goes with the talent of acquiring money. The elder Vanderbilt was abstemious. His principal indulgence was in fast horses, but he was not conspicuous at horse races, nor in the betting lists. He was a prodigious worker to the last, as have been nearly all the men who have acquired large fortures. Indeed, hard work had become a law of their lives. Girard was a worker and an abstemious man to the last. Johns Hopkins, being a Quaker, could not be otherwise than temperate, industrious and careful in his expenditures. In fact, looking over the list of rich men who have been benefactors, that is, have given considerable of their fortunes to public institutions, hardly a fast man can be found among them. The latter class spend money upon themselves, and rarely have any desire to do any great things for the public. The inspiration of champagne has never been good in this direction. It has never helped men to make fortunes but it has helped a great many to spend them. The poor men who struck out in new countries and acquired great wealth, grasped great enterprises and planned beneficent things for the public never had their brains muddled very much with champagne or other indulgences in fast living. Wherever the success of men in the long run depended upon physical and mental stamina—upon brawn and brains—they have, for the most part, drawn the reins pretty close upon all sorts of indulgences. The exceptions only go to make the rule one of general acceptance. The roystering, dissipated men do not succeed in the long run. Other men outstrip them in the race for success.

There was the elder Garrett, who made the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad one of the best paying railroad properties in the Union. In efficient and successful management it was cited as the model railroad of the country. Its stock was so good and the road was on such a solid basis, that the city of Baltimore, the Johns Hopkins University and several other public institutions invested their funds in the road, because the steady ten per cent. dividends brought a better income than they could get for money in any other investment. As long as the elder Garrett lived the road maintained its status as the best managed road in the country. The Johns Hopkins University was sure of its dividends. All the Widows and Orphans' funds invested there were sure of dividends. The elder Garrett had no occasion for champagne suppers. His habits were almost as simple and abstemious as were those of the Quaker, Johns Hopkins, who had unshaken faith in the permanent value of the property in which he had so large an interest. The elder Garrett dying, was succeeded by his son in the presidency of the road. There was a great difference in the character and habits of the two men. The son had come to a great fortune without any effort on his part. Those who expected that he would fill the place of his father have been greatly disappointed. The great railway property began to depreciate. The road was extended to Philadelphia. Garrett had a plan of extending it to New York, or rather to the Shore of Staten Island. It was while he was broaching this plan to Vanderbilt at his home in New York that the latter suddenly expired. The last dividend was passed, the company has been obliged to sell its telegraph lines, its express and sleeping-car business, and to borrow ten millions or more to bridge over present embarrassments. There is a striking contrast in the actual condition of the road now and at the time of the elder Garrett's death.

Much of this difference can be traced to the succession of the younger Garrett. The son was not like his father. He was not girded up for a life of self-denial and hard work. He was, in the phrase of the day, a swell young man, very much given to clubs, parties, champagne suppers and to various other indulgences. It became evident that a young man of such habits was not equal to the management of this great railroad property. He was compelled to step out. Then came the story of Garrett's rushing back from Europe, his threats to upset the sale of the telegraph line and to revolutionize things generally, and the story of his removal from New York to Baltimore under the care of friends, with an intimation that he was not in his right mind, whatever that might mean. The son did not choose to follow in the footsteps of his father. He struck out new paths. The result is no longer a secret. It is not a solitary instance of this kind of divergence. If there is any moral here it is that champagne suppers, social excesses, a fast, sensuous life do not go well with business; and the millions of the father cannot make up for these defects in his lineal successor. The exactions of business were never greater than they are today. These emergencies cannot be fairly met with muddled brains, nor with anything less than absolute self-command and a devotion which puts all over-indulgence out of sight and out of mind. It is as true to-day as it ever was that the winning men in nearly all leading pursuits, adhere to the condition of temperate living to insure clear thinking and the largest success.—[San Francisco Bulletin.

On some parts of the coast of Sumatra and the neighboring islands the fishermen test the depth of the sea and also the nature of the sea bottom by the noises they hear on applying the ear to one end of an oar of which the other end is plunged in the water. At the depth of 20 feet and less the sound is a crepitation, similar to that produced when salt is thrown on burning charcoal; at 50 feet it is like the ticking of a watch, the ticking being more or less rapid according to whether the bottom is entirely of coral or alternately of coral and mud, or of sand. If the bottom is entirely of sand the sound is clear; if of mud it resembles the humming of a swarm of bees. On dark nights the fishermen select their fishery grounds according to these indications.

A contract for the completion within six weeks of all the bridges on the Red River Valley railway was signed on Saturday by the Manitoba Government.

DREAMS THAT COME TRUE.

Strange Fulfilment in Real Life of Visions of Sleep.

A correspondent writes as follows:—Having given considerable thought and attention for many years to this subject, I wish to cite for your readers' benefit two or three cases of the most remarkable dreams which have fallen under my notice. When dreams have been told me I have entered them in a book kept for that purpose, with the date as near as could be ascertained, and the name of the dreamer affixed to it. In many instances the dream has been fulfilled, and but for my record would never have been thought of in connection with the event, as the dream had long since passed from memory.

Mrs. B——, of W——, had a son 4 or 5 years old, a great pet and favorite in the family. He was in perfect health when she dreamed of his being ill and that he died. His sister, a girl of 12, was very devoted to him, and the mother dreamed that she was from home when the boy died, and when they sent for her, on entering the house, she cried out, "Oh! mamma, Coly is an angel now, isn't he? I knew he would be an angel." The dream made such an impression on Mrs. B. that she related it to some of her neighbors. Six months later the dream was verified to a letter. The young girl was visiting and the little brother died while she was away. She was sent for, and on seeing the dead baby used the very words the mother had heard her say in her dream.

A young lady was in love with a naval officer, and they were engaged to be married. Some misunderstanding arose and the engagement was broken. Miss S. was a great dreamer, and the family often laughed at the extraordinary visions she would relate. The officer went to sea, and for ten years she never heard of or from him. At the end of that time she began to have most peculiar dreams about him; night after night she read letters from him, full of tenderness and devotion. A year passed and then she commenced to dream of meeting him in all sorts of strange accidental places, and at last dreamed they were married. In the Winter of the twelfth year of separation Miss S. was invited to go to Washington on a visit. While there she joined a party to attend the January ball given by the cadets at Annapolis and to her astonishment met her old lover, who was stationed in Annapolis. A perfect understanding was arrived at and soon after they were married.

A gentleman who hoots at the idea of dreams coming true acknowledged to me a most peculiar circumstance which came to himself. He was engaged to a very charming young lady, and for a long time the course of true love had no breakers to cross. One day she related, half in jest and half in earnest, a strange dream she had had. It was that he had fallen in love with another young lady and their engagement was broken in consequence; that he had tried to hide the fact from her, but she could not be deceived and released him from his ties, when he offered himself to her rival. The time was set for the wedding and the bride-elect had gone to New York to do some last shopping, when she was killed on the ferry-boat crossing the river. There the dream ended. The agony she endured in her dream was as real as though it had been true. Her lover laughed at her, but in less than a year her dream was fulfilled. She saw herself supplanted and knew he was to marry another. Two weeks before the wedding the rival left for Baltimore and was killed in a horrible railroad accident. Nor is this all. Some months later the young lady took up her dream where it was interrupted and dreamed that her lover came to her with a full confession, telling her that to his honor and mortification, as the time approached for his marriage, he discovered what a fatal mistake he had made, for that she alone was the true love, while the rival was the infatuation; that he offered himself the second time, and they were married. This dream she told to no one, but it made such a deep impression upon her that she wrote it down. When her lover returned to her and humbly confessed his great mistake, and they were married, she read to him the second dream, which she had sealed and given into the possession of a friend at the time, so that if it ever came to pass no one could say she had "imagined it."

What can we say of prophetic utterances which come from the mouth unintentionally, as it were, and are left as landmarks afterwards to astonish the one who uttered them? I know a physician of note who often makes what seem strange assertions, and yet in so many cases have proven true that his friends came at last to say, "Doctor, please do not make any of your speeches about me; I am afraid of them."

On one occasion he had a friend starting for Europe, and when he shook hands with him he said, "Good-bye, old fellow, take good care of yourself, we'll never meet again." "Why do you say that? You make me feel uncomfortable," was the reply. "Oh, one of us will die, that's all; it may be you and it may be me." In the following Spring the friend died in Rome of fever. On another occasion this doctor was visiting a brother physician in Chicago, and when he left the house he shook his host warmly by the hand, saying almost the same words he had used to his other friend. In two weeks the Chicago man was dead.

Among his patients was a promising young man with whom he grew intimate, and who was fond of talking to the doctor of a young lady to whom he was engaged. One day in discussing the affair the physician said: "Don't give yourself any uneasiness on that score, Ben, Miss C. will never live to be your wife." "Why do you say that? You never saw her. Why, she is in perfect health. She never had a day of sickness in her life," the young man answered. "You'll never marry her, see if I'm not right." She died some months later. Do you wonder his friends said: "Doctor, never make any assertions about me." He told me he could not account for saying these things, and many times bit his lip in annoyance after he had spoken them.

L. B.

A recent number of the Pekin *Gazette* contains a memorial to the Emperor of China from the Governor of Ulissautai stating that owing to the appearance of swarms of rats it has been found necessary to alter the routes of the Government courier service in three of the postal stations in the Khalkha region in Outer Mongolia. For two years past the pasturage of the districts in question has suffered severely from the ravages of these vermin, and last year nearly every blade of grass was eaten up. The whole country has been honeycombed with their burrows, the horses and camels are in a famishing state, and there is no means of keeping them alive.

In Case of War.

The probability of war breaking out between Canada and the United States is, of course, very remote, but this fact does not prevent the discussion in military circles across the border of the bearing upon such an event of the relative positions of the two countries. The March number of the *Journal of the Military Service Institution* contains a paper by Lieut. F. M. Woodruff, of the United States regular army, dealing with "Our Northern Frontier," and discussing the present and potential military strength of this country. As the paper received first prize in a competition at the institution, it may be accepted as a fairly accurate statement of the views of the military authorities at Washington on the subject.

Lieut. Woodruff states that the possible arms-bearing force of the Dominion consists of militia, which, if turned out to the last man, would produce "about 900,000 effective for active service," though it would be practically impossible to place so great a number under arms. After giving some details respecting the organized militia force, and calling attention to the insufficiency of its training, he says that the weakest point in the organization is its lack of a "nucleus of a transport system." He admits, however, that during the recent outbreak in the North-West the troops were moved to the front with remarkable rapidity. Canada's chief advantage, our writer says, lies in the possession of admirable railway and inland navigation systems. By means of these English troops, sent out by steamers of the Cunard, Guion, White Star and Inman lines, could be quickly distributed at important points throughout the country. The part which the English fleet of gun-boats and cruisers would play is thus described:

"Forty-three of these vessels draw less than seven feet of water, and some would immediately pass through the Richelieu River and Chambly canal to Lake Champlain; this naval force would be auxiliary to a land force that would approach the frontier of New York from Montreal. From Halifax and St. John, N. B., a strong naval force would threaten the important cities from Eastport, Me., to Hampton Roads, and so absolutely defenceless are all these cities that they would be placed under tribute. England would send some of her fleet to occupy Gardiner's Bay, at the Eastern end of Long Island, the occupation of which would be of the highest strategical importance, as it would furnish the enemy with a secure harbor for his transports, and it would serve as his most important base of operations. From St. John England would send a land force into Maine, and thus secure control of the railroads even as far as Portland, where she would already have had some of her ironclads. From Bermuda she would send her vessels to lay the cities of the South Atlantic and Gulf coast under tribute, and finally from Victoria she would send them to San Francisco and Portland, Oregon. On the entire frontier the only point at which the United States possesses the whole advantage is Minnesota and Dakota, where we could quickly send a force to invade Manitoba, and cut off communication with the extreme West. In addition to the bases of operations named, Kingston, Toronto and Hamilton would serve as bases upon Lake Ontario for naval operations; and as every effort would be made to keep the Welland canal intact, they would also serve as bases for operations on Lake Erie. The ordnance stores and war-material possessed by the English and at the disposal of Canada and the perfect system of navigation and railroad communication from Montreal which is only fifty miles from Rouse's Point would soon place the whole of Northern New York under control of the enemy. This would include the two frontier railroads and the city of Ogdensburgh."

Up to this point Lieut. Woodruff concedes the advantage to the enemy, but he holds that as the United States could arm and equip 20,000 men every week matters would soon be "evened up." In the meantime the following programme would probably be adopted by our neighbours:

"Regular troops would be massed at four or five points on the frontier, viz., at St. Vincent, Minn.; Detroit, Mich.; Buffalo, Ogdensburg and Rouse's Point, N. Y. Upon the declaration of war the troops should be ordered to occupy and hold at all hazard Windsor, opposite Detroit; Fort Erie, opposite Buffalo, and Prescott opposite Ogdensburgh; a bold dash by some picked men would probably give us the possession of the four bridges across the Niagara River, viz., the Suspension bridge, Cantilever and the International bridges, and the small Suspension bridge. The troops taking possession of Fort Erie should make a desperate effort to reach and destroy the Welland canal, or disable it as much as possible; and the troops from Ogdensburg should attempt the destruction of the Point Iroquois Junction and Galoop canals; the latter is only seven and three-eights miles below Prescott. That this might be done by a fearless commander is highly probable, for it was along this portion of the frontier that the Fenian raids were successfully made. The troops from Detroit should construct earthworks at Windsor, and also occupy Sarnia and Courtwright, and the commanders at these three places should be made to understand that there was to be no such thing as withdrawal or surrender. The troops from St. Vincent should move to Winnipeg, and hold that point to sever connections by the Canadian Pacific with the extreme West. Troops should be sent to Bangor, Me., to concentrate there a large portion of the National Guard of that State, and if any delay occurred in the operations of the Canadians, these troops should at once move towards Vanceborough, and if possible MacAdam, N. B."

The men being thus placed in position in this game of war, our military readers may find it interesting to carry on the subsequent moves and to endeavor to ascertain which side would come off victorious. These, however, who do not take a professional interest in such matters will find Lieut. Woodruff's paper chiefly suggestive of the immense damage to the material interests of both countries which a war between Canada and the United States would entail.

Chicago has a thrifty street car conductor who has been raising mushrooms in his cellar and selling them to the several large hotels for the past year. The man is a sturdy young Irishman, and he learned the trade of a gardener in Dublin. Last March he raised four pounds daily to every square foot of bed and sold them at a good price. He was seven years in solving the climatic problem, but at last succeeded, and now raises a product far superior to foreign-grown mushrooms.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

CANADIAN.

The Kingston by-law for $140,000 to improve the city water works system was carried yesterday by a vote of 452 to 43.

Chief Justice Armour was presented with the traditional pair of gloves on opening the Assizes at Kingston there being no prisoners in gaol.

Colonel John Kilborn, who served as an ensign in the battle of Lundy's Lane in 1814, and was taken prisoner, died in Newborough on Sunday, aged 94 years.

A memorial from the Winnipeg Icelandic Society, praying for a public recognition of Lief Ericson as the first discoverer of America, was presented in the United States Senate on Saturday.

A Clifford merchant received an anonymous letter recently, enclosing postage stamps and stating that the writer, a woman, had sold him a quantity of rotten eggs last summer, and the stamps were to pay for them.

A party of Japanese gentlemen interested in manufacturing enterprises in Yokohama passed through Winnipeg on Friday, bound on a tour of inspection of the large factory establishments in Canada and the New England States.

The Customs Collector at Buffalo has been instructed by the Treasury Department that clothing and other dutiable goods purchased in Canada by residents on the frontier cannot be admitted free on their return to the United States.

The editors of *The Acta Victoriana*, the paper published by the students of Victoria University, have been suspended by the faculty on account of criticisms of the curriculum which appeared in that paper, and there is a considerable commotion in consequence.

A vigorous immigration policy will be inaugurated by the Manitoba Government, and a scheme for placing portions of railway and land companies' lands under government control for settlement is being prepared for submission to the Provincial Legislature.

Seven conductors on the Canadian Pacific railway between Kalmar, a station 110 miles east of Winnipeg, and the Pacific Coast are to be dismissed for assisting an operator who was travelling to the coast on a stolen ticket to escape from a detective who was on the same train, and who finally captured him in Vancouver.

The Trenton *Advocate* says that two men crossing Devil Lake the other day with a horse and cutter were pursued by a wolf, the horse became frightened, made a sudden spring, and threw one of them out. He had a scaling stick in his hand, struck the wolf over the head with it, stunned it, and then dispatched it with a penknife.

Sir. Arthur Haliburton, recently appointed to an under secretaryship of the British War Office, was born in Nova Scotia in 1832, and is a son of the famous "Sam Slick." He has filled many important positions in the British military and Civil Services, and is, we believe, the only Canadian who has ever reached a position so high in the British service.

A young boy named Pastorius, living near Colchester, Essex County, was nearly strangled in a curious way the other day. He had fastened one end of a rope round a calf's neck and the other end round a dog's while the centre of it he wound about his own. He was being dragged along so rapidly when discovered that if a brother had not cut the rope in time he would have paid dearly for his fun.

Our Saskatoon correspondent writes:—Mr. David Blackley, who came from Scotland in 1884, and whose farm is seven miles from Saskatoon, has cleaned 116 bushels of excellent oats, the produce of three bushels sown last spring, which had only ordinary cultivation. The oats are of the black Tartarian variety, of superior quality, being well filled and hard. All the crops in the neighborhood are turning out well. Mr. Blackley started with two cows and in less than four years has twenty head of cattle besides working oxen. He intends putting in over 100 acres of crop this year. His faith in the country is such that, by his advice, a son and son-in-law with their families came out from Scotland last summer and have settled near him. He says if he had money enough he would bring out all the friends he has. At Saskatoon prices for farm produce range as follows:—Wheat 60c per bushel, oats and barley each 50c per bushel, potatoes 50c per bushel, butter 25c per pound, eggs 30, per dozen, beef, wholesale, $7 to $9 per 100 pounds.

UNITED STATES.

Minneapolis reports 116 days of sleighing so far this winter.

A man in New York is paid $20,000 a year for sampling tea.

Twenty-four deaths were caused by the mine explosion at Rich Hill, Missouri.

Oskaloosa, Kansas, has elected a woman as Mayor and a City Council composed entirely of women.

Only twelve Indians are left of the tribe of 1,000 who inhabited the Yosemite Valley a few years ago.

Losses on the western cattle ranches this winter have been very slight, and are not expected to exceed one per cent.

The Buffalo Bankers' Association has decided to charge 2 per cent. discount on all Canadian money received on deposit.

Claus Spreckels has decided to build a sugar refinery in Philadelphia, with a capacity of seven thousand barrels a day.

A Clay county, Dakota, farmer has a five-year-old cow which is 16½ hands high and weighs 1,888 pounds. A circus man is trying to buy her.

A bill for the celebration at Washington next spring of the centennial of the Constitution of the United States was passed in the Senate on Saturday.

A sword fish weighing 500 pounds was caught from the wharf at Punta Gorda, Fla. It took the combined efforts of three men to draw it from the water.

California farmers display much energy in ridding their fields of the rabbit pest. At a big rabbit drive about 2,000 men were in line and over 4,000 rabbits were slaughtered.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage is a great walker, and thinks nothing of an early morning spin of eight or nine miles into the suburbs, topped off with a brisk run of half a mile.

A resolution in favor of organic union of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church South was adopted at the meeting of Methodist ministers in Chicago on Monday.

A weekly church publication in Youngstown, O., is edited by the Rev. S. R. Frazier, and is issued on Sundays. It is probably the only Sunday newspaper in existence that is edited by a clergyman.

Mr. Osgoodby, of Albany, and his four boys foot up pretty well in the aggregate. He is 6 feet 6 inches in height, the oldest son is 2 inches shorter, the next is 6 feet 3, the next 6 feet 2, and the youngest, a lad of ten years, is 6 feet 1 inch tall.

The latest "cattle queen" of the west is Miss Kitty Wilkins, of Idaho, a tall blonde, twenty-three years of age, a fine horsewoman and a dead shot. Though called the cattle queen, as a matter of fact horses are her specialty, and she owns no less than 800, besides thousands of cattle.

Macey Warner, who was hanged the other day at Jefferson, Ind., for murder, made the following gallows speech:—"If any of you ever take a glass of whisky, before you put it to your lips think of Macey Warner and look into the bottom of the glass and see if you can't see a rope there."

The paint shops of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railway at Aurora, Ill., which were being used as a hotel for the new men, were burned on Thursday night, over one hundred of the men who were in the building losing all they possessed. The fire is attributed to incendiarism, and caused a loss of $175,000.

Dr. Gatling has made important improvements in his machine gun within the past two years. It is now a terrible arm. It can be pointed down upon a torpedo boat from a ship's deck, or upon a launch when it is very near to the vessel. The English naval officers are loud in the praises of his gun. It throws a shower of bullets with terrible force, as thick as hail stones in a hail storm. A vessel's deck is swept by this great force, and assaults upon harbor defences, by scaling parties, can be overcome at once by a few of these guns properly placed in a fort. It is not a cannon, but a gun throwing ounce bullets in showers. Its force is fatal for a mile, and for this class of projectiles it is the most formidable arm ever invented. It is reported that an English syndicate desires to purchase Dr. Gatling's patent and plant.

FOREIGN.

Another piece of cartilage was extracted from Emperor Frederick's throat on Saturday.

The population of France is decreasing notwithstanding considerable immigration. The Belgians are coming in in considerable numbers, and Italians next.

Despite the semblance of health and the Emperor's increased power, German expert opinion that the disease will have an early and fatal termination is still unaltered.

Two cases are reported in Germany of fatal results following the operation of laryngotomy, which the German doctors wanted to perform on Emperor Frederick.

The Moscow *Gazette* attributes to Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, the English Minister to Persia, a scheme for the commercial conquest of that kingdom for the benefit of England.

Emperor Frederick and Empress Victoria drove in a half open carriage from Charlottenburg to Berlin and greatly enjoyed the drive. They received enthusiastic greetings along the road.

It is officially announced that King John, of Abyssinia, has sued for peace, and Gen. San Marzano has been instructed to accede to his requests if the terms accord with the honour of Italy.

A federation of clubs and similar societies in Paris have been formed with the object of cheapening medical attendance. Adult members of the association pay 40 cents a year for medical attendance and children 20 cents.

The floods in Germany and Hungary are causing great loss of life and destruction of property, and as the snow lies on an average four feet deep in the forest lands it is feared that the worst of the inundations have yet to come

Says the foreign itemizer of the New York *Sun*: Fully 30,000 German residents in England who evaded conscription on the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war can now return to their fatherland without risk, as their offence terminated with the late Emperor's reign.

The latest advices from China say that the crisis in Ho-Nan is past, but that the distress of the people is appalling, two million persons being utterly destitute. The nearest towns are invaded by hordes of naked and starving refugees from the flooded districts, who, like swarms of locusts, are devouring everything.

A correspondent, residing in the North of London, challenges the statement attributed to Mr. Moody that cancer is unknown to the Hebrews, who suggested as the reason their abstinence from pork. He states that the testimony of medical men who have made this disease a study is that the Jews are not more exempt than others from this dire affliction.

The Emperor of Japan, who recently granted liberty to the press all over his dominions, now finds that the papers have taken advantage of his kindness to hold up the Government to hatred, ridicule and contempt, thereby endangering the throne. So his Majesty has issued a ukase authorizing the Minister of the Interior to suspend or suppress any journals professing objectionable sentiments.

Mr. Ross Winans, the noted American sportsman, intends to give up his deer forests in Rosshire and Invernesshire, which extend over 260,000 acres. Half of Winans' game preserves is on the Chisholm estate, and Mrs. Chisholm, of Chisholm, is negotiating with her tenant in order to obtain a surrender of his leases. The lease of the great forest of Glenstrathfarrar, which is on the Lovat estate and lets at £5,750 a year, expired last November and was not renewed to Winans, the new tenant being Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, of New York, who has taken Beaufort Castle for five years. Mr. Winans did not visit Scotland last season.

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AN ALTERATIVE.

ALONZO ABBOTT, WINDSOR, VT., says: "I believe PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND saved my life. My trouble seemed to be an internal humor. Before I used it I was covered with an eruption from 'head to heel.' The eruption is rapidly healing, and I am five hundred per cent. better every way."

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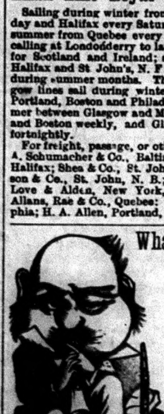

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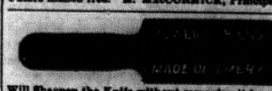
PATENTS procured. Patent Attorneys, and experts Est'd 1867. Donald C. Ridout & Co., Toronto.

MERCHANTS .:. BUTCHERS
AND TRADERS GENERALLY.
We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up
CALFSKINS
for us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty.
Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U.S.

GUELPH Business College, Guelph, Ont. The Faculty has been strengthened, the premises enlarged, and new appliances added. The Business Department affords one of the best courses obtainable while the Shorthand Department has accomplished results unequalled in the history of shorthand. Ladies admitted to all advantages offered by the Institution. Students enter at any time. Circulars mailed free. M. MACCORMICK, Principal.



Will Sharpen the Knife without removing it from the Machine. No farmer should send his machine into the field without one. Sample by mail, 30c.
CLEMERY & Co., Toronto.

MAY APPLE BLOOD SYRUP

THE greatest discovery of the present age for Regulating the bowels, and Curing all Blood Liver and Kidney Complaints. A perfect Blood Purifier. A few in Hamilton who have been benefited by its use; Mrs. M. Keenan, 192 Robert St. cured of Erysipelas of 2 years standing; Robt. Oneil, 24 south street, daughter cured of Epileptic fits after years suffering; Jennie Birrel, 55 Walnut Street, cured of Weakness and Lung Trouble; John Wood, 95 Cathcart St., cured of Liver Complaint and Billiousness used only 3 fifty-cent bottles; Mrs. J. Beal, 6 August St., troubled for years with Nervous Prostration, two small bottles gave her great relief. Sold at 50c. & $1
F. F. DALLEY & CO., Proprietors.

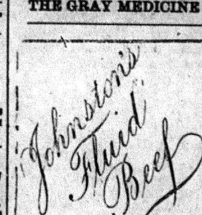
Nervous Debility.
DR. GRAY'S Specific has been used for the past fifteen years, with great success, in the treatment of Nervous Debility, and all diseases arising from excesses, over-worked brain, loss of vitality, ringing in the ears, palpitation, etc. For sale by all druggists Price $1 per box, or 6 boxes for $5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Pamphlet on application.
THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Toronto.

Colonists' Trains.
THE
CANADIAN PACIFIC
RAILWAY
Will run settlers' Trains to all points in
MANITOBA,
THE NORTH-WEST,
British Columbia and the Pacific Coast,
Leaving Toronto, N. & N.-W. Station, Brock Street, at 9 p.m.,
TUESDAY, FEB'Y 28TH,
and every Tuesday thereafter during March and April
A colonist sleeper will be attached to these trains. Make early application to agent for what cars and berths you will require. 25-feet cars supplied for colonists' movables. No Customs delay or expense. No quarantine. No transfers. For further information see agent, or write
COLONIZATION AGENT,
110 King Street West, Toronto.

PILES INSTANT RELIEF. Final Cure. Send your address and 10c. in stamps for book, "Treatise on Diseases of Man." Address,
M. V. LUBON,
47 Wellington St. E.,
Toronto, Ont.

J. L. JONES
WOOD ENGRAVER
10 KING S EAST
TORONTO.

Catarrh,
Cold in the Head, Hay Fever, etc., can positively be cured. A new method. A medicine guaranteed to cure. No cure no pay. If you have tried other remedies that failed to cure, you will not be disappointed in this. For full particulars address, M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto, Canada. Send 10c. in stamps for book, "Treatise on Disease of Man."



Johnston's Fluid Beef
Is not merely a stimulant, but it contains all the life-giving elements of meat that nourish
BRAIN, BONE & MUSCLE
—IT IS—
THE GREAT STRENGTH GIVER.

There are many IMITATIONS of
"Peerless"
MACHINE OIL,
but none equal it in lubricating properties. FARMERS, MILLMEN, etc., find none equal to the GENUINE Peerless made by
SAMUEL ROGERS & CO., TORONTO.
Sold by dealers everywhere.

THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE.

Financial Report for the Year Ending 31st December, 1887.

NET ASSETS, December 31st, 1886		$789,491 89	
Less Balance of Profit and Loss Account		3,901 68	
			$794,390 16
INCOME: Premiums	$304 842 73		
Less re-assurance	3,180 86	$301,661 87	
Interest		51,262 07	$352,923 94
			$1,147,314,10
EXPENDITURES: Paid to Policy-holders, for			
Death Claims under 48 Policies	$60,156 00		
Matured Endowments, under 4 Policies	3,150 00		
Purchased Policies	15,395 62		
Surplus	34,849 17		
Returned Premiums	596 68		
		$114,147 47	
GENERAL EXPENSES:			
Commissions and Superintendent's Salary	$42,565 66		
Medical Examinations	7,600 00		
		$50,165 66	
SALARIES: President and Directors' Fees and Mileage	$2,376 47		
Manager, Secretary and Assistants	9,031 53		
Auditors	227 20		
		$11,635 20	
OTHER EXPENSES: Including Postage, Printing, Taxes, etc	$11,535 31		$187,483 64
Total Net Assets, Dec. 31st, 1887			$960,080 46

COMPRISING THE FOLLOWING INVESTMENTS:

Municipal Debentures, Cost		$131,237 86	
Mortgages (Cash Valuation, $1 605,231 00)		668,437 22	
Loans on Policies (Reserves at Credit, $192,473 67)		87,306 40	
Liens " " (" " $124,606 31)		48,000 57	
Company's Office		6,794 58	
Agents' and other Ledger Balances		5,795 58	
Molson's Bank, Current Account		4,220 75	
Canadian Bank of Commerce		7,711 41	
Cash on hand		526 10	
			$960,080 46

ADDITIONAL ASSETS.

Short date Notes, secured by Policies in force		$82,003 94	
Premiums due and in course of transmission		4,329 87	
Deferred half-yearly and quarterly premiums on existing policies		41,630 19	
Interest due on Mortgages	$ 4,680 83		
" accrued on Mortgages and Debentures, not due	24,969 27		
" due on Policy Loans	2,954 84		
" accrued on Policy Loans and Liens, not due	6,502 31		
		$ 39,107 25	
Market value of Debentures over cost		8,296 55	
Liens on deferred Surplus Policies (Reserve at Credit $10,506 57)		4,050 01	$129,417 81
Total Assets, Dec. 31st, 1887			$1,089,448 27

LIABILITIES.

Reserve computed on Hm 4½ per cent. Institute Table	$1,012 033 90		
Less value of re-assured policies	7,328 26		
		$1,004,705 64	
Claims under 7 Policies awaiting Claim papers		14,500 00	
" " 1 " resisted		1,000 00	
Premiums paid in advance		3 003 99	
Interest " "		776 75	
Collection fee on deferred and other premiums and notes		7,796 40	$1,031,782 78
Surplus, Dec. 31st, 1887			$57,665 49

We beg to report that we have carefully examined the books and accounts of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1887, and that we find the same correct. We have also examined the Mortgages, Debentures and other Securities held by the Company, and we hereby certify that they are correctly shown as above.

WATERLOO, Feb. 15th, 1888.

HENRY F. J. JACKSON, } Auditors.
J. M. SCULLY,

The business of THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE for the year 1887 has been in every way satisfactory, showing in all its essential features a continuation of the steady progress which has gone on from the inception of the company in 1870 up to the present time.

Compared with the two preceding years, the following items in last year's account show up to good advantage:

	1885	1886	1887
Number of Policies issued	1,355	1,917	2,181
Amount " "	$1,867,930	$2,565,750	$2,716,041
Total Number of Policies in force	6 351	7 488	8,605
Premium Income	$240 414	$275 790	$304,842
Total Assurance in force	$8,259,361	$9,774,543	$11,081,696
Number of Death Claims paid	44	41	48
Amount of Death Claims paid	$76 836	$64 250	$60,156
Endowments paid	$1,000	$3,000	$3,150

The Annual Meeting of the Company will be held at its Head Office, Waterloo, on May 30th, 1888.

I. E. BOWMAN, M.P., President. — WM. HENDRY, Manager. — W. H. RIDDELL, Secretary.

COUNTY NEWS.

Trenton will get a lighthouse and $3,000 for the harbor.

Horse distemper is very prevalent in Prince Edward county.

There are thirty-five lawyers in Belleville and as many law students.

There are over one hundred and sixty students at Albert College, Belleville.

Cory Spencer has on his farm near Picton ironwood poles which are 95 years old.

There will be no building boom in Belleville this year to judge from the present out-look.

William Johnson Taylor, a well known and wealthy citizen of Belleville, died on Tuesday morning, aged 70.

The liabilities of the lately decamped Isaac Barton, grain buyer, of Rawdon, amount to $8,000 or $10,000.

A little son of John Edgely, of Caintown, near Brockville, fell into a pail of hot maple syrup and died from his injuries.

Mr. Craig, of Deseronto, for selling liquor to Indians, was sentenced to goal for six months. He was delivered at the gaol in Belleville on Saturday.

The price of potatoes has been considerable reduced on the Belleville market. $1.25 per bag was asked a week ago, and now they are offered at 90c. to 95 per bag.

A Belleville deputation has been on a visit to Ottawa to ask from the Dominion Government a further grant for dredging the harbor, and the repayment of bonuses granted to railways.

Mr. Eli Clairmont, Marmora, was, on Sunday thrown over the back of his buggy by the team starting suddenly as he was returning from church and was injured about the chest and back.

Mr. J. B. Pierce talks of building his new saw and flour mill at Blairton instead of Marmora village unless the municipality will liberally bonus a four mile line of railway to connect the village with the C. P. R. and C. O. R.

When Mr. G. Ross, of Thurlow, and others were sawing wood by machinery on the farm of Mr. Easton on the 12th, the balance wheel bust, destroying the saw and most or the machinery. All the persons engaged sawing luckily escaped.

The Intelligencer says:—Opposite the Post Office this morning there met two of the oldest persons in the County, namely, Colonel Elijah Ketcheson, of Sidney, and Mr. J. P. Huyck, of this city—the former 94 and the latter 93 years old.

A Belleville lawyer induced old Schultz to remain in the city for some time until the lawyer rolled up a big bill for legal proceedings which was in good time presented. Old Schultz then stole away leaving the poor lawyer unpaid.

A house belonging to W. J. Langman was destroyed by fire in Stirling last week. The house was unoccupied at the time, the family having moved out a few days before, and the *News-Argus* thinks it was the work of an incendiary.

On Sunday last Mr. Felix Quinn, of Erinsville, was found lying on the floor of his barn with his neck broken. It is supposed he was in the loft and falling between the poles was killed instantly. Deceased was about fifty years of age and leaves a wife and family of five children.

A heartless case of assault occurred in Green Bush last week. The perpetrator, a resident of South Marysburg, went to a house occupied by two women and disabling one by violence accomplished an assault on the other. An attempt was made to settle the matter by the payment of $250, but this being ineffectual the perpetrator has fled.

A Quaker wedding was solemnized at the Friends' meeting house on the 4th Concession of Thurlow on Thursday. The contracting parties were Mr. Wm. Hazzard of Rochester, N.Y., and Miss Rebecca Haight, of Murray. The Friends have no ordained minister, but members of the body chosen from among themselves, speak as the spirit moves them. It was one of these who performed the ceremony.

Estate late Colin Russel

BUILDING LOTS for sale, in the northern part of the Village of Madoc, at reasonable prices and favorable terms. Garden plots to rent.

For particulars apply to Messrs. DOUGALL & STEWART, Solicitors, &c., O'Flynn Block, Madoc, or to

COLIN RUSSEL,
Agent for Mrs. Sarah Russel,
535 Rideau St., Ottawa.

A Chance for Investment.

A large number of accounts due the proprietor of THE REVIEW up to the time he retired from the office a year ago, and which yet remain unpaid, will be offered for sale through these columns as soon as the list can be prepared. The accounts include advertising and job work, but are principally for subscriptions. The total amount embraces between $600 and $700; the parties are nearly all good, and the claims will be sold to the highest bidder, as we must have the cash, and cannot let these old accounts become mixed up with our new business. Names and amounts will be given as soon as possible.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Dangerous Counterfeits.

Counterfeits are always dangerous, more so that they always closely imitate the original in appearance and name. The remarkable success achieved by Nasal Balm as a positive cure for Catarrh and Cold in the Head has induced unprincipled parties to imitate it. The public are cautioned not to be deceived by nostrums imitating Nasal Balm in name and appearance, bearing such names as Nasal Cream, Nasal Balsam, etc. Ask for Nasal Balm and do not take imitation dealers may urge upon you. For sale by all druggists or sent post-paid on receipt of price (50c and $1) by addressing Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co. 106 Wall St. N.Y.

1873. -ESTABLISHED IN- 1887.

E. L. WEISS,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER

JEWELRY. - WATCHES, CLOCKS, SPECTACLES, BRONZES, VIOLINS, JEWEL CASES, ETC.

Take a look through his establishment.

Weiss Block. Madoc. Ont.

MILLINERY.

Spring and Summer

STOCK

NOW ARRIVING.

CALL AND SEE.

My display of Millinery and Fancy Goods discounts anything ever seen in Madoc.

New Goods, Latest Styles, Prices Right. Don't fail to see them before ordering.

We actually keep the largest stock of

Trimmed Hats & Bonnets

in Town.

A splendid variety of Holiday Notions now on hand.

MISS L. ELLIOTT.

Wilson Block, Madoc.

New Goods at

THE 4 BIG

Mrs. Wright's Block. **Durham Street.**

MADOC, - ONT.

The following goods taken into Stock last week, and will be sold at Mill Prices for this month.

20 Pieces Grey Cotton at	- -	4c worth	5c.
20 do do	- - -	5c "	6c.
20 do do	- - -	7c "	8c.
20 do do	- - -	8c "	9c.
20 do do	- - -	9c "	10c.
20 Pieces Shirting—fast colors—at		12½ "	15.
10 do Cottonade at	- -	20 "	25.
20 do Lilac Prints—fast—at	-	10 "	12½
20 Dozen Linen Towels at	- -	10 "	12½

All the above Goods were bought away down in Price as Cottons are advancing, so you are getting a rare chance if you buy your Spring Cottons now at

Big Bargains in Dress Goods.

THE 4 BIG Madoc.

Hon. C. Edwards Lester,

Late U. S. Consul to Italy, author of "The Glory and Shame of England," "America's Advancement," etc., etc., etc., writes as follows:—

New York, August 1, 1886.
122 E. 27th st.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.,

Gentlemen:—A sense of gratitude and the desire to render a service to the public impel me to make the following statements:

My college career, at New Haven, was interrupted by a severe cold which so enfeebled me that, for ten years, I had a hard struggle for life. Hemorrhage from the bronchial passages was the result of almost every fresh exposure. For years I was under treatment of the ablest practitioners without avail. At last I learned of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

which I used (moderately and in small doses) at the first recurrence of a cold or any chest difficulty, and from which I invariably found relief. This was over 25 years ago. With all sorts of exposure, in all sorts of climates, I have never, to this day, had any cold nor any affection of the throat or lungs which did not yield to AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL within 24 hours.

Of course I have never allowed myself to be without this remedy in all my voyages and travels. Under my own observation, it has given relief to vast numbers of persons; while in acute cases of pulmonary inflammation, such as croup and diphtheria in children, life has been preserved through its effects. I recommend its use in light but frequent doses. Properly administered, in accordance with your directions, it is

A Priceless Blessing

in any house. I speak earnestly because I feel earnestly. I have known many cases of apparently confirmed bronchitis and cough, with loss of voice, particularly among clergymen and other public speakers, perfectly cured by this medicine. Faithfully yours,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

MEDICATED

CONFECTIONERY

Some choice lines at

WILSON'S

DRUG STORE,

Durham St., Madoc.

INVISIBLE WORK.

INVISIBLE patching on all kinds of Rubber Boots and Shoes and all other rubber goods; also on fine Kid and Leather Boots and Shoes, done neatly and cheaply and on shortest notice. All work warranted to give satisfaction. Defy competition.

WILLIAM MOORE.

Madoc, Feb. 9th, 1888. 44-3 m

STAR GROCERY.

Wright's Block, Madoc, Ont.

We beg to remind our numerous customers and the public generally that we are now receiving

NEW GOODS DAILY

for the Spring Trade, which will be found to to be right, both in

QUALITY AND PRICE

Groceries of all kinds.
Teas a specialty.
Canned Goods, etc.
Flour, Pork, Rolled Bacon, Hams, and Lard.
Wines, Liquors, Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail.

CHURCH & TODD.

CONFECTIONERY.

Ask for

ROYAL

COUGH DROPS,

manufactured at

KING'S CONFECT'N'RY WORKS

MADOC, ONT.

CONFECTIONERY

Right House,

VISITORS SURPRISED!
BUYERS DELIGHTED!

Fine Goods at Cost Prices do the Work.

We are reaching out for more trade with

IRRESISTABLE INDUCEMENTS

beyond the whisper of competition or comparison. Come and see for yourself, at the RIGHT HOUSE.

J. C. DALE.

N. B.—Terms at this store, Strictly Cash.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. Is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS. BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY's Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious*

North Hastings Review.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.00 if paid Strictly in Advance.

VOL. XII., No. 4. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, April 26, 1888. POSTAGE PREPAID.

THE

TRADERS' BANK

OF CANADA.

(MADOC BRANCH.)

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

Done. Drafts on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain issued.

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of one Dollar and upwards received and Interest allowed on the same at the rate of

4 per cent. per Annum.

No notice of withdrawal of Deposits required.

J. H. McCLELLAN,
MANAGER.

Victoria Block, Durham Street.
Madoc, May 23rd, 1887. 8 1ly

FOR SALE.

IN the village of Madoc, a solid brick house, in good repair; eight rooms; good garden. For further particulars apply to
H. S. O'HARA.
Madoc, March 19th, 1888. 50 2m

Martyrs to Headache

Seek relief in vain, until they begin to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then they regret the years of suffering they might have escaped had they tried this remedy earlier. The trouble was constitutional not local; and, until Ayer's Sarsaparilla did its effective work as an Alterative and Blood Purifier, they were compelled to suffer.

The wife of Samuel Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass., was, for a long time, subject to severe headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. A perfect cure has been effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frank Roberts, 727 Washington st., Boston, says that he formerly had terrible headaches, and until he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, never found any medicine that would give

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes Lizzie W. DeVeau, 262 Fifteenth st., Brooklyn, N. Y., "I have had intolerable headaches. I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and have not had a headache since that time."

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lykins, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully, every Spring, from headache, caused by impurity of the blood and biliousness. It seemed for days and weeks that my head would split open. Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured me completely."

When Mrs. Genevra Belanger, of 24 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered for some years from a serious affection of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she was afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. A friend persuaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which benefited her wonderfully. Her health is now perfect. Martyrs to headache should try

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Madoc Cheese Board.

Important Meeting in the interests of Cheesemaking.

The public meeting in the interests of Cheese manufacturing, held in this village on Saturday last, will, we are sure, be productive of decided gain to the patrons of this important industry. There was a large attendance of presidents of factories and others interested in the cheese business, every factory, we believe, from Tweed to Marmora, as well as the new ones just opening in the northern townships, being represented. Mr. Donald McKenzie, President of the Madoc Cheese Board, who called the meeting, occupied the chair, and amongst those present were Mr. A. F. Wood, M. P. P., Mr. John McCaragar, president of the Eastern Ontario Dairymen's Association, Mr. Brintnell, one of the largest buyers from Belleville, and others. The object of the meeting was to discuss matters of interest and improvement to the rapidly growing cheese trade of this district, and to acquire more information respecting the recent legislation affecting cheese factories which was enacted at the last session of the Legislature. This Mr. Wood, M. P. P., fully explained, showing the advantages and benefits which would be the result under the new laws. Both Mr. McCaragar and Mr. Brintnell, in short addresses, gave those present some good practical ideas on successful cheese making, and which, if acted upon, must have the effect of raising the standard of the factories in this district still higher, and making the business much more profitable than ever.

After the public meeting the cheese board held their annual meeting when Mr. Donald McKenzie was re-elected president, Mr. James English vice-president, and Mr. John Caskey secretary-treasurer. The board fixed Thursday, May 24th, to hold their first regular board meeting. The board will be much larger this year than last, having about 35 members, and the sales this year ought to reach close to four hundred thousand dollars.

The Enterprising Burglar.

A succession of petty robberies has occurred in different parts of Seymour Township during the past few weeks, and have been the subject of comment. Last Friday night Mr. R. Meiklejohn, living near Cambellford, heard some parties at his clothes line and he followed them to their home, about six miles. The local constable and five men went to the house and found the place literally strewn with all sorts of stuff. The names of the parties are Ezra Fairman, farmer, aged about 45; his two sons, George and William, aged 16 and 14, and a nephew named Robert Brown, aged 16. At first they disclaimed all knowledge of anything of the kind, but subsequently acknowledged their guilt, and assisted in getting the different articles together which were partly hidden in a barn, part in the driveshed and in the house. From Robt. Jones they had taken 15 bus. of oats, two bags of barley, two bags wheat, two horse blankets, two bridles, two horse collars. From Sills Bros., millers, of Myersburg, they took 5 bags of flour, 4 of bran and 1 of screenings. From Jno. Shannon, blacksmith, of Cambellford, they took last Friday night three sets stocks and dies, and some horse shoeing tools. These were all recovered. There were also seen there by the searchers boxes of sugar, dried apples, dried pumpkins, tobacco and general groceries.

John Drake, an elderly man about 55 years of age, died suddenly at Peterboro on Saturday last. He was leaving home after the mid-day meal, when he fell on the sidewalk and in a few moments expired. A physician was called, but the spirit had flown before he arrived.

A Chance for Investment.

A large number of accounts due the proprietor of THE REVIEW up to the time he retired from the office a year ago, and which yet remain unpaid, will be offered for sale through these columns as soon as the list can be prepared. The accounts include advertising and job-work, but are principally for subscriptions. The total amount embraces between $600 and $700; the parties are nearly all good, and the claims will be sold to the highest bidder, as we must have the cash, and cannot let these old accounts become mixed up with our new business. Names and amounts will be given as soon as possible.

COUNTY NEWS.

Cheese factories in this district have already commenced work.

Mrs. Thomas Garrett, of Wellington, died last week, aged 90 years.

A pig owned by Sherriff Proctor, of Brighton, gave birth to forty pigs within eleven months.

Mr. Geo. W. Palmer pays $2705 for the privilege of collecting the Belleville market tolls.

Cheese that was bought from the factories last season for 13 cents is now selling at 12½.

A court of the Canadian Order of Forsesters was established at Trenton on Thursday evening.

There is much discontent in Gananoque at the rascality of magistrates who deal with Scott Act cases.

Lumbermen who hung their logs up last season on account of low water will start them down stream this week.

Orillia will try to get the Crossen car works, when they are removed from Cobourg. So will Trenton.

Chief Hind, of Trenton, is bound to wipe out Sunday ball playing and gives the men and boys of that town fair warning.

The Act to incorporate the Belleville and Lake Nipissing Railway was read a second time in the Commons last week.

Belleville was with out a ferry boat several days last week, the regular boat being frozen up in a place called Trenton.

The Scott Act offenders in Lennox County, not having paid their fines, several of them have been arrested and committed to gaol.

A wail goes up from Napanee over its dismantled factories and depressed industries. Nevertheless Napanee is a fine town with a good future before it.

One hundred thousand dollars has been spent during the past year on Belleville harbor, sufficient to have erected a bridge across the bay.

In order to prevent smuggling of which very much is done at Kingston and Cape Vincent the government will place a female examiner at Kingston. The custom officers at both places are rather lax for the good of the revenue.

Thursday's *Intelligencer* says:—County Constable Wm. Sweet arrived from Maynooth this morning having in charge one Jas. Dillon, committed for trial by Magistrate Cleak for larceny. He was charged with stealing a bag of flour.

At the late Picton Assizes much time was taken up with the case of Keys vs. Kesup and Delany, for damages for loss of barn burned by bush fires. Verdict for plaintiff for $352. Sully P. Warden was arraigned for cutting and wounding George Jeffrey, was sentenced for six months in the county gaol.

Proclaim it a Mining District.

From the Toronto World.

Hamilton Spectator: The Toronto World by dint of much prodding, succeeded in inducing Mr. Mowat to appoint a Mining Commission. The appointment was made with the full concurrence of every member of the Legislature, Ministerial and Opposition, and it ought to be taken for granted that it was the wish of the entire province. There is no excuse for delay. But Mr. Slowcoach Mowat has not yet started his commission. The World is again prodding him and endeavoring to get him to set the commission at work at Sudbury. It is important that the work should be attended to there immediately, but the deliberate Premier does not move.

Mr. Mowat has done nothing as yet. But it is time he did.

Why not proclaim Sudbury and thereabout a mining district? Much of the land is being taken up by speculators who have no intention of mining. And once a speculator gets hold of a piece energetic miners and prospectors need not waste their time over it. But if a mining district were proclaimed every miner would be able to take up a small section and work it. There are other townships that promise as well as Denison, but the speculator will otherwise have them in his grasp.

Mr. Mowat, stir yourself. In two weeks the mining fever will be raging.

MADOC MARKETS.

Fall Wheat	$0 75 to $0 80
Spring Wheat	75 to 80
Barley	55 to 70
Rye	55 to 60
Oats	50 to 55
Peas	75 to 80
Buckwheat	60 to 50
Corn	75 to 75
Flour per 100 lbs	2 10 to 2 25
Butter per pound	15 to 17
Eggs per dozen	10 to 11
Lard per pound	10 to 12
Potatoes per bag	80 to 80
Hay per ton	12 00 to 14 00

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

JAS. WHYTOCK.

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC - ONT

VALUABLE FARM.

A RARE opportunity of securing a valuable farm, suitable for dairy purposes or stock raising, is now offered—being lot No. 19, 8th concession of the Township of Dungannon, Hastings County, containing 99 acres; 30 acres cleared, the rest in valuable hardwood timber. Two miles from cheese factory, grist and saw mills; one mile from steam saw mill. Possession immediate. This farm is also 12 miles from a railway station, apply to

A. RUPNOW, Esq.
L'Amable. P. O
48—2m. Hastings Co., Ont.

25,000 LBs. WOOL WANTED

—AT THE—

MARMORA WOOLLEN MILLS.

Custom Carding and Spinning done on shortest notice.

Parties having 60 pounds and upwards o wool can have their own wool spun into yarn.

Tweeds, Fullcloths, Shirtings and yarns kept on hand, to exchange for wool.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial.
MITCHELL & DANFORD.
Marmora, May 7th, 1887. 6-3m

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

BOARD OF HEALTH NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given by the Board of Health of the village of Madoc, that all premises within the said Corporation are required to be thoroughly cleaned of any filth, deleterious or accumulated matter, which may be on said premises, by the first day of May, 1888.

Special attention is called to the said condition of the back yards on both sides of Durham Street in the business portions.

J. S. LOOMIS, M. D.,
Chairman.
Madoc, April 18th, 1888. 3

PHOTOGRAPHS.

PORTRAITS IN ALL THE STYLES.

BABIES TAKEN INSTANTANEOUSLY,

thus insuring a good portrait in almost every case.

By the use of the dry plates, finer work can be made in dark days than was possible by the old process. But we do not want anyone to depend on that, and defer coming till near sunset. The nearer the sun is to the zenith the better the light, and good results more certain. A dark day at noon is better than a bright day at 5 p. m.

BOOTS of all kinds on hand, and made to order on the premises.

D. MORRICE.
Madoc, April 21, 1887. 3ly

MADOC LODGE
No. 179 I.O.O.F.

MEETS every Monday evening, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock sharp. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

J. MOUNCEY, Secretary. E. L. WEISS, Noble Grand.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont. Orders may be left at the REVIEW Office.

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street. Private money to loan at lowest rates.

LEONARD & O'BRIEN,

BARRISTERS. Office over the Telegraph Office, Belleville. Money to loan on farm and village properties at lowest rates.
CHAS. J. LEONARD. | S. O'BRIEN.

ALEX. A. McDONALD,

SOLICITOR of the Supreme Court, Conveyancer and Notary Public. Agent for the "National Investment Loaning Society," of Toronto. Office in the Victoria Block, Madoc. Branch office in the village of Tweed. 427

F. E. O'FLYNN,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Notary Public, &c.
HEAD OFFICE—Over Dominion Bank, Front St., Belleville.
BRANCH OFFICE—Over O'Flynn's Bank, Madoc, Mr. John W. Blair, manager.
Office hours, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Mr. O'Flynn will be in his Madoc office at any time by appointment.

DOUGALL & STEWART,

BARRISTER, Solicitors, Notaries Public Conveyancers, &c. Money to loan on Farms.

O'FLYNN BLOCK, MADOC,
Ashley Block, Belleville.
A. R. DOUGALL, Q.C. | D. E. K. STEWART

Money to Loan.

COMPANY and private funds to loan at lowest rates. No commission.
D. E. K. STEWART,
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JOHN DALE,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Office—Residence, Durham St., Madoc.

A. F. WOOD,
Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second door south of Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

J. R. IRISH, L. D. S.

The only Licensed Dentist that visits MADOC, arrives at the WINDSOR HOUSE every Tuesday at one o'clock and stops until the next morning.
Can furnish better material and work and for a less fee than if remaining in the place the whole time. The vitalized air used for extracting teeth without pain, and the new local anaesthetics.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL.

THE BEST Hotel in the town. This Hotel has been lately refitted and repainted. We can give increased accommodation to the traveling public. First class sample rooms. Choice liquors and cigars. Excellent attention paid to guests. Good stabling and attentive hostlers. We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage, as you will find this second to no hotel in the county.
ROBT. SIMMONS, PROP.
Madoc, Aug. 14th, 1887. 19-1y

MAYNOOTH HOUSE,
(late P. Green's old stand, Maynooth.)

THIS HOUSE is situated in one of the best districts for hunting, fishing, &c., and has been all refitted. Furniture new. Bar always supplied with the best brand of wines, liquors, cigars, &c. Good stabling accommodation, and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. Parties travelling will consult their own interest by calling at the above hotel.
JAMES McCAM, Manager.
Maynooth, June 1st, 1887. 9 1y

C. Fraser Aylsworth, Jr.
Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor
Civil Engineer, Draughtsman, &c.,
MADOC - P. O.

Orders by mail should state *place* and *character* of Survey that the above Surveyor may consult as to *original monuments* and *former Surveys*, his extensive field notes of Sixty Years' Practice, of the late John Emerson, and also the field notes of C. F. Aylsworth, Sr., thereby saving *time* and *expense* and securing *correctness* of Surveys.
Residence at
454 C. F. AYLSWORTH

A GREAT SECRET,

OR,

SHALL IT BE DONE.

CHAPTER XXX.

Gerald could not sleep that night; yet a nightmare of horror oppressed him during the long hours that passed before the gray dawn came. He fancied he heard stealthy footsteps in the room underneath, and three times he roamed the whole length of the floor below, from inner *salon* to outhouse, hunting, listening, with his gun in his hand; but there was no sign of an intruder's presence. As he passed Peggy's door on his way back to his room, he listened, but could hear nothing, and he hoped she was asleep. He was filled with remorse for the cruel repulse he had given in spite of himself to her loving welcome, and he made up his mind that nothing should prevent his making amends on the morrow. But when he came down to breakfast no one was in the *salle-a-manger* but Miss M'Leod, who was quite enthusiastically glad to see him, and who hopped and chirped about him so pointedly that for some time he got no chance of asking for Peggy.

"O, Miss Beresford has had her breakfast, and gone out wandering somewhere among the *garennes*, I suppose," she answered rather shortly, "I can't pretend to understand this young lady at all. After accepting the attentions of one of the very nicest gentlemen—for a Frenchman—whom I have ever met, and becoming engaged to him, she suddenly runs away, stays away more than a fortnight—as I daresay you have heard—and is brought back by that odious Smith, who seems quite a friend of hers. This freak affected poor Mr. Beresford very seriously as you may imagine. The day before she returned he was so ill and so heart-broken that he shut himself up in his room and would not see even me. Well, she behaves now as if she was the injured person, and when I told her this morning that M. Victor Fournier was coming here to-day and Mr. Beresford hoped she would receive him courteously, she laughed in my face, and said in quite a wild hysterical way that M. Fournier was very good, and that she was afraid she would not be found worthy of the honor of being sold to him My own belief, Gerald, is that she has picked up some ragged admirer or other of her old wandering days during this fortnight that she has been away—' with friends of her mother's,' so she says."

"Very likely," said he, in a stifled voice.

He was longing to go in search of her, his very heart was bleeding at the thought of the cruel wounds he had inflicted upon her the night before.

"I don't know what wicked spirit has possessed the girls of this place lately," she chirped on as he gulped down his breakfast. "Perhaps you remember that the daughter of Monnier the game-keeper disappeared from her father's cottage a month ago in what I cannot help calling a mysterious manner. It is not that I wish to be uncharitable—everybody knows I am the last person in the world who could be accused of talking scandal—but I must say it was a strange thing to send her out *to service*, when the cottage and garden have gone to rack and ruin ever since; and now, if you please, she's come back again, and—"

"Babette come back!" interrupted Gerald with eager interest, which contrasted unfavorably with the half-deaf attention he had given to the first part of her speech.

Miss M'Leod fixed her light eyes upon him in a manner which set him blushing, and drew her small figure up with rigid stateliness.

"Yes," she said with a snap. "When Jeannette brought the milk this morning, she said she had met Babette, very smartly dressed, coming from Calais between eight and nine o'clock."

Gerald looked at his watch; it was a quarter to ten.

Miss M'Leod cleared her throat and said coldly:

"Pray don't let me detain you if you are anxious to be among the first to welcome the young person back."

"Thank you," said Gerald.

And, to Miss M'Leod's great disgust, he got up hastily and left the room. Babette must have come on the track of De Breteuil, he thought, and he was most anxious to see her and learn what she knew. But another wish outweighed everything else in his mind, and as he snatched his cap from the primitive row of mahogany pegs in the hall which served as a hatstand, and dashed through the hall-door and out into the courtyard, it was to go in search, not of Babette, but of Peggy.

Where should he go? Along the grass-path to the right, which led through the plantation and the potato-fields to the highest sand-hills? Or through the garden at the other side of the house—the question which was the front and which the back of the building had never been decided—to the ricketty wooden bench under the willow-tree? Or straight across the white sandy paths of the kitchen-garden, where the square beds were bright with the blossom of the fruit-trees? Out beyond, the wood surrounded this garden on three sides, and there was a favorite corner of Peggy's where a stream ran under the trees and was crossed by a plank; it was to this spot that Gerald first made his way. She was not there; so he crossed the stream and the field beyond, where an old horse was grazing, and got over the rotten paling on to the lesser sand-hills, which stretched away down to the sea, covered with a short growth of shaggy grass, and with reeds and furze and such tiny flowers as grow in sandy soils. They were honey-combed with rabbit-warrens, and bare of a single tree, and the winter seas dashed over them, and every wind that blew swept up the sand in clouds and choked up the reed-growth in some parts and laid bare its roots in others. It was a dreary, barren waste; the roofs and walls of Calais and the old pier stretching out into the sea formed one long, irregular gray line that bounded but did not break the monotonous view. The tide was out this morning, and a bleak expanse of flat sand, darker than that of the hills, lay between them and the white foamy edge of the sea

It was here that Gerald found Peggy, standing alone on one of the highest of the low sandy mounds, looking out to sea. With his heart thumping like that of a schoolboy about to be introduced to the lady who has inspired his first romance-fed passion, in an agony of remorse for his involuntary cruelty of the night before, Gerald came near her very softly, and put his arm round her before she had heard his footsteps. She gave a wild, hysterical shriek and tried to push him away; but he was too strong for her, and he held her to him, seeing in her frightened eyes that if he once loosened his clasp, she would be away like the wind, over the hills and out of the reach alike of arguments and kisses. For his love came back, in a torrent of frantic self-reproach, as he looked into the sad little frightened face and felt the touch of her fragile white fingers as she tried in vain to push him off.

"Let me go, O! let me go! You have broken my heart!" she quavered out, suddenly ceasing her struggles like a captured bird, and turning her head away to avoid looking into his face.

The tears rushed to Gerald's eyes.

"Peggy, for pity's sake listen to me. Don't you love me any more? Peggy, if you knew what I have suffered since I saw you, you would pity me, you would indeed," said he, drawing her to him, caressing her, holding her head against his shoulder. But she would or could give no response to his rising tenderness, and as he pressed his lips upon hers she drew her head away and burst into tears.

"Don't, don't kiss me; you don't love me, you only married me out of pity! O, I am so miserable; let me go."

He looked at her in terror. What did she know? Involuntarily he relaxed his clasp so that she would have found no difficulty in escaping had she still wished it. But when his arms fell down from her waist, she gave up struggling, and as he did not attempt to put it round her again she took his right hand in hers, and played with his fingers while she looked up in his face.

"Gerald, is it true? Did you only marry me out of pity?" she asked plaintively.

"My darling, no, no, no. I married you because I loved you; because you are the light of my horrible life," said he passionately.

She flung her arms round his neck, looking up into his face with earnestness which made her eyes holy and sweet, until she seemed to Gerald an angel sent to comfort him in his misery. "You mean that? Do you mean that?" she whispered. "I know you are unhappy, I think you have things to distress you that I don't know anything about; I'm afraid so. I don't want you to tell me them; you are my husband, you know best what I ought to know, and you must not think I want to pry into your secrets. But let me comfort you without knowing them! let me sit by you and listen, as I used to do in London. I won't be tiresome and tyrannical now, as I was then. I was ill then, you know I was ill, don't you?" she insisted earnestly, as Gerald turned his head away from her. He pressed her little hands close to her neck without answering. She went on: "I'm quite well now, and I will do just as you please. But don't, don't turn from me again as you did last night, as if—almost as if you couldn't bear the sight of me." He tried to stop her, but his voice broke, as she continued. "I thought, O Gerald! I know it was silly, but I couldn't help it—that *I* had done something wrong, something to make you unhappy. And I have been crying half the night, wondering what it was—"

"My darling, my sweet little wife, how could you think such a thing?"

"You don't know Gerald how you looked as you rushed past me—as if my face had been that of some one you hated. I couldn't help making myself miserable by thinking Madame de Lancry had already made you sorry you married me and—"

"Peggy, stop!" said Gerald gravely. "I have scarcely been in my right mind since I left you: I was half-mad last night. You must forgive my strange manner to you, and forget all about it. And if I keep some secrets from you for a little while you must not mind—"

"I don't want your confidence, I want your love," she burst out passionately. "Everybody's always trusted me, but nobody's ever loved me like you. You may lock up your letters, you may talk to me as you would a dog: I want your love, Gerald, I want your love: I can't rest, when you are away, without something you have touched in my hand; I am thirsty for the sound of your voice; I could die quite easily if by my death you could be happier—"

"Peggy, for heaven's sake don't talk like that," cried Gerald, as he held her clasped in his arms, and gazed through a gathering mist in his eyes down on to her upturned face as she looked dreamily up at him.

She suddenly drew herself up, passed her hand slowly over her eyes laughing to herself.

"Ah, you don't believe me. Nobody ever really believes that one person could die for another. But listen, Gerald. I've had an awfully hard life, and if it were not for you, I shouldn't care to have any more of it. And you—poor boy, you've had a hard time of it too. And if I were really to see, as I almost thought I saw last night, that by marrying me you had brought some fresh trouble upon you—I shouldn't say anything about it to you or to anybody, but I should just jump into the sea and make an end of it."

She had turned in his arms, and was looking out at the foamy white waves with dreamy eyes that seemed to see far beyond the gray sea-line. Gerald was chilled by her words, by the fanatical resolution in her little white face. He turned her head with a tender but firm hand away from the sea and toward his own loving eyes.

"You are going to forget all your sad life and all your nervous fancies," said he, gently. "And very soon you are going away from this horrible place with a husband who will give all his life to working for you and making you happy."

She looked up into his gentle gray eyes as if trying to see the picture his words presented. Then her face suddenly changed.

"Who was that man who came into the house late last night, Gerald?" she asked abruptly.

He turned white and cold from head to foot.

"Wasn't it Mr. Smith?" he asked in a hoarse voice, which he evidently tried hard to control. "Delphine said it was."

"No," said she, looking at him curiously. "When I heard a ring, I thought it must be you, and I half-opened my door and held it so that I could peep out as some one came up the stairs. And it was a man, in a travelling-cloak like the one Mr. Smith wears. I could see him in outline, you know, against the staircase window behind him. But just as he got to the top he turned his head, and it was not Mr. Smith, but a man with a nose like Victor Fournier's."

"Like Victor's!" burst out Gerald.

"O, it wasn't he. Do you know who it was, Gerald?"

He was in a state of intense and terrible excitement: she closed her eyes, and laid her head on his shoulder.

"Ah, it is one of the things I am not to know. Very well."

He bent his head and kissed her with trembling lips.

"Come with me, my darling, he said tenderly. "I have to go to Monnier's cottage, and I don't want you to go in-doors without me."

So they went hand-in-hand like children over the *garennes* and through the poplar avenue, at the entrance of which Gerald left her to wait for him.

The gamekeeper's cottage was only a few hundred yards away. As Gerald came near, he was struck with the sudden appearance of active life about the place, which seemed to have passed the period of Babette's absence in a state of suspended animation. The donkey, laden with a couple of big baskets, was waiting at the gate. The lark, in its wicker cage, hung again outside the door. The chickens, banished by a fresh fencing of furze from the garden, were contentedly scraping and flapping in the field at the side.

But before he had gone through the garden gate, Gerald learnt that this state of peace did not reign inside the cottage. Through the open door came the voice of Monnier and his daughter in loud dispute. As Gerald had predicted to her during her miserable Paris life, now that she had returned to the cottage, she could more than hold her own. Every growl of remonstance in Monnier's gruff voice was received with a volley of *patois* in his daughter's shrill treble.

"Just when I am out of favor with *le padron* you must needs go and get me out of favor with monseigneur also, by your freaks."

"Well, and whose fault is it that you are out of favor with M. Beresford? If you hadn't gone and mixed yourself up with this monseigneur, as you call him, who is after all nothing but a thief and a swindler, and perhaps a murderer too—for all I know—"

"Sh—ah, you imprudent hussy, what are you saying?"

"Well, you know better than me. But I tell you I'll have no more of it. This fine gentleman has brought ill-luck to both of us, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself for having let him inside the door; I'd like to set M. le Cure at you about it, that I would. But we'll have no more to do with him, understand that. I'll set his beast free this very night; and what mischief he does must fall on your head, for—"

She stopped. Gerald, who had been gently clearing his throat at the door to try and awaken them to the fact of his presence, here walked boldly in. Monnier, with a sinister look of alarm, disappeared into the back room. Babette, with sudden and most becoming shyness, hung her head; whether entirely from shame at the position in which he had last seen her, or partly from humiliation at her altered surroundings, he did not know.

"O Babette, how do you do?" said he, as if she had never been away. And he held out his hand, which she took just in the old shy manner.

"Pigs all right?" he asked, after an awkward pause.

It was a happy inspiration, for it opened the floodgates of Babette's eloquence. The pigs were a sore point just now.

"No, they're not all right," she broke out indignantly. "As if they could be all right with no looking after! The biggest of the young ones has grubbed his way right through under the wall, and he'd have had the fence down in another day. Of course he ought to have had a ring through his nose. Anybody with any sense might have known that!"

"Ah, there's nobody like you to look after things, Babette."

She grew shy again. The home coming to the simple pleasures and toils she naturally loved had brought into view the best part of her character. Her nature was too coarse, her relations were too ignorant, for her to feel keenly that the experience she had just gone through was a degradation; indeed, her father had plainly shown her that in his eyes the degradation lay in her return. But there had been working vaguely in her mind some sort of better instinct, which would soon have been stifled had her life in Paris proved more to her taste, but which, as the case stood, was sufficiently strong to confirm her in her intention of leading an honest life for the future.

There was silence for a few minutes. Then he ventured to ask:

"What made you come back so suddenly, Babette?"

"Madame de Lancry."

He started; but as he said nothing, she continued, after a pause:

"She came to see me last night, and while she was there he came in; I don't know what happened, for when I heard him coming I ran away and hid myself. But a couple of hours later she came again and talked me into coming away with her, and we traveled all night, and I left her at the station this morning and came on here."

"Then she is in Calais now?"

"I suppose so."

Gerald was hurrying to the door. Suddenly he stopped.

"Babette," he asked in a low voice, "what was it you were saying when I came in, about—about a fierce animal?"

"Allons, M. Gerald, I have told you enough," said she, glancing around her with sudden fear.

And seeing that she was resolved not to open her mouth upon the subject, Gerald wished her good-bye and ran out of the cottage and down the road to where Peggy was waiting.

"Peggy, my darling," said he, laying his arm affectionately on her shoulder, "do you think you could walk all the way to Calais now, just as you are?"

She looked up surprised, but assented meekly at once, though she had nothing on he head but a garden hat, and wore no mantle and no gloves. Gerald gave her his arm and they started without delay.

He was going to appeal to Madame de Lancry's kindness of heart to shelter his poor little wife in the times of trouble and excitement which he foresaw at "Les Boulcaux."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Gerald and Peggy trudged along toward Calais side by side, both grave, silent, and yet both feeling the old magnetic happiness in each other's society.

"Where are you going to take me to, Gerald?" she asked presently, like a child.

"To Madame de Lancry."

Peggy looked startled, but resolutely refrained from protest.

"M. Victor Fournier will be disappointed when he calls at 'Les Boulcaux' to-day," said Gerald, with evident satisfaction.

Peggy laughed. "O, no," she said simply. "If my father thinks M. Victor still wishes to marry me he will be disappointed. I wrote to him from England, telling him very plainly that I couldn't ever be his wife, and he wrote back saying quite as plainly that he didn't wish me to be. It was a very long letter, full of compliments, but it was perfectly clear. I think he must have become dissatisfied with my father's giving me no 'dot,' or else he must think Mdlle. Earnestine's will might be contested."

Gerald, who knew nothing of Madame de Lancry's interview with Victor, and who considered Peggy too lovely for any man to be quite insensible to her charms, thought this interpretation rather too cynical; but at any rate it was satisfactory to know that Victor's withdrawal made one complication the less.

On arriving at the Hotel de la Gare, Gerald was disappointed to find that Madame de Lancry was out. The General, hearing his voice, however, ran down stairs and was very demonstratively joyful to find that he had brought the little English girl with him.

"I cannot tell you when my wife will be in," he said, somewhat uneasily. "She took it into her head to leave Paris last night, and to come back here, bringing with us a strange young lady, very excitable, and whose education appeared to have been neglected. We did not get here till half-past eight, and now it is not three o'clock, and already she has gone out, without telling me what she was going for. I think I indulge her too much; I am getting tired of being treated in this manner; and if madame does not return soon, and give me a full and reasonable account of her absence, I shall return to Paris this evening—alone."

With which awful threat, uttered with seriousness that appeared pathetic to Gerald, who fancied that his flight would concern Madame de Lancry very little, the General relaxed into his usual courteous gentleness, and said humbly that he supposed he could do nothing for them; it was madame they wanted, not he.

"But you can do something for us, if you will, monsieur," said Gerald eagerly. "I came to ask Madame de Lancry if she would take care of—of my wife, while I go—to business."

The old General was delighted to have an opportunity of showing kindness to anyone; and though he was at first rather disturbed at hearing that Peggy was the young man's wife, as his experience of the matrimonial bond was that it left its contractors a great deal too much liberty, he consoled himself by thinking that perhaps, since Gerald was in the first blush of the honeymoon, his business with Madame de Lancry would be more drier and more practical than flirtation.

"Come up-stairs," he said eagerly. "I will take care of Madame Staunton quite as well as my wife could do."

The long walk and the emotions of the morning had tired Peggy so much that she frightened both gentlemen by fainting as soon as she reached the sitting-room. Her young husband therefore found it impossible to leave her, even when she regained consciousness; and as the old General, with a long sigh of envy at their happiness, left them together after Peggy had been made to eat and drink, the afternoon faded into evening while Gerald still sat by the sofa on which his young wife lay. During all those hours Madame de Lancry did not return. At last, as the clock struck six, the General came back into the sitting-room, in a state of alarm at his wife's long absence, which caused the younger man to start up, ashamed of his own forgetfulness.

"I will go and look for her, monsieur," he said hurriedly; "I think I shall be able to find her."

And, not noticing the dismay on the General's face at this confident announcement, he pressed his wife's hand silently, wished them both good-bye and left the hotel for "Les Boulcaux" as fast as his feet could carry him. The walk was not a long one, now that he was alone; the gloom which had pervaded his thoughts lately had been so much raised by the happy hours he had just spent with Peggy that the awful associations of the road had now little power over him, and it was with a great shock that he saw on the road, just as he came in sight of the entrance to the poplar, a band of police walking in that direction. For a moment his heart stood still as he watched them; the next, he saw that they were passing the avenue and going straight along the road.

In an instant he guessed that they must be going to Monnier's cottage; for the game keeper he did not care, but would poor Babette, on her return to innocent life, be dragged into this affair? He would warn her at any rate. Gerald knew a path through the plantation and the field which, though not shorter than the one by which the police came, would take him to the cottage before them at the pace he would go; through the long grass and the branches, and over the rough ground he scrambled and ran, dashing through the cottage-door just in time to prevent Babette, who was entering with a heap of sun-dried clean clothes on her arm, from shutting it.

"Babette, Babette," he panted out, "the police are coming—here. Look out, if you have anything to be afraid of."

She stood the shock well, but it was a shock. She was not of the fainting or screaming sort, this stolid young peasant-woman. With the ease and quickness of wit which had deserted her so strangely when she was out of her element in Paris she put her finger on her lip, closed the front-door, drew the bolt, and then disappeared through the next room, the door of which she left open, into the outhouse beyond. Gerald heard the drawing of another bolt, the savage growl of a fierce animal, and in a few moments Babette came back, drew back again the bolt of the front door, and led him out by the arm into the garden.

In the gray dusk which was rapidly darkening into night, she pointed out across the bare expanse of field and heath at the back to something that looked in the obscurity no blacker than a shadow, moving rapidly farther and farther into the distance.

"Don't go out to-night on the *garennes* or in the woods, if you can help it," she whispered hoarsely. "Or, if you must go, take your gun."

She gave him a push towards the garden gate and ran into the cottage. Gerald, bewildered and anxious, crossed the road and into the plantation, just in time to avoid being seen by the policemen, whom he could see between the trees. They entered the cottage, they surrounded it, apparently they made a search and retired disappointed. For when their leader came out at the door, Babette followed him down the path with her hands on her lips and slanged him volubly and indignantly.

"Au chateau," said the leader; and they set off again in the direction of the avenue.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Women as Statesmen.

A Woman Suffrage convention has been held in Washington to rehearse the forty years struggle for woman's rights. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in her long experience and consideration of the subject, indicated how wise a statesman she would make, should she be entrusted with the management of public affairs. In reply to the question whether women would vote had they the right of suffrage, she promptly said that the women on the platform would be opposed to war, and following it with remarks on the fishery question, she said, "let Canada have three miles of the ocean if she needs it. If the cod is the bone of contention, as it is the poorest of all fish, let the Canadians eat it in peace so long as we have oysters, shad, bass, and the delicate salmon from our western lakes and California." We have always been assured how much more humanizing rule under women will be, and how great their sympathy is for the poor and down-trodden. So long as poor sewing women and the families of laborers can live on oysters, shad, bass and salmon, why should there be any dispute on international questions? It has been supposed that the cod fisheries was an important industry, certainly so in Massachusetts, where the cod fish has so long hung in our legislative halls, but now we have learned something better, and best of all that the poorest can get the greatest of delicacies without stint. The next move under woman suffrage perhaps, may be to let go the miserable, trashy beer, so generally used, by substituting under free trade the generous wines of other countries, to cheer the working classes. If not so, it is very much in the line of knowledge of the masses as to their wants and necessities. This convention is said to have been a very learned and able one, but no one seems to have called in question Mrs. Stanton's wisdom of political economy.—[Boston Courier.

KING MILAN'S ESCAPE.

An Alleged Attempt to Assassinate the Monarch of Servia.

A story from Belgrave, not altogether reliable, makes the position of the King of Servia appear a rather uncomfortable one. It relates that after the harum-scarum speech with which King Milan opened last Skuptchina, a glass of water was placed before him by his prime minister, Ristics. Thus far the story is known to be true, and it is also true that a few days afterwards Ristics had ceased to govern.

The doubtful part of the story declares that the King seized the glass, looked suspiciously at the water for a second, put it down untouched and at the closing of the sitting, carried it away to a chemist, who informed him that the contents of the glass would have caused a vacancy on the Servian throne. Ristics plan for getting rid of the obnoxious monarch, if, indeed, he had any such plan, would have been no new thing in Servia, whose rulers have quite frequently had their careers violently shortened.

Here is a summing up that seems to us worthy of a place among the interesting items that have been gathered for publication since the death of the German Emperor. During his long life, Wilhelm I. saw go down to the grave 6 Popes, 8 Emperors, 5 Sultans, 49 Kings, and 22 Republican Presidents. The latter comprise 21 Presidents of the United States and M. Thiers. If Asia, Africa, and South America were to be ransacked, the death-roll would have to be extended by a yard or two.

Although it resulted in no actual reversal of the popular vote, possibly the most noteworthy bye-election that has taken place within the year in Great Britain was that for Glammorganshire on March 27th. At the general election in 1885, Mr. Frank Yeo, Gladstonian, was returned unopposed, while in 1885 the Liberal candidate had a majority of 3457. On March 26th, 1888, the election was to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Yeo, and D. Randell, the Gladstonian candidate, was returned by a majority of only 606, a gain of 2851 votes, indicating a clear change of opinion by upwards of 1400 electors

There has of late seemed to be but little activity in Russian Nihilistic circles, and it might have been supposed that the revolutionists had abandoned plot and intrigue. The story, however, which comes from Moscow of the suicide of an army officer's daughter to escape arrest, and the finding in her trunk of dynamite bombs to be used in assassinating the Czar, shows that the conspirators are still at work. It must be a terrible system of oppression from which, as the sufferers persuade themselves, no relief can be found except by regicide, and nothing could better illustrate the self-abnegation and devotion which the belief in such a remedy engenders than the fact that it inspires shrinking and tender women to play the role of martyrs.

Does a rose under another name smell as sweet? At any rate the substance once sold as oleo-margarine until recently sold as butter and now sold as simple margarine, tickles the public palates and slides down the public œsophagus with equal pleasantness and ease, no matter what the name. The English Board of Trade returns show how much mistaken they were who anticipated that the new law, forbidding the preparation from beasts' fat to be sold as butter and ordering it to be called margarine, would diminish the demand for that substance and increase the demand for home-made butter. There is no falling off whatever in the importation of margarine.

Ringing the bells of locomotives by steam, is now effected by an ingenious apparatus, consisting of a small steam cylinder placed at on side of the bell frame and resting on the boiler; the connecting rod, which connects the piston to a three inch crank on the bell, is so constructed that it will vary its length according to the swing of the bell, thus removing any liability of knocking the cylinder out by the piston coming in contact with it.

CABLE NEWS.

The Fight between Empress Victoria and Bismarck—The Emperor's Condition Unfavorable.

BERLIN, April 18.—The conflict between Prince Bismarck and the party of the Empress is only momentarily suspended. The truce will not last long, and until Bismarck becomes a covert to the "Victoria policy" the supreme crisis will result, the issue of which will be the absolute triumph of the Chancellor or his temporary retreat from politics. The Empress is endeavoring to secure support in every possible quarter, and has applied even to influence so opposite as the Russian and Austrian Courts for assistance to achieve her purpose. If the Czar, who is being operated upon through Copenhagen, could be induced to send an assurance to Bismarck that the Battenberg marriage would not alter the friendly relations between Russia and Germany the Empress might deem the battle won. The Austrian Imperial family maintain a neutral position in the matter. They dislike Prince Alexander, but would like to see the marriage effected if it would tend to widen the breach between Germany and Russia.

The Berlin crisis continues to excite the liveliest interest and remains practically unchanged. Bismarck has never worked with very delicate tools, or much definess of touch, but this last effort to employ newspaper filesse to accomplish his ends has been a genuine triumph of clumsiness. His journalistic henchmen got the hint gently to agitate the question whether it would be beneficial to imperial interests to have the gravest issues of statecraft subordinated to the mere desire of a couple of young people to get married; whereupon, with true German heartiness, these editors went in with the axe and bludgeon and began a fierce and loud-mouthed attack upon the Empress, upon the Battenberg, upon Queen Victoria, and even upon the Emperor himself. Once started, this crusade was not easily stopped, and the German papers coming in to-day are full of articles with captions like "No Woman in Politics," and savage diatribes against English influence! Even the Empress's visit of mercy to the flooded districts of Posen is treated as only another evidence of her absurd fondness for the Jews, which she and her husband have always displayed. These papers also call Teutonic humor into service and indulge freely in the noble joke of calling Friedrich der Dritte, or the third, Friedrich der Britte, or the Briton. This is thought to be very funny indeed.

Meanwhile Friedrich himself is worse and is not expected ever to be better. It is true that optimistic bulletins are being again issued, but there is great fear that a fit of suffocation will come suddenly some night and death intervene before there is time for an operation. I have reason to know that during the past four days a lot of details, chiefly financial, as to what will follow his demise, and which have heretofore been left open, have beenhastily arranged and settled.

Two Visions.

Where close the curving mountains drew,
To clasp the stream in their embrace,
With every outline, curve, and hue
Reflected in its placid face—

The ploughman stepped his team to watch
The train, as swift it thundered by;
Some distant glimpse of life to catch,
He strains his eager, wistful eye.

The morning freshness lies on him,
Just wakened from his balmy dreams;
The travellers, begrimed and dim,
Think longingly of mountain streams.

Oh, for the joyous mountain air,
The fresh, delightful autumn day
Among the hills! The ploughman there
Must have perpetual holiday!

And he, as all day long he guides
His steady plough, with patient hand,
Thinks of the flying train that glides
Into some new, enchanted land.

Where, day by day, no plodding round
Wearies the frame and dulls the mind;
Where life thrills keen to sight and sound,
With ploughs and furrows left behind.

Even so, to each the untrod ways
Of life are touched by fancy's glow,
That ever sheds its brightest rays
Upon the path we do not know.

FIDELIS.

The British Chancellor.

Mr. Goschen is rapidly building up for himself an enviable reputation as Chancellor of the British Exchequer. His admirable scheme introduced two or three weeks ago for the conversion of the National Debt from 3 to 2¾ and ultimately 2½ per cent., has since been followed by an equally admirable annual budget. The conversion scheme, though not original in conception—Mr. Goulbore having in like manner forty-four years ago reduced the 3½ to 3¼ and 3 per cents.—was introduced in a speech which, it was agreed on all hands, was remarkable for its lucidity of statement and thorough mastery of details. In his Budget speech Mr. Goschen had the singular good fortune to be able to announce a handsome surplus of £2,165,000, the greatest since 1864. He at the same time showed that the National Debt had been decreased by £7,601,000, the largest sum paid off in any year since 1872, and he still rejoiced in the possession of a balance in hand of £7,348,000. With the aid of this balance, supplemented with the prospective income from certain new taxes, to be levied mainly on such luxuries as pleasure horses, race horses, bottled wines, etc., he was able in his estimates to promise the well pleased public a reduction of a penny on the income tax. Not only the satisfactory character of this financial statement, but the very clear and able speech which accompanied it, gained for Mr. Goschen the warmest encomiums. Mr. Gladstone, probably the only man in England capable of surpassing or equalling such a financial feat, being one of the foremost in offering his congratulations.

The Prince of Wales' income from the Duchy of Cornwall was nearly $500,000 for the year just ended.

HOUSEHOLD.

Standard Soups.

Looking over my old notes to-day, taken at the cooking class in the earliest days of that institution, while Pierre Blot was doing his best to enlighten the dark minds of New-York ladies, I find these rules given for the just proportions of the standard contents of the soup kettle.

To three pounds of lean beef, without bone (we were especially warned against an excess of bone as an Anglo-Saxon vice), put two and a half quarts of water. Simmer gently for one hour, skimming thoroughly when it comes to the boiling point. Then add one carrot, one turnip, one onion with two cloves stuck in it (all these medium-sized), one leek, one stalk of celery, one bay leaf, and simmer for four hours longer, never permitting it to boil or to grow cool, and adding a little hot water to keep up the original quantity.

This makes a very rich stock. We were recommended to provide celery seed for use when the fresh vegetable is out of season, and were also advised concerning the discretionary use of a little bag of sweet herbs to be thrown into the simmering *pot au feu* for a longer or shorter time. I find that other authorities give a pound of meat to a quart of water as a general rule; in this, as in all other matters, the cook needs to exercise judgment; the results will vary somewhat, as the proportion of bone, the juiciness and flavor of the beef, and the perfection of the slow cooking may determine. Of course this supposes the use of fresh meat bought for the purpose, but we were continually exhorted to fulfill the whole duty of a good cook in seeing that no fragment or trimming of meat, cooked or uncooked, went to waste, and were told with reiterated emphasis that the righteous and natural end of all such portions was the soup kettle.

The country cook, blessed with a fine vegetable garden and a convenient dairy, will find that quite a bare bone will make a savory soup. Vegetables full of juice and flavor, and perhaps an additional cup of cream, will make amends for almost any shortcomings as regards soup meat.

With this rich stock as a basis (which will keep a week in winter and two or three days in summer), the usual standard soups are quite simple variations. I copy from my old note book a few of the more generally useful and desirable:

CONSOMME.—Is simply a richer clear soup, made by reducing the bouillon by longer simmering to two-thirds the quantity. *Consomme a la Royale* has a very delicate thickening of custard cut in diamonds or squares. It is made in this way: Beat two eggs, add a gill of the cold stock, season with salt and pepper, and simmer it in a saucepan set in boiling water for ten or fifteen minutes, until it thickens to a firm custard, which can be cut when cold. Maccaroni, vermicelli and sago soups are all made in the same way, by simmering about a cupful of the thickening, which gives the name to the soup, until quite tender, in two quarts of clear stock. Tapioca, rice, pearl barley or cerealine may be used for variation. I have found sago particularly good with a large proportion of vegetables.

SOUP BRUNOISE.—Cut two carrots, one turnip and half an onion in dice, and brown in a saucepan, with two tablespoonfuls of fat, to a clear golden brown. When nicely fried, add a quart of broth; skim off any fat that rises, simmer till the vegetables are tender, and serve. A little *roux* or brown thickening may be added.

SOUP PRINTANIER.—Prepare in a basin a pint of delicate mixed vegetables of early spring—green peas, tops of asparagus, tiny radishes, delicate greens of any kind, slices of artichokes—whatever your resources provide—simmer in broth till tender, and serve with the vegetables. I have found a discretionary use of this receipt invaluable for the most delicate and savory soups during the entire spring and summer upon the farm. Green peas, with a well-stripped bone from roast lamb, or even chops, make a delicious soup, by putting the peas through a colander until it is as thick as cream. Cauliflower, Lima beans, corn, tomatoes, all make delightful soups without much meat. A little ragged veal, with a thin slice of ham or a small ham bone, will do exceedingly well for a large family dinner. Okra is a vegetable that deserves to be better known than it is, even were its sole use this of soup-making. Spring chickens (let me whisper—only the bones of broil or fry), with okra, always and corn and tomatoes sometimes, make a soup fine enough to please the palate of the most experienced *gourmet*. Veal or lamb is also good with okra.

WHITE SOUP.—The knuckle of veal with any bones or trimmings of cutlets and a very little salt pork, make stock for the nicest white soup. The meat, nicely minced, can all be used. Cover bones and meat with cold water; after skimming add a carrot, an onion, a turnip and a few sweet herbs, and simmer till the meat begins to drop from the bones with handling. Strain and remove every particle of fat when cold. Some highly flavored addition is desirable, as green peas or asparagus, mushrooms, or even celery. A little white thickening may be used.

ROUX OR BROWN THICKENING.—This is so convenient and desirable for soups, stews and gravies that it is well to keep it on hand. It keeps for months in a cool place, if properly made. The great secret is to cook it very thoroughly and to a rich golden brown, without the slightest taint of scorching. Melt half a pound of butter, and if it separates at all, skim, and pour the oily portions carefully from the sediment. Into this liquid butter, in an agate saucepan, stir carefully half a pound of sifted flour. Stir, watching very closely as it bubbles until the color changes; when deep enough, that is, a dec ded brownish shade, but not dark, take it from the fire and put away in a little jar.

WHITE THICKENING.—Is made in precisely the same way, but with less heat, so as to cook the flour without changing color. It should, however, be a dead ivory white and not the bluish white which we sometimes see in a badly made sauce. These two thickenings form the basis of numberless white and dark sauces, and are much more satisfactory to the cook than a hastily mixed thickening, made just as it is required.

The New York Medical Journal gives a simple remedy for hiccough. The sufferer should close his external auditory canals with his fingers, exerting a certain degree of pressure; at the same time he is to drink a few sips of any liquid whatever, the glass or cup being held to his lips by another person. The effect is said to be immediate.

The Fastest Trotter in the World.

"Will you kindly let me have an order to see Maud S.?"

This request is made several times every day at the New York Ledger office by visitors to New York, who regard Mr. Robert Bonner's peerless mare among the chief objects of interest to be seen. The order is always given, and the possessor immediately hastes away to the stable to see the queen of the trotting turf. She always seems pleased to have a visitor, and when spoken to looks as though she understood every word that was being said. She will rub her nose against her visitor's shoulder as if trying to express her thanks for the words of praise said. She is as gentle as a kitten; never attempts to bite or kick any one, and will eat any food offered her. On March 29 Maud S. was 12 years old. She is never left alone; some one of the grooms is with her all the time. During the night a man sleeps in the stable near her. Only two men ever drive her. These are Mr. Bonner and Johnny Murphy, the trainer. Murphy has her out more often than Mr. Bonner. Mr. Bonner was recently asked if he had not spent a deal of money on horses.

"Yes," was the reply, "considerably over $500,000."

Then the speaker took up a pencil and jotted down these facts about the horses he has owned and what they cost him. This list only includes the names and prices of the most prominent of his purchases. The names are given in about the order of their purchase:—

Boston team	$ 2,000	Russella	$ 8,000
Lantern & mate	9,000	Elsie Vennor	2,000
Flatbush Maid	2,500	Edwin Forrest	16,000
Peerless	5,500	Joe Elliott	10,000
Lady Woodruff	3,000	Maud Macy	10,000
Pocahontas	40,000	Taylor	3,500
Auburn horse	13,000	Centennial	3,000
Dexter	35,000	Pickard	6,000
Startle	20,000	Rarus	36,000
Hi. Everett	20,000	Maud S.	40,000
Wellesley Boy	12,000	Daisy D.	4,000
Music	8,500	Halcyon	4,000
Grafton	15,000	Day Break	3,000
May Bird	9,000	Nutbourne	7,000
Molsey	6,000	Escot	3,000
Dick Jameson	11,000	Lucy Cuyler	3,000
Convoy	4,000	Walton	3,000
Total			$377,000

Broken Legged Horses.

Some years ago, writes a correspondent of The Cultivator, a two year-old colt, with others in an outlying pasture was found with a foreleg broken above the knee and hanging limp and useless. It was early June, hot weather coming on. The animal, though fairly gentle, had never been accustomed to stall or harness. I knew it was useless to attempt putting it in a sling or adjusting a splint or bandage if left in pasture. There was a small lot available, with excellent grazing, water and shade. In this the colt was placed, simply watched, given a little extra nourishment in form of oats, and left to its fate. The leg hung in such a way that the bone was in a natural position and the muscles were used to keep the foot clear of the ground. The animal moved about on three legs for a month, took care of the one injured, and I do not think it attempted to lie down during this time. Then it began to put its foot to the ground and gradually to use its leg. By this time pasturage failed. In the fall it had a substantially sound leg again, and was a useful animal for years. When trotting it showed a slight lameness, probably due to a little shortening of the injured leg, but in field work and all ordinary farm purposes it proved a thoroughly serviceable horse.

Fortune's Freaks With Twins.

Some suggestive figures are given in the report of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in Scotland for the year 1885, just issued. During the year in question, 1,437 women in Scotland bore more than one child at a birth, of which 1,423 were twin cases, and 14 triplet. The number of mothers bearing children during the year was 124,649, of whom one in every 88 bore twins and one in every 8,903 bore triplets.

On inquiry into the occupation of the fathers of the twins it is found that in 331 cases they were workmen of various kinds, as carpenters, masons, plasterers, smiths &c.; in 300 the occupation, was that of a farmer, steward, ploughman, laborer, or those connected with the working of land; in 114 cases mining was the work of the fathers; 10 were fishermen or seamen; 79 merchants, and shopkeepers, as grocers bakers, &c.; 75 were engineers or connected with such work; 68 were clerks, travellers, agents, &c.; 65 were factory hands; 64 grooms, carters, and others connected with horses; in 30 cases only the male parent belonged to one of the various "learned professions;" 25 were shoemakers or saddlers; a like number being hotel keepers, brewers, waiters, &c.; 23 were tailors; 21 soldiers or policemen; 4 were watchmakers, and 3 printers; while in 86 cases the births were illegitimate and the vocation of the father not known.

It certainly seems a strange irony of fate that twins so often appear in families least able to give them a cordial welcome.

Marrying Men of Genius.

There is an interesting article in the London *Spectator* on Mr. Leslie Stephen's astonishing generalization as to the misery that awaits women who marry men of genius. The truth is that the woman who marries a genius plays a game of double or quits. "Geniuses make either singularly good husbands or husbands of the most disastrous kind. "It also depends quite as much upon the wife whether the "sensitive egotism and self-will often found combined with genius" wreck the home or merely form the shadow to a background of domestic bliss. Statesmen, the *Spectator* thinks, are larger minded than literary men, more self-controlled, and, over and above all, they are not so much at home. Our contemprary mentions a few instances of the marriages of genius which tell on either side: Unhappy—Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Dickens, Carlyle. Happy—Scott, Longfellow, Southey, Miss Bronte, Jenny Lind. The lists might be indefinitely extended. It was not the genius but the opium in Coleridge's case that played the mischief, and with Carlyle's digestion the dullest clodhopper would have been as uncomfortable to his wife as the philosopher of Chelsea.

Chicago is a good health resort if you keep yourself well armed.

PERSONAL.

Prince Bismarck is said to own distilleries which produce annually more than half a million gallons of whisky.

The late Barghash Bin Saed, Sultan of Zanzibar, leaves twenty-seven widows and 232 children. Enough has Bin Saed.

Gen. Booth gleefully announces that the Salvation Army conducts 9,100 processions through the streets of the United Kingdom every week, or an average of 1,300 daily.

Oscar Wilde has had his dining room and all the furniture in it painted white, for the reason that "dead white is the only background against which a man looks picturesque in evening dress."

Reports of the serious illness of Kossuth are denied. He is living in Turin in excellent health. He meant to go to Florence for a visit, but the severely cold weather caused him to stay at home. His sons are living in Naples.

Mrs. Mary E. Cone, aged 50, was married last week in New York to her uncle, Edward Weston, aged 69. Legal advice was taken before the ceremony, as to the validity of such a union, and nothing was found in secular law or the provisions of any Protestant church prohibiting marriage of uncle and niece.

Queen Olga, of Greece, is a beautiful woman, with a plump, well developed form, thick, handsome hair and expressive eyes. She has sweet and charming manners. She is a fearless horsewoman, but is very domestic, withal, and is often seen at home spinning silk. She is a devout Greek in religion, leads a pure life and is devotedly loved by the Greek people.

Baroness Ottille Bornemissa, daughter of the millionaire, Henry De Schosberger, has instituted proceedings in the Austrian divorce court against her husband, Baron Bornemissa. The sole cause for her action is an unconquerable aversion to her husband, who belongs to the oldest Austrian nobility. The Baron intends coming to Canada to start farming.

Just before Nelson died aboard the Victory after making match wood of the allied French and Spanish ships, he thought of his little daughter Horatia, and solemnly bequeathed her to the nation. The Rev. Horatio Nelson Ward, son of little Horatia, has just died, and his death has revived the controversy respecting Horatia's mother. It is now said, apparently upon authority, that Horatia was not the child of Lady Hamilton. Her mother, it is mysteriously added, was too great to be even mentioned. Nelson's descendants now living are confident they have royal blood in their veins, but of what nationality, the family archives say nothing.

Rosa Bonheur has often been commented upon by her biographers for her male attire, and the idea commonly obtains that it is her usual costume. But in the streets of Paris she is a large, elderly lady, rather plainly dressed in black, her gray hair tucked under a close bonnet; and unless for the peculiar strength of her face and her piercing, intuitive eyes, it would not be noticed that she differed from any other woman in the crowd, except that she wears the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Years ago she dressed as a boy so as to attract less attention from the hangers-on of the stables, cattle yards and menageries, which were visited chiefly by men, and she still wears male attire at home at work. Trousers make her feet appear small and she also wears a wide-brimmed felt or straw hat. In this costume she appears lower in stature, and looks like a remarkably well-preserved middle-aged man.

Sending Messengers to Heaven.

The victims sacrificed at the death of a King in Dahomey are often captives or criminals, and are supposed to become his servants in another world. Those killed at intervals afterward are supposed to be messengers to him from this. Their despatch is considered by each successive King of Dahomey to be incumbent upon him as a matter of duty alike to his father, to the State, and to the gods. He walks about among the messengers, delivers to them his messages, and talks amicably to each of them upon the subject, as an authentic anecdote, inimitable in its humor, told me by Tetteh Agamazong, will show. One day, in going his rounds, the King came to a remarkably fine-looking man, a native of the Yoruba country, and said to him: "Well, you have got to go; tell my father I am getting along pretty well, and am governing the people as he would wish me to do." "Yes" said the man, "I have got to go, but I want to tell you one thing first." "What is that?" asked the King. "I want to tell you" replied the man, "that I will not deliver your message." "Not deliver my message?" exclaimed the King. "No, I will not!" "Why not?" asked His Majesty. "First," replied the victim, "because I don't want to go, and I don't see why I should deliver it for you, and, secondly, because I am a Yoruba man and he is of Dahomey, and the Yoruba people do not see or talk to the Dahomey people here, nor do they up there; therefore I neither can nor will deliver your message." The King looked astonished, and turning to the executioner, who was ready to begin his bloody work and despatch the messenger if not the message, simply said, "He is a bad messenger, don't send him." And the man was let go scot-free.

An Appreciative Clergyman.

The old-fashioned clergymen in old times used to be very good judges of horse-flesh. They had to be, for they did most of their travelling on horseback. The story goes of a noted circuit preacher in Southern New Hampshire, that he once gave most unexpected testimony, to his keenness as a critic and judge. It was a still Sunday in midsummer. Every window in the church was wide open. The air seemed hardly to move. The buzzing of the locusts in the field came in from afar, and accompanying was the scent of the pines from the grove near the sacred edifice. Not far distant was a wooden bridge. The preacher had just completed the treatment of the fifteenth "head of the discourse," and was pausing for an instant on the verge of sixteenthly. Just then was heard the clear, quick, measured footfall of a trotting horse passing over the bridge. The pastor paused and looked at his congregation; the congregation looked at the pastor. Then said the pastor in a tone of confident judgment and with a touch of certainty of general agreement in his tone:

"Mighty even-trotting beast, that! Sixteenthly, my hearers," and the sermon was continued.

LONDON FASHIONS.

The more costly silks are brocades, embracing large floral designs in gold and silver on white, cream and coloured grounds. The patterns now are large and important, but even in these tissues there is much choice both in price and pattern. Some handsome, close, geometric designs, barely showing the ground, are costly, while another soutache silk, after the order of braiding, is intended, among other uses, for young ladies' bodices, and is of moderate price. The leading idea of the moment is the Chameleon or shot effect, and seldom has anything softer and more delicate been conceived than the shot satin and moire stripes of pink and grey, like the sheen of mother of pearl, or the pink and blue pigeon wing, or the faint Nil and Mandarin. Black shot with pink, black shot with red, will be worn much by middle-aged women, while Directoire brocades, the patterns on a shot ground, are employed for all the many Directoire coats. Ingenuity has gone far afield this year; flowers, figures, forms inspired by nature, all have been utilized in the brocades. Crescents are fashionable in solid colour on shot grounds, and large bold tessles, with leaves which stand up round and real on their shot ground. With pink and blue mingled grounds, green and pink, and such light tones, they are employed for dinner gowns. But no descriptions can convey either the rich durability of this year's material, nor the beauty of the colourings, which have never been surpassed. In choosing brocades, it should be borne in mind that many patterns are made expressly to form entire dresses without any combination, either of plain-toned silk or satin. I have in my mind a class, which has four patterns in thirty different colourings with small designs of wild flowers and light sprays of grass, one of the newest notions of the year made for day and dinner wear; but many are sold with the plain material, and two brocades are made to go together, the same design worked, we will say, in white on green, and in green on white; this is new in idea. Shaded stripes on shot grounds are the moment's fashion; but there is a doubt whether they will have more than a season's favour. Some of them are studded with small pea spots in satin, and they are a novelty which must be taken into consideration, while remembering what is worn. The Bengalines Rayes have a thick cord edging the stripes, and alternate sometimes with satin, sometimes with moire. This is a class of material for young ladies. Bengaline is soft, supple and durable, particularly the special kind the firm manufactures for this, which will not pull because the coarser thread in weaving is tied with the finer. Another specialty is the Peau de Cygne striped with a ribbon like edge; but soft in aspect as a swan's breast. Trocadero is a striped silk, with an indistinct shaded stripe so nearly akin in tone to the ground as to be invisible; it is new and fashionable.

Moire silks is still in favor; shot moires are the newest, also a small bird's-eye water, quite small, like knots in wood, seen mostly in stripes alternating with satin stripes, many such having a ribbon edge. Watered or moire stripes (the names are synonymous now) alternate often in the twilled serge silks, with a cord edge, excellent wear for girls, and many of these stripes are of contrasting colour, and vary in width from 1 inch to 5 inches. Grey and cream is a good combination. The brocades, which show floral effects in stripes, like those worn in the Louis XV. and XVI. periods, are most fashionable, and are also the only variety in which moire does not play its part.

A Hundred Years Ago.

A hundred years ago the birds
Were singing as they sing now,
The fields were fresh and fair, the flowers
Were springing as they spring now.
Mentoiled as men are toiling now,
And moiled as men are moiling now,
And hoped as men are hoping now,
And groped as men are groping now
And died as men are dying.

One lived for love and one for gold,
And dreams of fame beguiled one;
One dwelt unwreathed by fortune's smiles,
Another, a reviled one.
The moon was wont the tale to hear
That still deceives the maiden's ear,
And slander spun her thread of slime
Round many a heart in that old time
That scorned to be denying.

A hundred years ago!—the graves
That mourners wet with weeping
Are lost—the mourners with their dead
Are sleeping, sleeping, sleeping!
Are sleeping as we soon shall sleep,
No more to laugh, no more to weep,
No more to hope, no more to fear,
No more to ask why we are here
A-wearying and sighing.

H. L. SPENCER, St. John, N. B.

Experiments in Hypnotism.

"Certain of the French hypnotic specialists have claimed to be able to produce all the effects which follow the administration of any given drug by simply placing a phial containing a preparation of it in contact with the skin of the hypnotized subject," says the *St. James' Gazette*. "The French Academy of Medicine has just demolished this pretension, which, if well founded, would involve as a necessary corollary the possibility of causing death by poison without leaving any trace of the toxic agent in the organism. A committee of its members, specially appointed for the purpose, recently attended to witness a series of experiments conducted by Dr. Luys, a well known hypnotist. Sixteen glass tubes, containing various drugs in solution or in powder, were employed, and it is not denied that the external application of the phials produced more or less marked effects—muscular contractions, congestive symptoms, impaired respiration, and the emotional manifestations. But the committee failed to trace any correlation in the majority of the cases between the phenomena ascribed and the established therapeutical properties of the substance used. More than this, a perfectly empty tube was found to be as potent in determining the manifestations as any of those previously employed."

There is an eight-year-old boy named Purdy, living in Springfield, Middlesex county, who is said to weigh 118 pounds. His mother is a small woman, and his father of only ordinary size.

J. Jerolomon, of Bath, N.Y., was married for the seventh time last Friday. He is 70 years of age. His heroic enthusiasm as regards matrimony grows not "dim with the mist of years."

North Hastings Review

J. R. ORR, - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Terms:

If paid in advance..... $1.00 per year.
" after 3 months..... 1.25 " "
" after 6 months..... 1.50 " "

We prefer the $1.00 in advance to the $1.50 on long credit. No successful paper can be run on any other terms, and we shall strictly adhere to the above prices in future, in every instance.

MADOC, APRIL 26, 1888.

THE SCOTT ACT DEFEATS.

The Scott Act met with an overwhelming defeat on Thursday last, from which it will never recover. On that day a vote was taken in seven Ontario counties where it had been in force—operation, we should say, as it has never been in force—and, after the three years of trial, the electors decided against it by large majorities. Only a short time ago the County of Halton, where it was twice tried, also voted for its repeal. The following figures will show the re-action in public sentiment, the first column being the majority when the Act was carried, and the second the majority for repeal,—

County.	Maj. for Adoption.	Maj. for Repeal.
Dufferin	795	200
Simcoe	1,183	2,000
Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry	1,706	2,023
Bruce	1,312	1,400
Huron	1,653	1,258
Renfrew	730	766
Norfolk	1,037	700

This result may well cause us to take a practical rather than a sentimental view of the usefulness of the Act. We in Hastings, of course, have never had a test of its workings, but many of our readers have visited "Scott Act counties," and are well able to judge impartially of its efficacy as a drink-reducing power. The general verdict is that it entirely fails in the good results intended. The people were willing to try an experiment from which so much good was predicted, they tried it and found it sadly deficient. Drinking was not diminished; where there had been one tavern half a dozen illicit dives took its place; the drinking of spirits instead of beers was encouraged; a system of espionage and swearing by informers was introduced that was distasteful to the people; those who voted for the Act took no interest in its enforcement; hard feelings were engendered in communities where harmony had prevailed; the cost of enforcing this optional law was not fairly laid on the municipalities that declared for it; and in many other ways it was found utterly bad. Most of all it encouraged an open disregard of law and disrespect toward those in authority. Prohibition on one side of the street with free drinking on the other will not reduce drunkenness in the community, and it is so in the case of counties under the Scott Act, or any other partially prohibitory measure, which makes it unlawful for one man to do that which his neighbor is at full liberty to engage in. Total prohibition must in future be the pinnacle set for the temperance people, and in the meantime high license, strict regulations, limitation of the number of places allowed to sell liquor and respectability of the same, with severe punishment and rigid enforcements of the license law, which may be strengthened by education, moral suasion, and example, will do much for the grand work of temperance reform.

The farm house of Philip White, Rawdon, was consumed by fire on Wednesday.

Recent frosts have done considerable damage to fall wheat and meadows in this district.

Mr. John Keith, of Seymour, has lost eight cows and two sheep from poisoning with Paris green.

Many farmers in Sidney and Thurlow have commenced springs work. Some sowing has been done.

The North Hastings Agricultural Society are putting up an exhibition building on their grounds at Stirling.

The barn of Mrs. Wm. Craig, Rawdon, was burned on Thursday night. A "hired man" is missing. Whether he was cremated or has deserted is not known.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—ROSCOE CONKLING, one of the leading and most able politicans in the United States, died last week.

—THE MINING interests of this district and Madoc's prospects generally are looking up. We predict a season of prosperity that our community is just entering upon.

—IN ITS able advocacy of the mining interests of Ontario, the Toronto *World* must not forget the claims of the Madoc district. If our esteemed contemporary's "young man" ever strays down this way THE REVIEW will show him deposits of gold, iron, marble, mica, slate, and lithographic stone probably equal to anything in the province.

—GABRIEL DUMONT, the late Louis Riel's fighting man during the North-West rebellion, is now in the province of Quebec, under sufferance of the Canadian Government. He now proposes to go on a lecturing tour through that province and then France, nominally in the interests of the Half-Breeds of the North west, but practically in the interests of—G. Dumont.

—GOOD comes out of things evil, and the distress among the Crofters of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland is likely to lead to a valuable accession to the population of Canada. Emigration on a large scale is proposed as one method of alleviating the distress, and the Dominion ought to be especially attractive for a people who would find many of their own race living in comfort among us.

—THE immigration returns for this country lately are satisfactory. The number of persons who settled in the Dominion during March according to a return prepared by the Department of Agriculture was 5,395 against 5,139 in March 1887. The number that settled in the Dominion since Jan. 1st, last to date was 11,872 against 11,044, for the same period of 1887. Four thousand five hundred are booked for our shores this week.

—AWAY to the north of us, at a place called Sudbury, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, township of Denison, a late rich gold find is causing great excitement. The Toronto *World* says "a gentleman just returned from Sudbury reports that a thousand men are already on the spot with pick and shovel, waiting for a melting of the snow, and several hundred more are waiting at the American "Soo" ready to cross, bound for Denison."

—HON. THOMAS WHITE, Minister of the Interior, died Saturday night last at his residence at Ottawa, after only a few days illness, of a sudden attack of inflammation on the lungs. Parliament has been in session only two months, and in that brief period no less than five of its members have been called to their last account—two senators and three commoners. The missing ones are Senators Rowland of Montreal and Speaker Plumb, of Niagara. Mr. Clayes of Missisquoi and Mr. Robertson of West Hastings were the next to go, and now the Capital and the Dominion are startled by the untimely death of Hon. Thos. White, Minister of the Interior. No death that has occurred in the Capital within the last decade has had such a depressing effect on political circles as has the demise of Mr. White. Surveying the Cabinet from a physical point of view he was the last in the thirteen that anyone familiar with its members would have supposed that death had set an early seal upon. Mr. White has been cut down in the prime of life, in the zenith of his success as a departmental officer, and the Conservative party loses one of its most useful members. He would have been 58 on Aug. 7, next.

Chief Justice Armour lost no time at the Hastings Spring Assizes Court. He opened proceedings at 1 p.m. on Monday with a dock of thirty cases before him and closed Thursday at 10:30 a. m.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

House Cleaning!

As it is rapidly drawing near the season when this

Delightful Amusement

will be the

Reigning Fashion,

We would ask you before deciding what you will purchase in

Wall Paper

to give us a call and see some of the

RARE CONVINCERS

we have to show you in the above, with

Handsome Borderings

to match. We can conscientiously say it is the

FINEST STOCK

ever imported in Madoc. This

Immense Variety

range in prices from 5 cents up to $1.00 per roll. Be sure and

TAKE A LOOK THROUGH

our samples as

Contented, Happy Customers

are the best advertisers a merchant can have.

We will be pleased to show you our stock.

J. Dale & Son.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Lime for Sale.

THE undersigned has a quantity of Lime for sale at 15 cents per bushel at the Kiln. JOHN RODGERS.

Madoc, April 25th, 1888. 4

NOTICE.

ALL parties are hereby warned and forbid to give credit to any person or persons on my account, without my written order, as I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by any person in my name.

JNO. N. ROBINSON.

Madoc, April 3rd, 1888. 4-3t

FARM FOR SALE.

EAST half of lot No. 7, 2nd concession of Madoc, containing 100 acres, 70 acres cleared, log house, frame barn 36x50, two log barns, well watered, plenty of wood and rail timber and a few apple trees. Apply to the owner on the premises for further particulars.

ALEXANDER PALMER.

Madoc, April 21st, 1888. 4-3m

SALESMEN

WANTED. Permanent positions guaranteed with SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Any determined man can succeed with us. Peculiar advantages to beginners. Stock complete, including many fast selling specialties. Outfit free.

Address at once, (Name this paper.)

BROWN BROTHERS,

NURSERYMEN, - - ROCHESTER, N. Y.

10 Acre Lot for Sale.

THE undersigned offers for sale Ten Acres of land, being part of the east half of the east half of lot 3, 6th concession of Madoc, just outside the village corporation. The village corporation: The land is under good cultivation, and the lot would be suitable for private residence or market garden purposes. Terms reasonable. Apply on the premises to

SIMON ST. CHARLES.

Madoc, April 24th, 1888. 4-4

New Woolen Mill

Rollins' Old Stand, MADOC.

THE UNDERSIGNED BEGS LEAVE to inform the public that he has started a new Woolen Mill, and will be prepared by

THE 1st OF JUNE,

—TO DO—

Roll Carding, Spinning, Weaving,

&c. Tweeds, Fulcloths, Shestings, Shirtings, Yarns, &c., kept constantly on hand to exchange for wool.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

BRING ON YOUR WOOL.

W. H. Mitchell.

Madoc, April 25, 1888. 4

HOUSE TO RENT.

ON Elgin Street, in the village of Madoc, near the Model School. Enquire at REVIEW office. 1 3w.

FOR SALE.

IN THE village of Madoc, that desirable property, owned by the late T. S. Agar, containing 1 an acre of land, Frame House, Fruit and Shade Trees. Terms easy. For further particulars apply to

R. T. GRAY.

Madoc, April 18th, 1888. 3-4

House and Lot for Sale.

THE undersigned offers for sale in Madoc village that valuable property, being part of the west half of lot 3, 6th concession, consisting of an acre and a half of good land, good frame house and barn, and never failing spring of water. Will be sold very reasonable. Apply to

MRS. O. SULLIVAN.

Madoc, April 18th, 1888. 3 4t Madoc

Shaving and Hair Dressing.

THE undersigned, having purchased the good-will and fixtures of R. Francis' barber shop, Dale's Block, Madoc, begs to solicit a share of the patronage of the public. He has fixed up the shop in first-class style, and will be pleased to see all who may favor him with a call. Good work guaranteed.

W. J. POST.

Madoc, April 18th, 1888. 3

COURT OF REVISION.

Municipality of Bangor et. al., County of Hastings.

THE first day's sitting of the Court of Revision in said corporation will be held at Patrick O'Brien's in Bangor on the thirtieth day of May next, beginning at the hour of ten o'clock, a. m.

All concerned may take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

DARIUS CARD,
Township Clerk.

Maynooth April 16th, 1888. 3

CHURCH SERVICES.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Divine worship and preaching every Sabbath at 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sabbath School and Pastor's Bible Class at 2.30 p.m.; Young People's Prayer Meeting, Tuesday, and General Prayer Meeting, Thursday evenings, at 7.30.
O. R. LAMBLY, M.A., Pastor.

ST. PETER'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sabbath School at 9.30 a.m.; Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening at 8.
D. WISHART, Pastor.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST (Church of England) Mattins and Evensong every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.; Evensong on Wednesdays, at 7.30 p. m., with an address.
T. AUSTIN SMITH, Pastor.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.—Mass, each Sunday at 9.30 a. m., except every third Sunday, when Mass is at 11 o'clock; Vespers and Benediction, each 4th Sunday at 5 o'clock.
THOMAS DAVIS, Pastor.

New Ads. This Week.

Notice—Jno. N. Robinson.
Lot for Sale—S. St. Charles.
Hard Times—James C. Dale.
Farm for Sale—Alex. Palmer.
Lime for Sale—John Rodgers.
Salesmen Wanted—Brown Bros.
Spring Cleaning—J. Dale & Son.
Special Notices—D.W. Wright.
Special Notices—W. W. Hudgins.
New Woolen Mill—W. H. Mitchell.
Receipt Book—F. B. Dickerson & Co.

Special Notices.

All kinds of Field and Garden Seeds at D. W. Wright's.

Teas that are Teas, at W. W. Hudgins'.

Cash is what you want, and if you want Groceries, Crockery or Boots and Shoes call and see what D. W. Wright will do for you.

The best Teas on earth are those sold by W. W. Hudgins.

Onion Sets at Dean's Drug Store. tf

Should you be in want of Garden or Field Seeds come down to D. W. Wright's.

Say, if you have Eggs to sell call at W. W. Hudgins'.

No flies on D. W. Wright's stock, but still he has the goods all the same.

Highest Cash price paid for Eggs at W. W. Hudgins'.

J. R. Irish, Dentist, arrives every Tuesday on noon train. He is now extracting teeth without pain. See advertisement. tf

Latest Local News.

—FAX

—At the I.O.O.F Concert to-night.

—Turn out and hear the I. O. O. F. Band, all silver instruments, in the procession to-day. Thirty-four strong.

—It is reported that the snow is still lying on some of the northern roads of this County, making sleighing passable.

—The Oddfellows' service in the Methodist Church will commence about 11 o'clock to-day. The public cordially invited.

—The I. O. O. F. Band's orchestra will assist at the Concert in the Masonic Hall to-night. Admission only 25 and 35 cents.

—The *Intelligencer* says a gentleman in that city has had an umbrella returned that has been astray two years. This is the first case on record of a stolen umbrella having found its owner.

—While working on Mr. James C. Dale's lot in this village last week, Mr. John McBain found some excellent samples of magnetic iron ore. A mine will not, however, be opened just yet.

—Mrs. Connell, an old and highly respected resident of the Irish Settlement, died suddenly last Friday. After milking she complained of weakness and before assistance could reach her she had breathed her last. A son died a short time ago.

—Mr. Strathy, Inspector of the Traders' Bank of Canada, is visiting the Branch in this village this week. We understand he is well pleased with the business done here, and finds the Bank's interests prospering under Mr. McClellan's management.

—The sugar social in the basement of the Methodist Church last Friday evening was a great success. So much larger crowd attended than was expected that the supply of taffy ran out. A nice programme of music was rendered and a pleasant time spent. Over $20 were realized.

—Mr. H. Knowles, of the Gould Bicycle Co., of Brantford, was in the village last week trying to sell his machine to some of our local riders. Mr. Harry Price has ordered a new "Warwick," and Mr. H. H. O'Flynn is also negotiating for one. It is probable a small club will be organized in Madoc this season.

—A distinguished visitor dropped down in Madoc this week, being no less a personage than Mr. Jas. Dolan, of Peterboro—or some where else. He spent the past winter in Lindsay, and wears the usual bland smile as of yore. He says he came down nominally to see if anybody but himself could run the "Big 4," but practically to see O'Grady and the rest of the boys. "Mull" will always be welcomed in Madoc, and he has enjoyed the freedom of the village this week.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

—The martens, the true harbingers of Spring, have arrived.

—A spring style: Onions will be eaten salted this season.

—An exchange advocates the formation of a society for the settlement of debts.

—Mr. James, of the firm of James & Taylor, the actinolite firm of Bridgewater, was in the village last week.

Mr. S. D. Ross, at present a resident merchant of the northern metropolis of Bancroft, gave us a call this week.

—Miss Davis, sister of Rev. Thos. Davis, Priest, of this village, is slowly recovering from a severe attack of paralysis, at Kingston.

—A western paper says: "Reub. Fax, of Brantford, is the best comic singer in Canada." Hear him at the I.O.O.F. Concert to-night, and judge for yourself.

—The lacrosse club is endeavoring to arrange for a big day in Madoc on May 24th next. A couple of good matches will be part of the programme.

Mr. John D. Breeze, of Bridgewater, was able to visit Madoc again yesterday. It was his third trip out since January last, and he still suffers from his recent illness.

—Reub. Fax, of Brantford, has the reputation of being one the best singers in the Province. Do not miss hearing him at the I.O.O.F. concert in the Masonic Hall to-night.

—Miss Carrie Golway left this week for Napanee, where she remains for the summer in the cheese manufacturing business. As usual she ordered THE REVIEW sent her for company.

—We had a call yesterday from Mr. John Fitzgerald, Reeve of Monteagle and Herschel, and postmaster of Greenview. He reports some valuable minerals in that part of the County.

—Those of our villagers interested should remember the ukase of the local Board of Health, and have their premises cleaned up before May 1st. After that date you might have to pay for the privilege of doing it.

—Mr. Walter Mullett, Division Court Bailiff, of Bancroft, gave THE REVIEW a call yesterday. He succeeded in "serving" on the editor a crisp one dollar bill for renewal of his subscription for another year.

—A kicking horse, attached to a buggy, drew a large crowd around it in front of Cross & Mouncey's on Saturday evening. During the performance a parcel of sugar fell out of the buggy and was distributed over the ground. No damage was done.

—A prominent merchant of Peterborough and one who advertises extensively, a short time ago, says the Examiner, undertook to curtail his expenses by cutting off a large proportion of his advertising. It wouldn't do though. He soon afterward blazed out with bigger advertisements than ever, and accounted for his apparent inconsistency by remarking: "The printer can get along without me better than I can without the printer." He was right and all merchants who have ever advertised have found it so.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Important Contracts.

The *Intelligencer* says:—"Ald. Hanley of this city has been awarded the contract for the carpenter work on the new $100,000 St. Paul's church, Toronto, Mr. Hanley's tender is for about $12,000. He has also a contract for the carpenter work, $7,000, on the new Catholic church at Tweed, and is preparing the plans for the new High School to be built at Madoc. Besides the High School he has the contract of two dwelling houses in that thriving village."

Anglican Mission Board.

At the meeting of this body held in Kingston on the 18th, the amount available for mission work was reported to be $10,000, or about $700 less than last year. Grants of $200 per annum were made to Frankford, Loughboro, Madoc, Marysburg, Stirling, Wellington and Marmora. The latter will get a special grant of $100 to the missionary on condition that he keeps a horse and do the work now done by the lay-readers. Queensboro gets $250, North Hastings $400, and a grant of $150, for Shannonville was voted to be at the disposal of the Bishop.

How Church Collections are Made up.

On the last night of the Crossley and Hunter meetings in Belleville last week, the collections amounted to $352.88. It was made up of 1419 pieces, as follows:—

138	Coppers	$ 1 38
600	5c. pieces	30 00
250	10c. "	25 00
282	25c. "	70 50
20	50c. "	10 00
103	$1 bills	103 00
7	$2 "	14 00
1	$4 "	4 00
17	$5 "	85 00
1	$10 "	10 00
		$352 88

It was estimated that fully 1,000 persons contributed nothing.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Started Again.

Mr. Whitney has returned to the village, and the pumps at the marble quarry were started again this week. We expect to see things booming there during the next few months.

North Hastings Licenses.

The Board of License Commissioners for North Hastings met in this village on Monday. All the licenses have not yet been granted owing to some of the premises not being ready for inspection.

A Painful Accident.

Thursday morning as the Madoc train was nearing Crookston the tender left the track and Wm. Taylor, fireman, who looked out to see what was the matter was thrown into the ditch and severely hurt. He was picked up and taken to a farm house near by. Although painful his injuries were not serious.

A Good Move.

We understand that through the exertions of the Inspector, Mr. Mackintosh, the Protestant ministers of the village, Rev. Mr. Wishart, Rev. Mr. Lambly, and Rev. Mr. Smith, have consented to attend in turns at the public school each Friday afternoon, and deliver short addresses to the pupils. We are sure the public generally will cordially approve of this movement.

Runaways.

Two runaways have occurred during the past week, the first a team ran along St. Lawrence street until the pole slipped under the sidewalk at Reed's Block, which stopped them without doing much damage.

Sunday afternoon Father Davis' horse while standing in front of a house in the Irish Settlement, was frightened by a dog and ran away, badly wrecking the buggy and considerably injuring itself. The services of a Vet. were required to repair the damages to the animal.

New Liquor Law.

The new liquor law requiring holders of shop licenses to keep their stock of liquors in separate apartment from their grocery store, with no communication between the two, comes into effect on May 1st. Our local dealers are making provisions for the change in accordance with the law's requirements. Messrs. Church & Todd have secured a shop in Harper's Block, which is now being fitted up for this purpose, and Messrs. Gray & McGregor will keep their stock of liquors in a new addition in the rear of their present grocery store.

Obituary.

W. H. Tumelty, and old and well known resident of Madoc township, died at his home a couple of miles from Madoc village on Monday morning. Mr. Tumelty was at one time a prominent figure in municipal politics, having been in the Council for some years. He was 66 years of age. The funeral services on Wednesday were conducted with Masonic honors, and was largely attended.

Francis Reynolds, a resident of the township of Huntingdon, a few miles below this village, died on Sunday last, in his 62nd year. Consumption, which has carried away several members of the family within the last year or two, was the cause of death.

When Dr. Chase, author of the famous Chase's Receipt Book, died two years ago, he left the manuscript of what he said was his "Crowning Life Work." It has been published in a magnificent volume of nearly 900 pages. It contains more than six times the valuable matter that his old book did, and is the result of his whole life experience and observation. If the value of this book, having more than six times as much in it and thirty-five years of additional experience, can be measured by the value of the old one, it is a book that no home should be without. The publishers offer a rare opportunity to agents. See advertisement in another column.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER

TO ALL WANTING EMPLOYMENT.

We want live, energetic agents in every county in the United States and Canada to sell a patent article of great merit on *its merits*. An article having a large sale paying over 100 per cent. profit, having no competition, and on which the agent is protected in the exclusive sale by a deed given on each and every county he may secure from us. With all these advantages to our agents, and the fact that it is an article that can be sold to every housewife, it may not be necessary to make "*an extraordinary offer*" to secure good agents at once, but we have concluded to make it to show, not only our confidence in the merits of our invention, but in its salability by any agent that will handle it with energy. Our agents now at work are making from $150 to $300 a month clear, and this fact makes it safe for us to make our offer to all who are out of employment. Any agent that will give our business a thirty day's trial and fail to clear at least $100 in this time, above all expenses, can return all goods unsold to us and we will refund the money paid for them. No such employer of agents ever dared to make such offers, nor would we if we did not know that we have agents now making more then double this amount. Our large decriptive circulars explain our offer fully, and those we wish to send to everyone out of employm nt who will send us three one cent stamps for postage. Send at once and secure the agency in time for the boom, and go to work on the terms named in our extraordinary offer. Address, at once,

NATIONAL NOVELTY CO.
49—3m 514 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa

The case of Stephen Tufts, hotel keeper at Tuftsville, against two young men of the neighborhood, Albert and David Eggleton, for assault and damage to hotel property, has been settled by the defendants paying costs and damages to the extent of $46.90.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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And may be a thing of the past to everyone who is disposed to

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Examine and compare qualities and prices for your own satisfaction.

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We are offering this week some lines of Dress Goods, Prints, Ginghams, &c.

AT 25 PER CENT. BELOW COST PRICES.

Don't fail to see these goods, as we are bound to clear them out.

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DON'T FORGET

The table. Of course we know you will not, but we thought we would remind you that we have

A DAINTY STOCK

of choice Groceries, which should claim your attention at this time. We have many

New Delicacies

which will satisfy the taste of the most critical epicure. And we have a

NICE FRESH STOCK

of Staple Goods which we are selling at prices that leave only a very small margin of profit.

Choice Teas, Aromatic Coffee.

All kinds of this season's

CANNED GOODS

and a fine stock of all the requisites for a Christmas Pudding. If low prices for standard goods will please you, send your orders.

GRAY & McGREGOR,
MADOC.

NOTICE.

ALL parties are hereby warned and forbid to give credit to any person or persons on my account, without my written order or consent, as I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by any persons in my name.

WM. VENN.
Huntingdon, April 7, 1888. 2-3

CANADA PERMANENT Loan and Savings Com'y

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WILLIAM MOORE.
Madoc, Feb. 9th, 1888. 44-3 m

FARM.

Spraying Fruits.—A Successful Example.

correspondent of the Ohio Farmer writes: Being fully convinced of the necessity of combating insects injurious to the apple last Spring, such as codling moths and canker worms I procured a little Plant Atomizer with Climax nozzle and went to work. This machine is nicely mounted upon three wheels, and the tank holds about 40 gallons of water, so it may be drawn about by hand or placed in a wagon-box and one or two horses used. I used London purple instead of Paris green on most of the orchard, as it is lighter and remains in suspension in the water much better than the green, and answers every purpose. I used three-fourths of a pound to a tank full of water (40 gallons) which I found to answer the purpose very well. Where the canker worm was very bad I used one pound. I used the automizer in a wagon, as I could do my work much more quickly this way. Myself and assistant sprayed 200 very large trees in three-quarters of a day in this way.

I only applied the poison once (the 11th of May), but the good effect was very noticeable all Summer, and especially in the Fall; for while my crop apples was not as large as it would have been, if I had sprayed them earlier and oftener, the apples were very fine and perfect in appearance, not being stung by insects, causing hard lumps, or wormy and rotten. I took ten premiums at the State Fair last Fall, while my neighbors had no apples worth mentioning. I attribute my success wholly to the use of the poison before mentioned, and believe that this is a sure way, as far as insects are concerned, to raise a good crop after they have once formed upon the tree. I also think the time is past when farmers should idly fold their hands and say to the insects, "thy will be done," looking upon them as an evil that must be borne. The Department of Agriculture, with its corps of assistants, has ably demonstrated that nearly every insect injurious to crops and fruit may successfully be combated if we only use the proper means in the proper time and way. When farmers cease to pay a tax of from 10 to 50 per cent. to insects, they will not have cause or need to grumble so much about their tax to the State.

How to Raise Onions.

A few weeks ago a Wisconsin man inquired how to prepare a garden for vegetables, and a Kansas man asks how to grow onions. Here is my method. Take good, flat, new land with clay subsoil, that has given one or more hoed crops and has been well tilled. Plow and harrow thoroughly to get the surface very fine and level. Steep the seed in warm water about twenty-four hours and dry with lime or ashes. Now mark the rows very straight, one inch deep and fourteen inches apart. I sprinkle the seed by hand, very thinly in the drills (I have no machine). I then take a clean shovel or smooth board with a weight on, and draw it along on each row and the seeding is done. Carrots, beets, parsnips, etc., should be sown that way and if seed is soaked will come up in half the time it will if not soaked. Peas may be sown in drills in pairs four feet apart so as to work with a horse. I think onions, cabbage and carrots are the most profitable for a farmer's garden, the two former to sell and the latter to feed to stock, as you can grow 1,000 bushels on an acre.

Truck gardeners grow many things that farmers cannot afford to bother with. I cannot raise cabbage plants on the ground on account of the little black beetles, so I make a big, shallow box, and set it up on the south side of a shed. There they are safe and will make good plants, with good soil and plenty of water. The best early cabbage is Jersey Wakefield, and for late Premium Flat Dutch. The Red Wethersfield is a splendid large onion, Danvers as good but not so large; Silverskin very nice but more tender than the former. As for tools, a good sharp hoe, a scuffle hoe made by riveting piece of cradle scythe to the tines of an old hay fork, and a garden rake; these are indispensable, but keep them clean and sharp by filing. If you let the weeds destroy your crop your neighbors may be tempted to laugh and you to swear.

Notes.

The spring work should be all mapped out.

Fowls should always have access to a sand or dust bath.

Keep the poultry, old and young, out of the slop and slush.

Cold, more than any other one cause, checks the production of eggs.

If intending to graft cherry-trees get ready to do the work in March.

Fine soft hay that will pack down close, is better than straw for the nests of setting hens.

No time like the present to repair the plows sharpen the harrow and put the seeder in working order.

Pick over the beans and select good ones to plant. Better sell the poorer ones at a lower price than plant them. Plant the best of every thing.

To enrich land that is poor we must have manure or its equivalent in vegetable matter, or apply plant food in some shape to induce the growth of vegetation.

The lambs of the first winter should get liberal fare; it is then the growth is made for the best sheep. No young animals will attain to as good results as the one liberally fed.

Hogs can get "cold" as well as other animals. To prevent this disease, keep the hogs in dry quarters, not too much exposed to sudden changes or extremes of heat and cold.

Before going into fruit culture find out what varieties your land is best adapted to produce and give those varieties the preference. Situation as well as soil adaptation should be considered.

The Iowa dairy commissioner estimates that the oleomargarine law has been worth over $1,000,000 to that state in raising price of genuine butter. The increase in the price of winter dairy butter was at least eight cents a pound, and of summer butter ten or eleven cents.

Ten tons of superior Texas cotton seed have been shipped from Galveston, Texas, consigned to the German East African Colonization Society, Zanzibar, Africa. An experienced planter accompanied the seed for the purpose of instructing the natives of Zanzibar in the cultivation of the cotton plant. This event marks the introduction of cotton on the east coast of Africa.

Prof. Henry, of the University of Wisconsin, who is well known as a conservative and careful agricultural experimentor, advises, where cornstalks are to furnish the principal rough food, the following as a day's rations for a cow, to be fed at two or three feeds: Corn stalks, cut, fifteen to eighteen pounds; clover hay, five pounds; bran, six pounds; corn meal, four pounds.

In many places this winter wells have gone dry, and it is a good time to clean them out before spring freshets make this work impossible. Too great care cannot be taken in testing such wells for carbonic acid gas before going down. Most wells unused for a few months have more or less of this deadly poison. A light sent down will test the question. If it goes out suddenly the well is dangerous to human beings who may descend.

Farmers' Review says: Boys who want to try their hands at grafting will find a wax made by this formula all that can be desired in its line. It also makes a good salve for cuts and sores: Take by weight four parts of rosin, two of beeswax, and one of tallow or lard. Melt together over a slow fire stirring occasionally to mix thoroughly. When melted pour into cold water and then work it like molasses candy, first greasing the hands. If from inaccuracy in making the right proportions of each ingredient it is found too hard, remelt and add a little more lard or tallow. If too soft add rosin. Do not attempt to graft on a cold day. No wax of proper consistency will work well when the weather is too cold.

At the Farmer's Institute recently held in Havana, Ill., Senator Whiting gave an address on "The Decline of Agricultural Prosperity and the Causes Thereof." Among the reasons assigned were the world-wide competition of the farmer with the cheapest of all cheap labor. He said if the farmer must sell cheap he must be allowed to buy cheap. Pools and trusts caused by the present high tariff raised what the farmer had to buy above its normal rate. The excessive charges for transportation companies, stockyards and elevators, the high and excessive rate of interest to farmers, and the unjust workings of the State revenue laws were discussed with the argument that a reduction of the tariff should be made on salt, lumber, iron, steel and other necessities of life. At the close of his address the following was passed without a dissenting vote:

Resolved, That a reduction of the National taxes be made on the necessities of life and that the tax on tobacco and whiskey be retained as a source of National revenue.

The Decline of the Scotch.

The most remorseless force in modern civilization is the power of a great city to obliterate the national characteristics of a people. London, with its fashions and follies, for example, has obliterated Scotland, as England before the rise of the modern London never did, and the Scotch, as a people, have almost ceased to exist. There is a sort of national tragedy in this change that is pathetically pointed out in the March *Forum* by Prof. John Stuart Blackie, of the University of Edinburgh, who is one of the most stalwart of living Scotch scholars and writers. He writes:

I am sorry to state my conviction, founded on pretty large intercourse with my countrymen, that the spirit of national self-esteem, for which they have been noted, is suffering under a sensible decline. The causes of this lamentable process of self-obliteration are easy to name. The powerful central attraction of the huge metropolis to which by the Union we are attached; the Anglification of our nobility and upper ten thousand by the pomp of London residence and the glittering seductions of London life; the spread of Episcopacy among the same classes, not so much from always religious conviction as from the double bribe which it offers of aristocratic connections and æsthetical luxury; and, more than all, the neglect of her middle schools by Scotland, which has caused the upper classes to send their hopeful progeny to Harrow and Oxford, where, if the education is not more solid, it has both a greater reputation and a higher reward; all those causes combine to gnaw at the roots of a truly national culture in Scotland, and to render the production of men of a distinctly Scottish type, such as Walter Scott, Lord Cockburn, and Dr. Guthrie, more and more difficult every day. To all this must be added the complete neglect of all patriotic traditions and national furnishing in the principal schools and universities. In the University of Edinburgh not a single professor of history exists; in the best schools, as in the fashionable saloons, it is rare to hear a good Scoth song sung; the rich store of wit and wisdom contained in the melodious stores of the Scottish people, and ennobled by the names of Burns and Scott and Tannahill and Bannatine and such noble ladies as Mrs. Cockburn of Fairnilee, Joanna Baillie, and the Baroness Nairne, are flung aside in favor of the latest London, French, or German novelty, which may tickle the itching ear, strain the ambitious throat, and coddle the sickly sentiment of the singer; but which are utterly destitute of power to warm the blood, brace the nerve, and form the character of a patriotic Scotchman. So much easier is it to juggle a people out of its proudest heritage by the enervating seductions of a pseudo civilization than to spoil them of it by rude arts of conquest and oppression; and thus it may come about in another generation or two that the Union of 1707 shall have achieved what the embattled ranks of the Plantagenets at Stirling and Bannockburn tried in vain—the absorption of little Scotland into big England, Samnium was swallowed up by Rome.

Did He Resist Arrest?

A Maine sheriff, who was rather undersized, was given a writ of arrest against an Aroostook farmer. Having found the owner of the farm in the field he explained his business, when he was requested to read his writ which commenced as usual:—"You are hereby commanded without delay to take the body of," etc. "All right," says the prisoner, stretching himself back on the grass, "I'm ready." "Oh, but you don't expect me to carry you?" "Certainly, you must take my body, you know!" "Will you wait until I bring a team?" "Can't promise. I may recover from my fatigue by that time." "Well, what must I do?" "You must do your duty." And there he lay immovable until the sheriff left, when he left also. Did he resist arrest?—[Lewiston Journal.

NOBLE WOMEN'S WORK.

Efforts of English Ladies of Title to Elevate Their Sex.

At every period of the world's history there have been exceptional women of sufficient force of character joined to hereditary advantages who have been able to emerge from chronic suppression, but never till the Nineteenth Century have ladies been allowed to take so active an interest in the great movements which are stirring the heart of humanity. Not long since, according to Dean Swift, the average Englishwoman of the upper ranks was absorbed in the choice of lappets and ruffles; he ungallantly compared her to a monkey, "who hath more diverting tricks and is less mischievous and expensive." Fashion has its votaries now, but there never was a time when the ladies of our ruling families were more engaged in good works of all kinds or bore off professionally so many prizes in literature and art.

They have always taken a part in personal politics. Duchesses in olden times are said to have bought votes with kisses, now they speak on public platforms, and, giving logical reasons for the faith they profess, seek according to their lights the welfare of the people rather than the advancement of some kinsman. The influence of Queen Victoria made itself felt at once in court circles. The great English middle class has been the hardest to conquer, and is still the least responsive, so few dare walk out of the beaten path. But the reproaches heaped upon "blue stockings" and the popular narrow restriction of "woman's sphere" soon appeared ridiculous to those who knew that her Majesty's notes on politics were as shrewd as any statesman's and that she knew more about the Poor law than most of her ministers.

EFFORTS OF EMPRESS VICTORIA.

Much of the success which has attended the effort to open out professional careers for women is attributed to the tact and courage displayed by the Empress of Germany, who, as Princess Royal of England, interested herself in this social problem and after her marriage started a valuable institution in Berlin for technical industries. Nor were her royal sisters slow to show their philanthropic and artistic sympathies. The work which the late Princess did at Darmstadt Lette-Verband is a matter of history, and more or less all the Princesses assumed, as the years rolled on, a leadership in some direction; the Princess Christian in educational matters, the Princess Beatrice in artistic and the Princess Louise fearlessly gave a practical mark of her approval of lady doctors long before the opportunities opening out to them in India of combining social reforms with the cure of physical pain removed the stigma which at first attached to the woman who ventured to think she could minister, save as a nurse, to the sick and afflicted of her own sex.

The right of women to figure as society queens had been freely conceded long before Lady Palmerston's famous "Saturday evenings" gave an impetus to the successful efforts which have since followed, though few have been able to rival the wonderful tact and unfailing energy which made Cambridge House such a centre of interest. The brilliant Lady Morgan, who achieved fame by the publication of a novel, had a small house near Albert Gate at which the leaders of fashion and wits of the day congregated, but it remained for the Baroness Burdette-Coutts to lead the way in the fields of social reform.

LADY AMBERLY'S WORK.

Lady Amberly,—the mother of the youthful Earl Russell who took his seat in the House of Lords this session—was the first lady of title who appeared as an advocate of female suffrage on a public platform. Now we have many speakers of note among the aristocracy. A great change has taken place since the venerable Countess Waldegrave addressed a meeting of village girls, and told them it was better to be neat than gaudy.

When the Duchess of Beaufort in 1869 took the chair at an agricultural dinner and proposed the usual toasts it was regarded as an innovation without procedent. Now, we find the Duchess of Marlborough, the Countess of Malmesbury and many noble ladies speaking at Primrose League meetings, and Lady Randolph Churchill—an American by birth—knows well how to touch the heart of the British voter. I heard the Countess of Jersey a few months ago make a brilliant speech at Prince's Hall. For more than half an hour, without the least hesitation or note of any kind, she reviewed the political aspect of the time and the duty of women in regard to it in a way few members of the sterner sex could rival, either for logical force or eloquence.

DOCTORS AND MISSIONARIES.

The encouragement given to the lady-doctor movement in India by the Countess of Dufferin and Lady Grant Duff will not only prove a boon to sick women, but will effect a revolution in Indian female life altogether. Lady Leigh is seeking the interests of the working girls in our national schools, and, with the Countess of Shrewsbury, pleads for the neglected art of cooking. Lady Laura Ridding is at the head of a movement in Nottingham for establishing a number of evening homes for girls; the Mission Women are under the protecting wing of Lady George Hamilton, and Lady Wollerton and the beautiful Countess of Dudley are promoters of Needlework Guilds.

The rapidly growing list of noble lady writers is astonishing. Lady Verney has furnished some of the best articles published on Allotments. Lady Catherine Milner Gaskell describes farms that will pay, Lady Pollock treats of the drama, the late Lady Brassey's charming description of her voyages in the *Sunbeam* are known throughout the world, and among our magazine writers must be reckoned the Countesses of Portsmouth, Meath, Munster and Zetland; Lady Wentworth, Lady Macdonald Lady Dorothy Nevill and others.

When it is borne in mind that heavy home duties devolve on ladies belonging to what is often described as "the upper ten thousand," who have establishments consisting of thirty or forty persons, to say nothing of out-door servants, who are expected to be the Lady Bountiful of the village and to provide for the bodily and mental needs of the poor in the parish, I think it will be admitted that "the noble women" of the present day are taking their fair share not only in literature, but in all movements connected with charitable and social reform.

Book agent—How do you do, madam. Will your dog bite? Madam—Wall, I reckon he will. Book agent—Would you have the goodness to speak to him? Madam—Certainly. Sick 'im, Tige; sick 'im!

THE DEATH PENALTY.

Different Modes of Taking Off the Criminal.

The execution of malefactors has been a serious matter of consideration for lawgivers in all nations and in all times. The more barbarous the people the more barbarous the method.

In India, the sword for offenders of rank and the den of cobras for malefactors of low degree were popular. Fire, sacred to the sun, was too holy to be used. Poison was a favorite method of inflicting death with the ancients. In Greece the hemlock, among the Persians a species of upas, among the Egyptians a ground glass administered with food, were frequently used. The Romans varied their forms of capital punishment much according to to the wise rule of the modern mikado. Roman citizens could only die by the sword. St. Paul being a Roman, was beheaded. St. Peter, an alien, was crucified. Hurling malefactors, headlong from the Tarpeian rock was common. A Vestal Virgin who was untrue to her vows, was, by the law of Numa, stoned to death. Tarquin Priscus changed this to burying alive. Her companion in crime was scourged to death in the forum. Later, in the days of the Cæsars, criminals were often exposed to wild beasts in the arena, contributing amusement as well as moral instruction to the masses.

Torture was considered a wise adjunct to capital punishment for centuries. The rack, the cauldron, the gridiron, the scavenger's daughter, the pincers, iron mask and scourge were employed. Breaking on the wheel was popular for a long time—the felon being fastened, with his arms and legs apart, to a huge wheel, and his bones are broken by blows from an iron bar. Malefactors were torn asunder by teams of horses; they were burned at the stake, hanged, drawn, and quartered, flayed alive, boiled, broiled and roasted, served up to death in a thousand ways, each as revolting and terrible as skilled ingenuity could devise.

What we now reckon as minor offences were deserving of death not two centuries ago. Blackstone enumerates 160 offences which in his day in England were adjudged worthy of death "without benefit of clergy"—that is, the condemned was forbidden even religious consolation in his last hours, the law aiming at the destruction of both body and soul. Civilization has changed all this. Penal servitude and fines are adjudged for all offences not against life or the State, and only treason, murder, and in some of the American States, and in some countries rape, are deemed, worthy of death.

The form of death has changed, too. Torture is no longer employed, but a means which shall be swift, and as nearly as possible painless, is employed. In France the guillotine, in Spain the garrote, in England and the United States the gallows—three alliterations — menace the malefactor. A fourth, the gun, in military executions.

The guillotine was designed as a labour-saving machine during the Reign of Terror by Dr. Guillotine, who was a member of the Constituent Assembly in 1789. There were too many heads to be removed by the overworked executioner, and this device resulted.

The apparatus is very simple. Between two upright slides a triangular knife, weighted at the upper edge. It is held in position by a catch. The victim is laid upon a sliding or tilting board, securely strapped, and placed, face downward, with his neck in line with the groove. A narrow board with a semi-circular notch slides down and secures him, then the trigger is sprung and the descending knife does the work. Death is necessarily instantaneous. It is said by some that the ingenious doctor perished on his own machine, but there is good reason to believe he escaped that crim joke of fate and died peacefully in bed in 1814.

I saw an execution by the guillotine in Marseilles some years ago. The victim was a young Italian, a wife-murderer. I was summoned to be at the jail at daybreak. In France the condemned felon does not know the day nor the hour appointed. This man was aroused from sleep, pinioned, half dragged, half pushed, shrieking and moaning, into the yard, bound to the tilting plank, thrust forward and killed—all in four minutes. There was a great deal of blood, a little tremor of the limbs, one convulsive movement of the eyelids. In ten minutes from the time the man had been aroused from his sleep the executioner was taking the apparatus of death apart.

Beheading by the sword has been a favourite method in almost all countries. I saw a head struck off by the two-handed sword in a village near Nagasaki, Japan. Both the executioner and his victim were deliberately cool. The latter knelt and bowed his head. The former drew his long, glittering weapon, keen as a razor, wiped it with a bit of gaudy silk, took his stand, raised the sword, and with a quick drawing stroke severed the head, giving vent to a loud, hissing aspirate as he did so. The point of the weapon did not reach the ground. The executioner then removed the stains with some pieces of tissue paper, wiped the blade again with the silk, sheathed it, and strode proudly away, followed by envious eyes. The offender had, I believe, testified falsely in an examination by the tax collector.

The garrote is worse to my notion than the guillotine, though but little blood is shed. The felon sits in a chair. To a stout post behind him are affixed two clasps of iron, which when joined encircle his neck. Through the post and the back of the collar passes a screw. When this is turned by the executioner the collar is tightened, and an iron wedge enters the neck at the base of the brain, dislocating the axis, piercing the spinal cord, and producing instant death. I saw a brigand thus killed at Valencia. There was no cap over the face. When the fatal moment came I heard, or fancied I heard, the snap of the bone, and the contortion of the face was ghastly. The head fell forward and the criminal was dead, but the grisly horror of the manner of his taking off haunted me for years.

There are many who believe, and perhaps with reason, that executions in the future will be carried out by electricity. Electricity is the swiftest and most certain of all possible means by which death may be inflicted. Ninety-five feet a second is the estimated speed of nerve sensibility. Electricity travels 180,000 miles in a like space of time. The brain is paralyzed before it can feel the shock, the victim of the current passes from life to death without knowing the blow. Obviously there is a twofold gain in this method. First, it entirely prevents a mishap. The current passes when the fatal joining of the wires occurs, and death is given. The distant dynamo gives no sound the condemned man may hear. He is led to a chair and seated. One metallic conductor is placed against the nape of his neck, salt water being applied to the hair to enable it to transmit the current. The other conductor is placed on top of the head, the hair being wet, or on either temple or both. The connection is then made, and the man is dead on the instant.

Amendment to the Game Laws.

Below is given the text of Mr. Phelps' bill passed at the recent session of the Ontario legislature. It will be noticed that some very radical changes are made in the law as it previously existed. On the whole they are undoubtedly wise, but regret must be expressed that after lingering for weeks the bill was finally rushed through its third reading before time had been given for the amendments made in committee to be considered by those most immediately interested. Following is the text of the measure in full:

1.—Section 4 of the Act for *The Protection of Game and Fur-bearing Animals* is hereby amended by omitting therefrom the words "deer, elk, moose, reindeer or caribou between the fifteenth day of December and the fifteenth day of October" and inserting instead thereof the words following:—"Deer, elk, moose, reindeer or caribou between the twentieth day of November and the fifteenth day of October; but the period herein before limited shall not, as to moose, elk, reindeer or caribou, apply before or until the fifteenth day of October, 1895, and no moose, elk, reindeer or caribou shall be hunted, taken or killed between the first day of April, 1888, and the fifteenth day of October, 1895."

2—Section 7 of the said Act is hereby amended by adding after the word "Act," where it lastly occurs in said section, the words "and where no other penalty therefore is by this Act provided."

3—The said Act is hereby further amended by adding thereto the following as sections 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 and 21 of the said Act:—

No person shall at any time prior to the year 1895 hunt, take or kill any deer, unless such person has been actually resident and domiciled within the Province of Ontario or within the Province of Quebec for a period of at least three months next before the said time, and any person offending against this section shall be liable to a fine not exceeding $20, nor less than $10, with costs of the prosecution, for each animal so hunted, taken or killed, and in default of immediate payment of said fine and costs shall be liable to be imprisoned in the common gaol of the county or district wherein the offense was committed for a period not exceeding three months: Provided always that this section shall not apply to any person who, being a shareholder of or in an incorporated company, hunts, kills or takes on the lands of such company, any of the animals mentioned in this section: Provided, moreover, that this section shall not apply to any person in any year for which he has obtained from the Commissioner of Crown Lands a permit to hunt, kill or take any of the animals in this section mentioned, and the Commissioner of Crown Lands is hereby authorized to grant and issue such a permit upon payment therefor of a fee of $10 for each year during which the same is to be in force, and upon being satisfied that the person applying for the permit may be relied upon to observe and comply with the other provisions of this Act.

No one person shall, during any one year prior to the year 1895 kill or take alive more than five deer; and no two persons hunting together or from one camp or place of rendezvous, or forming or being what is commonly known as a hunting party shall, in any one year prior to the year 1895, kill or take alive more than eight deer; and no three or more persons hunting together or from one camp or place of rendezvous, or forming or being what is commonly known as a hunting party shall, in any one year prior to the year 1895, kill or take alive more than twelve deer, and any person offending against this section shall be liable to a fine not exceeding $20, nor less than $5, with costs of the prosecution for each deer beyond or exceeding the number so permitted to be killed or taken as aforesaid, and in default of immediate payment of such fine and costs shall be liable to be imprisoned in the common gaol of the county or district within which the offence was committed for a period not exceeding three months.

Where, under this Act, any person has been convicted of an offence against any of the provisions of this Act, such person, in default of the immediate payment of any fine or costs imposed upon him or for which he has been adjudged to be liable in respect or because of such offence, shall be liable and may be adjudged to be imprisoned in the common gaol of the county or district in which the offence was committed for a period not exceeding three months.

On the trial of any complaint, proceeding, matter or question under this act, the person opposing or defending, or who is charged with any offense against or under any of the provisions of this Act, shall be competent and compellable to give evidence in or with respect to such complaint, proceeding, matter or question.

A conviction or order made in any matter arising under this Act, either originally or on appeal, shall not be quashed for want of form.

All prosecutions under this Act may be brought and heard before any of Her Majesty's justices of the peace in and for the county and district where the penalty was incurred, or the offence was chmmitted, or wrong done, and in cities, towns, and incorporated villages in which there is a police magistrate, before such police magistrate; and save where otherwise provided by this section the procedure shall be governed by *The Act respecting Summary Convictions before Justices of the Peace and Appeals at General Sessions.*

Expense of Modern Armaments.

The Paris *Gaulois* states that this year, even should peace be preserved, the armies and navies of the principal States of the world will cost about 7,000,000,000 francs, or £280,000,000 sterling. It makes up its figures in the following way:—Germany, army and navy, 914,000,000 francs, and pensions, fortress funds, and Spandau treasure, 830,000,000 francs; France, in all, 1,037,000,000 francs; Russia, 1,014,739,986 francs; Great Britain (England and India), 1,247,000,000 francs; Austria, 326,361,626 francs; Italy, 382,924,000 francs; Spain, 202,915,000 francs; Turkey, 128,851,700 francs; Holland, 69,952,000 francs; and other countries the balance between them.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADIAN.

A heavy flow of natural gas has been struck in St. Thomas at a depth of ninety feet.

The Toronto City Council at its meeting last Monday night decided to petition the Dominion Government for aid to the Ontario Sault Ste. Marie railway.

An illicit still was seized on Tuesday in Stanley township, Huron County, and the proprietor sentenced to one month's imprisonment and fined $100.

The temperance people of Prince Edward Island presented a petition at Ottawa that the question of prohibition for the Dominion be submitted to a plebiscite.

Dr. Lavallee, of the Quebec Legislative Council, has been committed for trial in Montreal on the charge of misappropriating money from the Provincial colonization funds.

The Manitoba Government has decided to establish offices in the most important centres in Eastern Canada to disseminate information regarding the advantages offered by the province to immigrants.

Two brothers named Bowman, aged 82 and 84 years, living alone at Midhurst, near Barrie, were burned to death in their house on Saturday afternoon, only a few charred bones being found in the ruins.

The Executive Board of the National Labour Union of Canada met in Toronto and decided to order a levy of fifty cents per week on members of the various unions to assist the labourers in Hamilton.

The Newfoundland Assembly at three o'clock yesterday morning, after an all-night session, by a vote of 20 to 7, defeated the resolution to send delegates to Ottawa to discuss the question of entering Confederation.

The twelfth annual meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church was opened at Guelph recently. There was a large number of delegates, and very satisfactory reports of the work done were presented. The income during the past year amounted to $25,657, and the membership numbered 13,101.

UNITED STATES.

A bill has been introduced in the Kentucky Legislature to punish wife-beaters at the whipping-post.

An agreement refusing to accept Canadian silver was signed recently by every banker in Rochester, New York.

Farmers in South Dakota find the cost of wheat raising leaves such a minimum of profit that they contemplate abandoning wheat growing in the future and raising corn instead.

Seven mules have been found alive in the wrecked coal mine at Rich Hill, Missouri, effectually disproving the theory that the recent disastrous explosion was caused by natural gas or foul vapour.

A plausible rascal so imposed upon the members of a church in Troy, N. Y., that they fitted him out with a supply of comfortable garments, whereupon he went and got married, the clothing furnished by charitable people serving as a wedding wardrobe.

A Michigan lady, it is said, formerly had a servant girl who was so deaf she couldn't hear a sound, but when at the table the lady easily summoned her from the kitchen by rubbing her boot heel on the carpet, the girl plainly feeling the vibrations caused by such a slight movement.

Dr. James G. Hyndman, of the Ohio Medical College, says that a Catholic priest of Cincinnati came to him to be treated for throat trouble. The doctor advised him to let his beard grow. He did so, and the throat trouble ceased; but some of his superiors objected to the idea of a priest wearing a beard, and so he was obliged to lay his case before the authorities in Rome, with a detailed statement from the doctor, and then he was permitted to wear his whiskers.

FOREIGN.

The Newfoundland seal catch has been unusually large.

The Sultan of Morocco has agreed to refer the Tangier difficulty with the United States to arbitration.

Four hundred persons were killed and about 500 injured by the tornado at Dacca, India, on Saturday.

It is stated that Prince Bismarck is seriously ill, having been more deeply affected by the death of Emperor William than is generally imagined.

It is stated that Crown Prince William is the chief opponent of his sister's marriage to Prince Alexander, and that Prince Bismarck acted on his behalf.

It is said the Pope is about to issue a document inviting priests throughout the world to celebrate on the last Sunday in September a solemn mass for souls in purgatory.

The Czar and the Pope have approved the preliminaries of the convention between Russia and the Vatican, and when the details are settled Russia will accredit a Minister to the Vatican.

It is reported that the daughter of a Russian army officer, when on the point of being arrested in Moscow as an intended assassin of the Czar, leaped from the window of the room in which she was staying and was mortally injured.

A special cablegram to the *Mail* says the London Emigrants' Information office has issued a Canadian circular giving all necessary details to emigrants, and warns young settlers against paying premiums to farmers for instruction in farming.

It is stated private despatches prove that Gen. Boulanger was cognizant of and approved his candidature for the Chamber of Deputies in the various departments in which he was voted for, although he publicly repudiated all responsibility for the presentation of his name.

India is becoming one of the largest consumers of Russian Petroleum in the world. In 1887 more than 2,000,000 poods were exported from Batoum for that destination, and in January alone of the present year as much as 400,000 poods were shipped at that port for the East Indies.

What is Needed

By every man and woman if they desire to secure comfort in this world is a corn sheller. Putnam's Corn Extractor shells corns in two or three days and without discomfort or pain. A hundred imitations prove the merit of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which is always sure, safe and painless. See signature of Polson & Co. on each bottle. Sold by medicine dealers.

The Newspaper in the School.

Your recent and frequent remarks about teaching "Civics" and "Americanism" and "Patriotism" in our public schools, encourage me in the belief that you will be interested in a practical experiment in that direction. The account may seem prosaic enough, and I purposely make it so, in stating facts and methods just as they were exhibited; but you shall judge of the practicability and effectiveness of the plan when in competent hands.

All agree that the newspaper (using this term now to cover all periodical literature) is one of the foremost educators of modern society. Everybody reads the newspaper. The ability to read it intelligently is almost the test of a liberal education, and to read it continuously with intelligence and discrimination will well nigh produce the benefits and results of a liberal education.

The great daily newspaper is a summary of the world's history for that day; a cross-section of its varied life and activity every twenty-four hours, an instantaneous photograph, every day, of the earth's inhabitants and events, in their habits as they live. To analyze, arrange and interpret this record so as to get the profit out of it for instruction and guidance is no easy matter. Just here the American youth needs help and training, and they should get them from the public school. They can be made easy, enjoyable, stimulating and immensely helpful for all concerned, teachers and pupils.

This, then, was our experiment. It was used with college classes for a succession of years, with constantly growing interest and advantage, and the method can be readily adapted to classes in the high schools and upper grammar schools. We divided the class into a number of committees, somewhat as follows (1) home news; (2) foreign news; (3) education; (4) literature; (5) science and invention; (6) manufactures; (7) agriculture; (8) commerce; (9) fine arts. These committees were to find what they could, wherever they could, on the subjects assigned to them, and to report each week. That it might not be treated as an extra or voluntary matter, or as a by-play, the time of a regular recitation was given to it, and the class held to the same requirements and responsibilities as for any other recitation. Very great freedom was allowed to individual members of the class in the manner of their reports. One would give orally a summary of what he had found; another would prepare a carefully-written digest; one would have a concise description or a brilliant passage to read; another would have a question or difficulty for explanation.

Some of the advantages of this exercise are very obvious, as well as the kind of preparation which the teacher would need to make. One item of news from the British Parliament would bring up the forms and methods of the British government, and their analysis or differences compared with our own; another item, from almost any European capital, might bring up the "Eastern Question," or the general political relations of the great European governments and the "Balance of Power." The leading persons and events, at home and abroad, would pass in review and call for pertinent comment and explanation.

A year or two of such exercises every week would familiarize the pupil with the principal facts and questions before the world. Not that very much would be "settled," perhaps, as that was not the object; but he would be getting into position for understanding and settling things for himself. He would learn what are the actual questions of to-day. He would be aided in getting somewhat definite notions of the form and features of his own country and government, the chief peculiarities of other nations, the influential men and women in public affairs, literature, science, art, religion, etc. With it all we would be learning to read the daily newspaper with intelligence and profit, and how to make it better and more effective for the supremely great and growing mission.

Possibly other teachers have tried other similar experiments with their classes for the same ends and can report results. This experiment was thoroughly successful. The method is simple, practical, flexible, easily adapted to varying circumstances and conditions, and like all true methods in education, gives the pupil a large share in his own training. Moreover, the impulse which the pupil obtains in this way is likely to remain with him and grow upon him through life.

There is no reason, then, why the boys and girls in our grammar schools, and especially in our high schools, should not go out into the world with a preliminary training and fair start by delightful and effective methods in civics, patriotism, and American ideas.—*Dr. Lemuel Moss.*

How's Your Liver.

The old lady who replied, when asked how her liver was, "God bless me, I never heard that there was such a thing in the house," was noted for her amiability. Prometheus, when chained to a rock, might as well have pretended to be happy, as the man who is chained to a diseased liver. For poor Prometheus there was no escape, but by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the disagreeable feelings, irritable temper, constipation, indigestion, dizziness and sick headache, which are caused by a diseased liver, promptly disappear.

French empire fashions gain ground every day.

"If a woman is pretty,
To me 'tis no matter,
Be she blonde or brunette,
So she lets me look at her."

An unhealthy woman is rarely, if ever, beautiful. The peculiar diseases to which so many of the sex are subject, are prolific causes of pale, sallow faces, blotched with unsightly pimples, dull lustreless eyes and emaciated forms. Women so afflicted, can be permanently cured by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription; and with the restoration of health comes that beauty which, combined with good qualities of head and heart, makes women angels of loveliness. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Mrs. Gustafsson, who is the leading æsthetic dresser among the delegates at Washington, was on Tuesday a symphony in greens. Her gown was lovely in tint, a soft olive wool, but unlovely in shape and style, having voluminous draperies and great puffed sleeves. Her bonnet was a poke of a tender grass shade, denoting, however, no verdancy in the character of the lady herself.

Nothing Like It!

Every day swells the volume of proof that as a specific for all Blood diseases, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Remember, this is an old established remedy with a record! It has been weighed in the balance and found fulfilling every claim! It has been tested many years in thousands of cases with flattering success! For Throat and Lung troubles, Catarrh, Kidney disease, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache and all disorders resulting from impoverished blood, there is nothing like Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—world-renowned and ever growing in favor!

Catholic societies in the United States will celebrate the 10th of April next as the fiftieth anniversary of Father Matthew signing the pledge. Over a million people were induced to sign the pledge through his influence alone during his life.

Ocean Steamship Passengers

Via New York should take the Erie railway, as it is not only the shortest and best line, but lands people close to the piers of the leading steamship companies. In buying tickets, ask for the Erie.

San Francisco policemen say they have never seen a drunken Chinaman.

HUB! COUGH CURE cures in one minute.

Thirteen bills or Acts affecting the liquor traffic are yet to be considered in the English Parliament this session.

CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER restores grey and faded hair to its natural color and prevents falling out.

Neal Dow completed his 84th year on the 20th of March. He is now engaged in writing a history of the Maine Law.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

The opium habit, dipsomania, the morphine habit, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobacco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over-exertion of the brain, and loss of natural strength, from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle-aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause *not mentioned above*, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of *Diseases of Man*. Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M. V. LUBON 47 Wellington street East, Toronto Ont.

One of the most consistent Prohibitionists in Iowa is a clergyman, who refused to marry a couple because the groom-elect was a saloon-keeper.

Whenever your Stomach or Bowels get out of order, causing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, and their attendant evils, take at once a dose of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Best family medicine, All Druggists, 50 cents.

"I have never known one case of genuine reform in a crook who had passed the age of 30 years," says Inspector Byrnes, of New York, "nor do I believe that any other official can cite a case."

People who are subject to bad breath, foul coated tongue, or any disorder of the Stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist.

A. P. 394.

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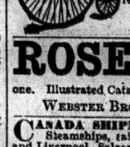
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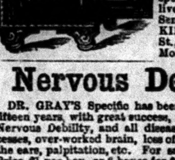
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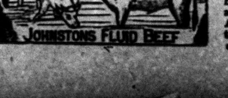

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And everybody should study how they can best secure the blessing of a robust and VIGOROUS CONSTITUTION. The food we eat has everything to do with our physical development, and too little attention is given to the selection of nourishing food. Scientific Analysis has proved that JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF contains all the elements of a perfect food that will build up a strong constitution and nourish BRAIN, BONE and MUSCLE.

An Absent-Minded Clergyman.

From the Christian Advocate.

We have heard, on the best authority, an instance of absent-mindedness produced by a pre-occupation. A Presbyterian minister, still living, belonging to a celebrated family, was ill. Late Saturday evening he thought he would be able to preach the following day, and so secured no supply for his pulpit. Sunday morning he was much worse. Nothing having been done, he determined, if possible, to reach the pulpit, offer prayer, and pronounce the benediction, and omit the evening service. He ascended the pulpit, announced a hymn, offered a brief prayer, and rose to express his regret that he could not proceed. He said it was a great disappointment to him. He had hoped that morning to be able to speak to them upon the following beautiful passage of Scripture, (announcing the text), but owing to ill health he should not be able to do so, and would merely state the line of thought which he intended to communicate. After speaking for a while upon that he said, "In the evening, had I dared to venture out, I should have hoped to follow these reflections with a few remarks upon another subject," (announcing the text.) After a while a bell rung. He stopped, placed his hand to his head, and said to one of the deacons: "What is that bell ringing for?" Said he: "That is the 1 o'clock bell, and you have spoken about two hours in telling us what you would have said in the morning and in the evening if you had been well enough to speak."

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

Sir,—The Canadian Journal of Commerce, an ably edited and largely circulated weekly, in the interest of commercial men, serving as a business "probabilities," whose editor generally knows whereof he affirms, and, always supposed to be in the forecastle of the financial ship on the look out for breakers, and taking soundings, sends out a warning in clarion notes in its issue of the 13th inst. in the following:—"A small bank in the west continues to spread itself notwithstanding the assurances in high quarters a short time ago. Its branches already number a round dozen. Doubtless each locality requires banking accommodation, but unless the teachings be applied, and a timely hint borrowed from Æsop's fable of the ambitious frog, it is feared the favored people may have to face a repetition of recent disturbances, and under circumstances not wholly dissimilar."

Now Mr. Editor if you could inform your readers, which of the western banks is here referred to, you might benefit numerous patrons, and especially those of them who are traders and depositors, the former in not accepting the Bank's bills, and the latter to withdraw their deposits.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Madoc, April 18th, 1888.

NOTICE.

ALL accounts due D. C. Clarke, (Tea accounts excepted) must be paid or settled by note by the first of May.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, April 10, 1888.

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Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 106 Wall St. N.Y.

You Carry

A whole medicine chest in your pocket, with one box of Ayer's Pills. As they operate directly on the stomach and bowels, they indirectly affect every other organ of the body. When the stomach is out of order, the head is affected, digestion fails, the blood becomes impoverished, and you fall an easy victim to any prevalent disease. Miss M. E. Boyle, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., puts the whole truth in a nutshell, when she says: **"I use no other medicine than Ayer's Pills.** They are all that any one needs, and just splendid to save money in doctors' bills."

Here is an instance of

A Physician

who lost his medicine chest, but, having at hand a bottle of Ayer's Pills, found himself fully equipped.—J. Arrison, M. D., of San José, Cal., writes:

"Some three years ago, by the merest accident, I was forced, so to speak, to prescribe Ayer's Cathartic Pills for several sick men among a party of engineers in the Sierra Nevada mountains, my medicine chest having been lost in crossing a mountain torrent. I was surprised and delighted at the action of the Pills, so much so, indeed, that I was led to a further trial of them, as well as of your Cherry Pectoral and Sarsaparilla. I have nothing but praise to offer in their favor."

John W. Brown, M. D., of Oceana, W. Va., writes: "I prescribe Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them excellent. I urge their general use in families."

T. E. Hastings, M. D., of Baltimore, Md., writes: "That Ayer's Pills do control and cure the complaints for which they are designed, is as conclusively proven to me as anything possibly can be. They are **the best cathartic** and aperient within the reach of the profession."

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

CHEAP MONEY.

The Subscriber has Private and Company Funds for Investment on

FARM AND VILLAGE PROPERTY

—at the—

LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST.

5, 5½ and 6 Per Cent.,

according to the description of the loans.

ALEX. A. McDONALD,
Solicitor, Madoc.

August, 10th, 1887. 19-tf

Mortgage Sale.

UNDER and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale at Public Auction, subject to a reserve bid, at

MOON'S HOTEL

— IN THE —

VILLAGE OF MADOC,

in the County of Hastings, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, on

Thursday the 3rd day of May,

1888, the following valuable farm property, to wit:—The East Half of Lot number Twenty-four (24) in the Tenth (10th) concession of the Township of Madoc in the County of Hastings and Province of Ontario, containing by admeasurement one hundred and twenty-five acres of land, be the same more or less.

The purchaser shall at the time of sale, pay a deposit of ten per cent. on the purchase money to the Vendor or his Solicitor, and the balance thereof within one month thereafter.

D. E. K. STEWART,
Vendors Solicitor.

Dated at Madoc, this the 3rd day of April, 1888. 1 tf

New Goods at

THE 4 BIG

Mrs. Wright's Block. Durham Street.

MADOC, - ONT.

The following goods taken into Stock last week, and will be sold at Mill Prices for this month.

20 Pieces Grey Cotton at	- -	4c worth	5c.
20 do do	- - -	5c "	6c.
20 do do	- - -	7c "	8c.
20 do do	- - -	8c "	9c.
20 do do	- -	9c "	10c.
20 Pieces Shirting—fast colors—at		12½ "	15.
10 do Cottonade at	- -	20 "	25.
20 do Lilac Prints—fast—at	-	10 "	12½
20 Dozen Linen Towels at	- -	10 "	12½

All the above Goods were bought away down in Price as Cottons are advancing, so you are getting a rare chance if you buy your Spring Cottons now at

Big Bargains in Dress Goods.

THE 4 BIG Madoc.

MEDICATED

CONFECTIONERY

Some choice lines at

WILSON'S

DRUG STORE,

Durham St., Madoc.

1873. -ESTABLISHED IN- 1887.

E. L. WEISS,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER

JEWELRY, - WATCHES, CLOCKS, SPECTACLES, BRONZES, VIOLINS, JEWEL CASES, ETC.

Take a look through his establishment.

Weiss Block. Madoc. Ont.

MILLINERY.

Spring and Summer

STOCK

NOW ARRIVING.

CALL AND SEE.

My display of Millinery and Fancy Goods discounts anything ever seen in Madoc.

New Goods, Latest Styles, Prices Right. Don't fail to see them before ordering.

We actually keep the largest stock of

Trimmed Hats & Bonnets

in Town.

A splendid variety of Holiday Notions now on hand.

MISS L. ELLIOTT.

Wilson Block, Madoc.

STAR GROCERY.

Wright's Block, Madoc, Ont.

We beg to remind our numerous customers and the public generally that we are now receiving

NEW GOODS DAILY

for the Spring Trade, which will be found to to be right, both in

QUALITY AND PRICE

Groceries of all kinds.
Teas a specialty.
Canned Goods, etc.
Flour, Pork, Rolled Bacon, Hams, and Lard.
Wines, Liquors, Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail.

CHURCH & TODD.

CONFECTIONERY.

Ask for

ROYAL

COUGH DROPS,

manufactured at

KING'S CONFECT'N'RY WORKS

MADOC, ONT.

CONFECTIONERY

CHEESE = FACTORY

WORK, such as

Steam Fitting, Boilers, Vats, Presses, Hoops, Whey Cans, etc.

IS A SPECIALTY OF

M. W. CONNOR & Co.

so be sure and see them before placing your orders for the coming spring.

They also carry **Factory Supplies,** such as

RENNET EXTRACT, COLORING, CHEESE CLOTH, SCALEBOARDS

etc. We make a specialty in first class

MILK—CANS

so parties wishing them will find it to their advantage to call on

M. W. CONNOR & Co.

Madoc, March, 1888.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. Is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY's Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*